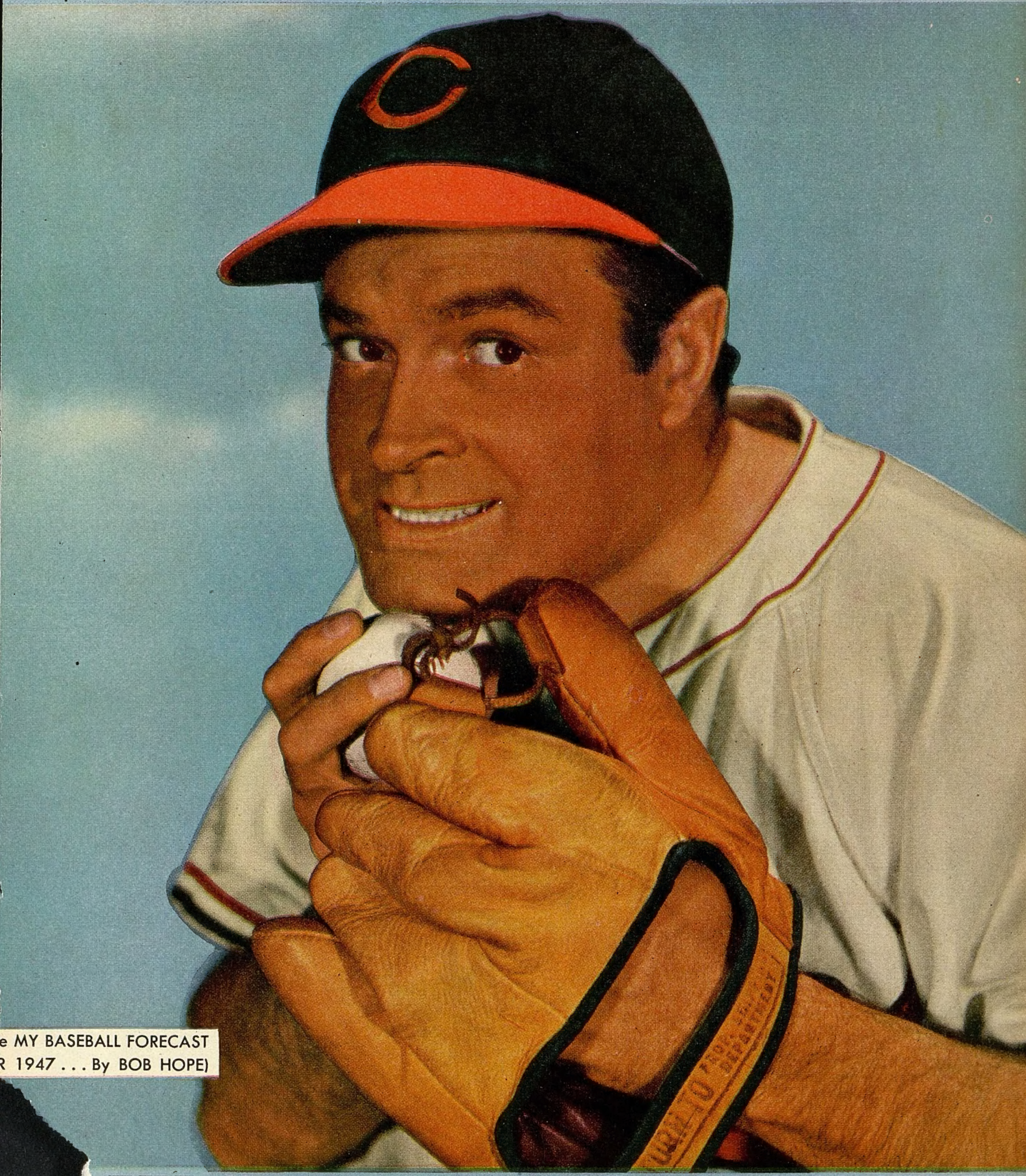
Liberty

AY 10, 1947

10 CENTS

Behind Washington's Suppressed Feud—NAVY vs. AIR FORCE

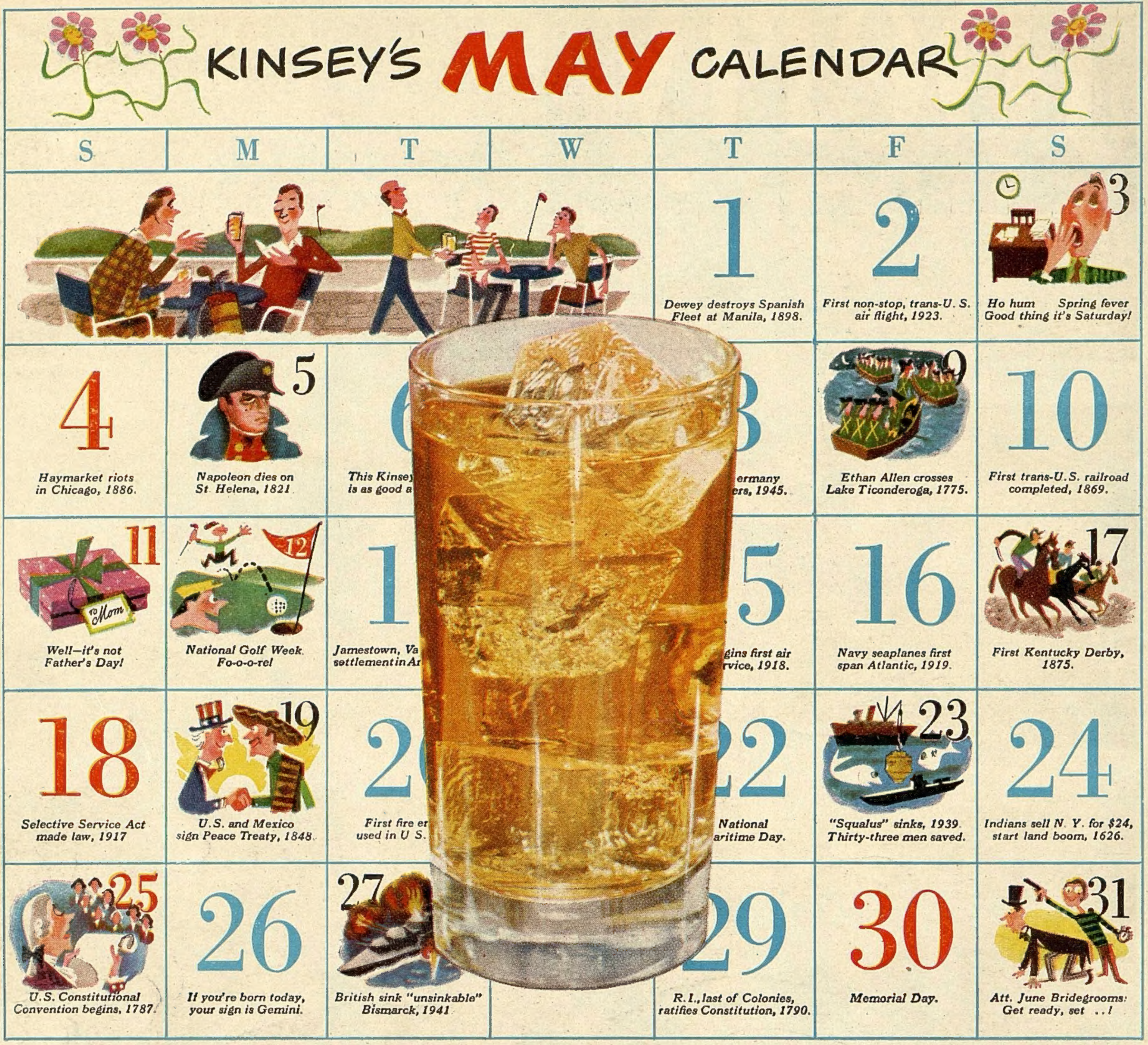
Beginning: OUT OF THE DARK
A Western with a Sunday Punch



e MY BASEBALL FORECAST
R 1947 . . . By BOB HOPE)

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NONSENSE

KINSEY'S MAY CALENDAR



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1 Dewey destroys Spanish Fleet at Manila, 1898.	2 First non-stop, trans-U. S. air flight, 1923.	3 Ho hum Spring fever Good thing it's Saturday!
4 Haymarket riots in Chicago, 1886.	5 Napoleon dies on St Helena, 1821	6 This Kinsey is as good a		ermany ers, 1945.	9 Ethan Allen crosses Lake Ticonderoga, 1775.	10 First trans-U.S. railroad completed, 1869.
11 Well—it's not Father's Day!	12 National Golf Week. Fo-o-o-re!	1 Jamestown, Va settlement in Ar		5 gins first air rvice, 1918.	16 Navy seaplanes first span Atlantic, 1919.	17 First Kentucky Derby, 1875.
18 Selective Service Act made law, 1917	19 U.S. and Mexico sign Peace Treaty, 1848.	2 First fire er used in U S.		22 National aritime Day.	23 "Squalus" sinks, 1939. Thirty-three men saved.	24 Indians sell N. Y. for $24, start land boom, 1626.
25 U.S. Constitutional Convention begins, 1787.	26 If you're born today, your sign is Gemini.	27 British sink "unsinkable" Bismarck, 1941		29 R.I., last of Colonies, ratifies Constitution, 1790.	30 Memorial Day.	31 Att. June Bridegrooms: Get ready, set ..!

Greetings to the month of May
With highballs made the Kinsey way!

May is mild and mellow . . . not unlike highballs made with superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. They're easy to make:

Pour one jigger of light, flavor-full Kinsey into glass full of ice cubes. Add ginger ale or soda . . . then settle back for the most delicious highball you've ever enjoyed!

Whatever your favorite drink . . . make it with Kinsey. One taste of its superb flavor will tell you why so many people today are making Kinsey their first-choice whiskey. Try Kinsey yourself . . . *tonight!*

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for unhurried moments

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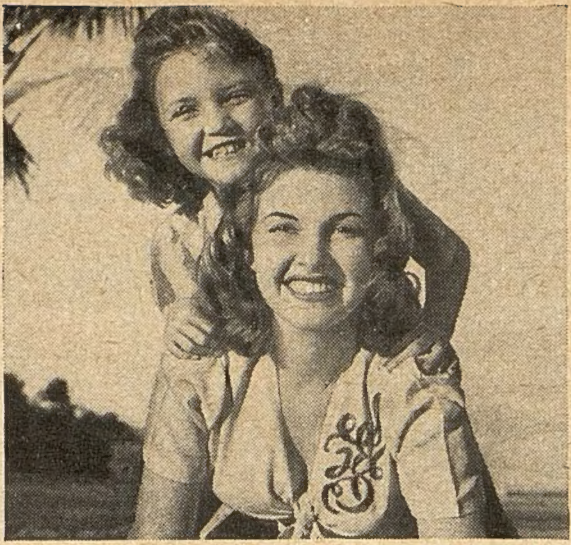
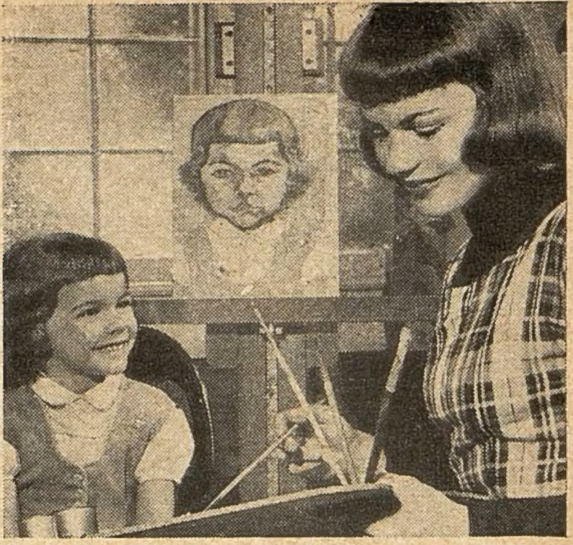
86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

Natalie Reid of Westchester, N. Y. and son "Jojo"


Laura O'Banion and daughter Patty of Miami, Fla.


Kitty Higgins of Lebanon, N. J. and daughter Kate

Clare Van Syckle and son of Fort Lee, N. J.

10 Model Mothers, 12 youngsters, 22 sparkling smiles!

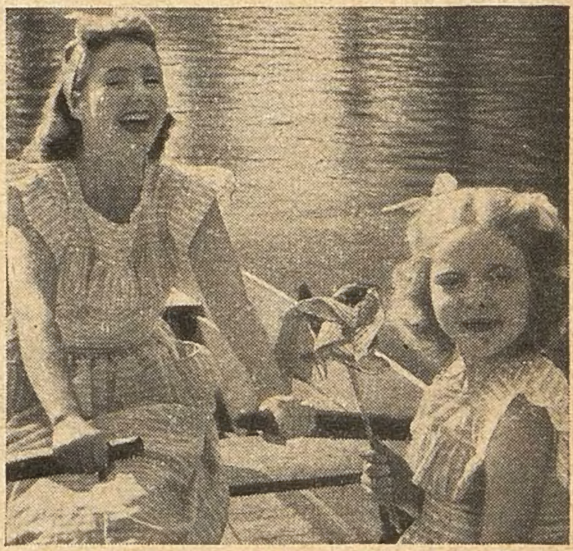
THESE LOVELY models have smiled at you from the covers of countless magazines. And with their children, they've brightened many a page in Ipana's "Model" Mother series. Now see them all together—and see how effective "model" dental care can be.

For these mothers have taught their youngsters to follow their own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing followed by gentle gum massage with Ipana,* the tooth paste specially designed for this purpose.

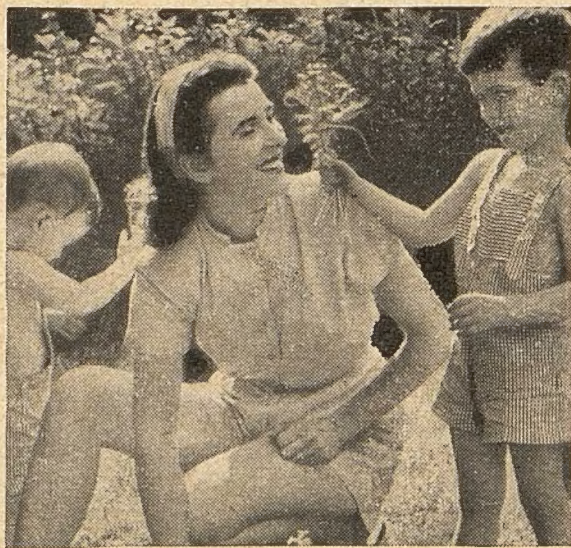
This dental care *must* be the right one—it's based on the same theme thousands of schools and dentists teach—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

Virginia Swensen and son Georgie of Miami

Beverly Hills' Mary Brewer and daughter Susie


Evelyn Condon and Debby of New York City

Janet, Margaret and "Hank" Johnson of N. Y. C.


Connie Joannes Dickman and sons of New Jersey

Nancy and Harriett Shepard of Florida

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Firmer gums, brighter teeth—with Ipana and Massage

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

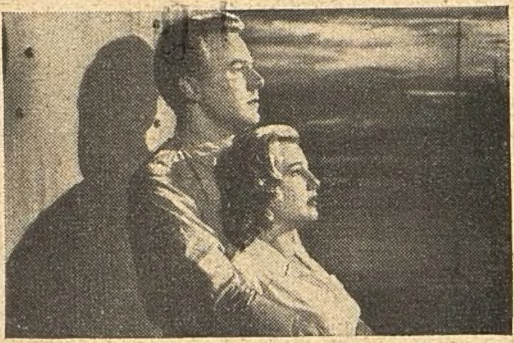
"High Barbaree" hits a new high in adventure. "High Barbaree" hits a new high in romance.

★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, who wrote the famous "Mutiny on the Bounty", have penned a new modern story with equal fascination.

★ ★ ★ ★

As a Cosmopolitan magazine story, as a popular novel, it won millions of readers for its tale both taut and tense, its love story tender and touching.



Van Johnson's role is completely different from anything he's done in the past. Tough and dramatic, suave and civilized, it's a characterization that will absorb you. June Allyson, with stars in her eyes, is the girl he loves. But there's another girl in his life—Marilyn Maxwell.

★ ★ ★ ★

Thomas Mitchell adds the tang of salty humor with his part. Claude Jarman, Jr., flaxen-haired star of "The Yearling", and Henry Hull, one of the stage's finest actors, head a perfect supporting cast.

★ ★ ★

Produced with consummate skill by Everett Riskin, dramatically directed by Jack Conway, from the screenplay by Anne Morrison Chapin, Whitfield Cook and Cyril Hume, "High Barbaree" hits a new high in entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

For spring enchantment, come along to the isle of High Barbaree . . . that tropic paradise of which all lovers dream.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll have a high good time at "High Barbaree".

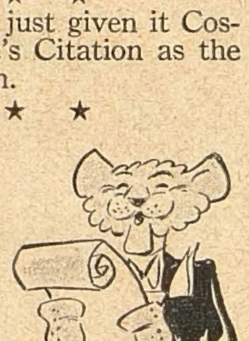
★ ★ ★ ★

Louella Parsons has just given it Cosmopolitan Magazine's Citation as the Picture of the Month.

★ ★ ★ ★

To see is to agree!

—*Leo*



P.S.—What a Scoop! —"The Hucksters", "B.F.'s Daughter", "East River"—the three top best-sellers —will all become M-G-M hits!

Liberty

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher

The World Today in Fact, Fiction, and Pictures

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Cover: Bob Hope

KODACHROME BY WHITEY SCHAFER

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No other pencils surpass their trouble-free performance. "Grip-Tite" tips always hold leads firmly down to the last ⅛ inch. They can't wobble, turn or fall out. Try these superb writing instruments today. Then you'll know why they are America's busiest pencils!

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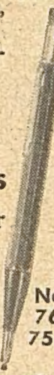

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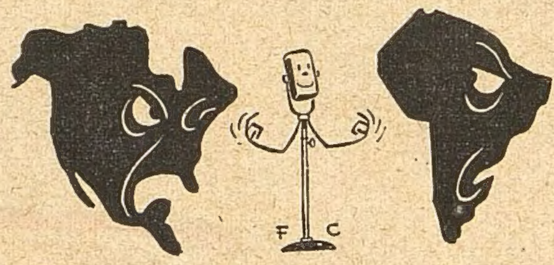
★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

GET MANKIND TOGETHER

San Francisco, Calif.—Having just heard a well-known radio program discussing inter-American unity, I believe all these intelligent speakers have in a manner contradicted themselves. If I had not heard the program's title, I should personally have entitled it Inter-American *Dis*unity.

These speakers, although unquestionably sincere, have missed a very basic element of human psychology. Instead of pointing out that we are, after all, members of a single human race and therefore basically the same as regards desires—the same materially, spiritually, and otherwise—they have most brilliantly educated us in our differences. They have stressed the things that, instead of promoting unity, will, if anything, amplify these incongruities.



Similar contradiction is seen in discussions of many current matters, particularly the atomic bomb and the late war. Rather than keep pounding to the public on matters already unpleasant, and inciting in one country animosity toward another, let our publicists try to smooth things over. Let them quit trying, by their supposedly peacemaking utterances, to build another war.—*William R. Schock.*

PAY, AIDS—AND OUTPUTS

Palmyra, N. J.—I am enclosing a copy of a letter which I have written to William Green, president of the A.F.L.:

Dear Mr. Green: I am in full accord with the principles outlined in your article in Liberty (March 15) entitled How We Can Get More Money for Everyone. If the program you have outlined were worked out, it would be fine, but such is not the case.

I started working in a steel foundry in 1900. At that time we had no labor unions, and production was a matter of hard laborious work. Until 1944 I was connected with companies that worked on an open-shop basis, and a journeyman could belong to a union or not as he saw fit.

Molding machines and other labor-saving devices were installed during this period, and by 1944 we had installed all the up-to-date equipment for increasing production.

In 1944, the foundry with which I was connected was organized and became affiliated with the A.F.L. Between 1944 and 1947, labor rates for mechanics and laborers were increased about 75 per cent or more.

We are making many of the same jobs now as were made in 1944, but in spite of the increased pay the molders are turning out about 50 per cent of the production of 1944, although in some instances additional labor-saving equipment has been installed. Men now require additional help in handling comparatively small molds, which prior to 1944 they handled alone without any ill effects. The patternmakers who work mostly by hand show about the same reduction of output.

I am not a radical or anti-union man and agree explicitly with the program as outlined in your article, but would like to see it put into actual practice. Yours very truly.—*F. Walter Blackeby.*

If you care to print this in Vox Pop, you are welcome to it.—*F. W. B.*

HIS CHOICEST CHOICE

Mineral Wells, Texas.—Speaking of Oscars, Liberty deserves some sort of award for the swell article on Academy Award contender Olivia de Havilland, by Elizabeth Wilson (March 15).

"I THANK YOU!"
Liberty
OSCAR
F C

Miss de Havilland has been my favorite actress for a number of years and my choice for the 1946 Academy Award from the minute I laid eyes on her magnificent performance in To Each His Own.

Incidentally one of the very best things about the new Liberty is those great stories about film greats. First Bette Davis, then Joan Crawford, and now Olivia de Havilland. Keep up the good work! (I also like Lizabeth Scott, Maureen O'Hara, Ann

Sheridan, Lana Turner, and Paulette Goddard.)—*Lawrence Beyer.*

As some one may have told you confidentially by this time, your choice did get the Oscar.—Vox Pop Editor.

TEACHERS AS PARENTS

Alcoa, Tenn.—I should like to ask Ralph and Nancy Atkinson of Frontier Teachers (Eyewitness, March 29) how they will live on his $2,000 annual salary when their children arrive. My husband, a veteran, hopes to stay in the teaching profession, but his salary is less than $2,000 and we have two children. If any economist in the nation can make that budget balance, I want to see it.

BUDGETS BALANCED
COSTS ONLY THE BALANCE OF YOUR BUDGET
SCHOOL
FC

Why should a teacher's family suffer? Why can't teachers be paid a living wage as members of other professions are?

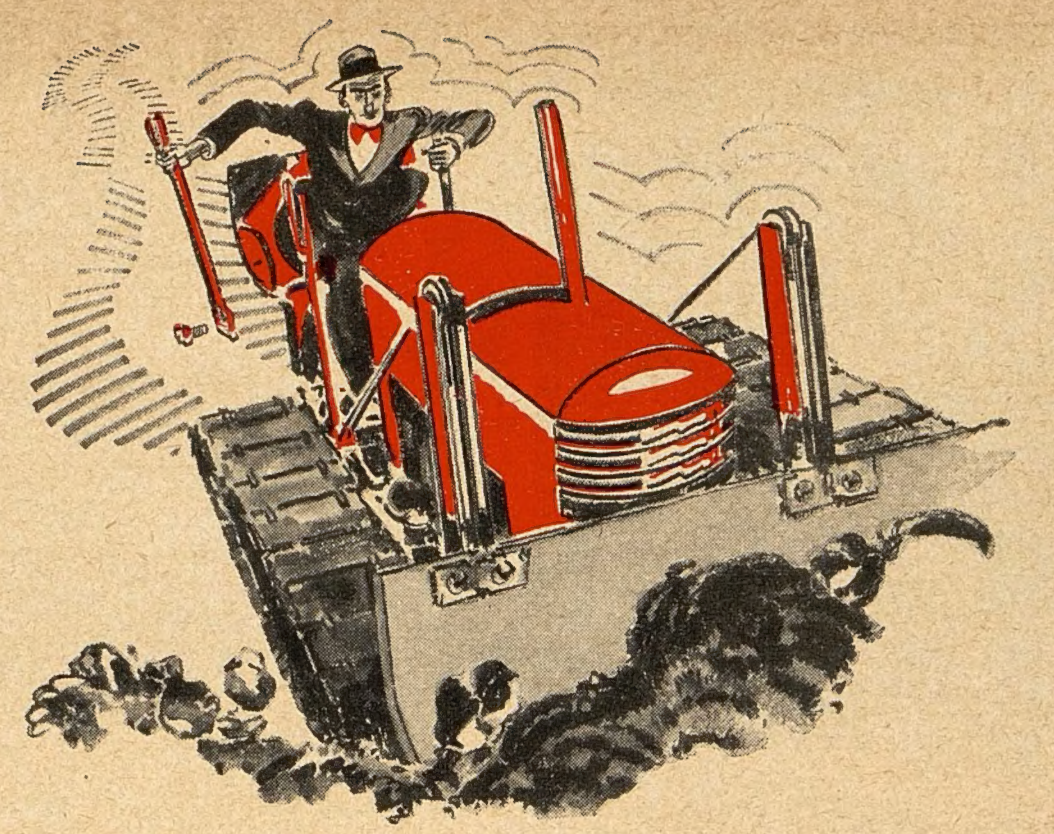
I commend the Atkinsons for what they have done; but there will come a time when they will want to own a home and have children. And they can't do those things on $2,000. I've tried it.—*Mrs. Sadder-and-Wiser.*

SALAAM TO BABS

Tangier, Morocco.—To one of the most respected American Citizens the Credit is given, for the Freedom, she has inspired and all the Arab women of North Africa; and for that reason, I would like to be the first one, among my tribes, to acknowledge my gratitude to her.

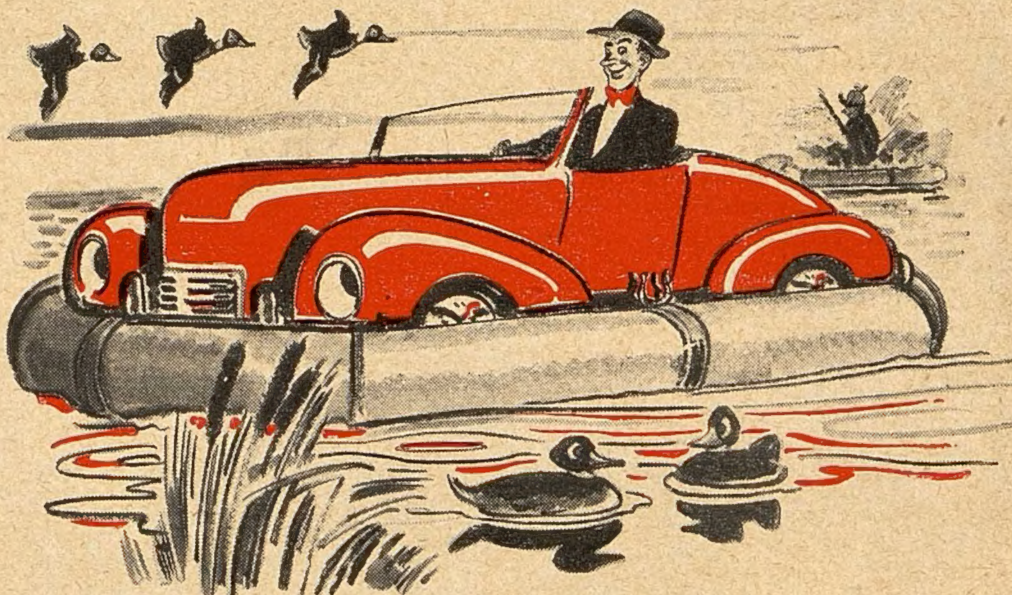
To keep the spirit of Freedom alive: I have promoted a Active Responsible Group of cultured citizens of this City, the form a league of Freedom of womens Rights. I am happy to repport for the benefit of the American women, that in a short time, their under-privileged Arab Sisters will no longer suffer the former humiliation, such as being arrested and handcuffed, should they ever be found, alone or with their husbands in a Public Park, and arrested at once, for entering any movie house; beaten hand cuffed, and draged by the chain of their hand cuff like a criminal and thrown into jail, to be sentenced, when ever the Pacha feels like it, or gets around. Even though the Sultans daughter has become the most modern young lady of our land, cultured and advanced, in Western Civilisation, and delivers magnificent speeches, from His Majesty Radio Station, it did not help to free the spirit of the Arab

(*Continued on Page 8*)



If your car feels like *this*... it's time for

MARFAK Chassis Lubrication



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Marfak is always applied by chart, never by chance. Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "*Marfak* feeling" now.

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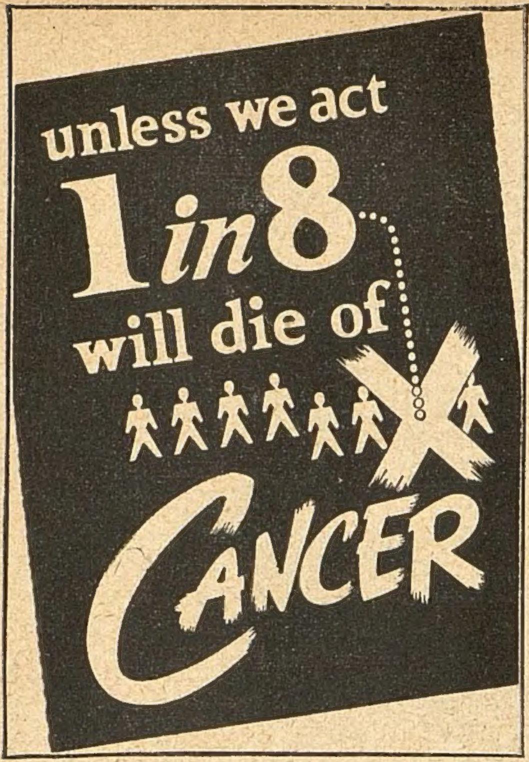
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATRE presents the new TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.



NO ONE IS SAFE FROM CANCER

This year, 184,300 Americans will die of Cancer . . . *one every three minutes.*

YET . . . one in three could be saved thru early detection and prompt treatment.

PROTECT YOURSELF!
CANCER'S DANGER SIGNALS

1. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips.
2. A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip or tongue.
3. Progressive change in the color or size of a wart or mole.
4. Persistent indigestion.
5. Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Bloody discharge from the nipple or irregular bleeding from any of the natural body openings.
7. Any radical change in normal bowel habits.

GIVE to help win mankind's great war — the fight against cancer.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY
47 Beaver Street
New York City

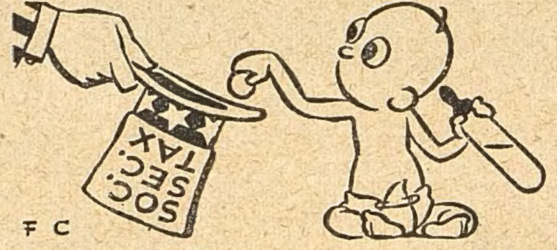
(Continued from Page 7)

women; not like the brief stay of Miss Barbara Hutton.—*Sidi Mohamed Ali Barada.*

Can it have been knowledge that Babs has married so many of the outstanding men of both Old World and New which caused her visit to help free the spirit of the Arab women?—Vox Pop Editor.

F.O.A.B. SUGGESTION

High Spire, Pa.—How about an editorial by Paul Hunter on revising the Social Security Act and increasing the payments and lowering the age of retirement from 65 to 55? Inasmuch as the average life span is about 65.6 years, don't you think that in fairness to our aged the retirement age should be thus lowered, and the payments increased? Certainly even $100 a month would be little enough.—*William Brown.*



Other letters and post cards from the same part of the Keystone State have expressed the same views.—Vox Pop Editor.

"STOP WORK—OR ELSE"

Eureka, Calif.—Here is an idea which I do not see in print, and which I think ought to be promulgated:

There's a lot of thoughtless thinking these days. Announcers proclaim that the government is attempting to force men to work against their will. These spokesmen overlook the fact that no one does now, or ever has in this effort to minimize strikes, suggested that *an individual* did not have the right to stop work at his pleasure. It is the right to organize to cause all to stop work simultaneously which is questioned, and certainly there is as much slavery in the compulsion to stop work as there ever could be in a compulsion to work.—*William H. Jewett.*

NEED SLAVS BE SLAVES?

Norwood, Va.—Clearly, the great problem of world democracy is the totalitarian slave state of Communist Russia, which (whether through desire for world power or desire for security) is both aggressive and expansionist.

Our logical policy would seem to be to make all possible appeals to the Russian peoples themselves, to insist upon elemental democratic liberties, especially freedom of conscience from its worst enemy—torture, of the sort the Russian government applies systematically in order to overcome whatever consciences get in its way.

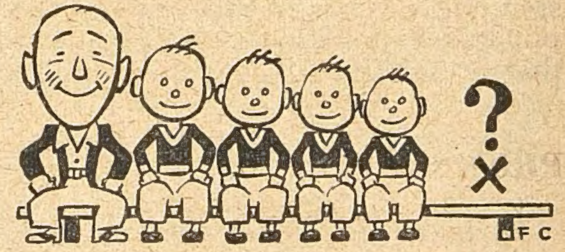
Such appeals to the Russian peoples should be strengthened by our making such tempting offers to the Russian government, in return for its yielding to its peoples' natural desire for freedom from the all-pervading fear of torture, that the Russian government would be unable to refuse.—*Bolling Somerville.*

O.K.'D OFFICIALLY

Juneau, Alaska—We have read with much interest Phyllis Krafft Newill's What Chance Has a Girl in Alaska? (March 15) and wish to congratulate Liberty and the author on a splendid article. So many articles have overglamorized the Territory of Alaska that it is a real pleasure to read one so accurate and truthful.—*A. A. Hedges, Director, Alaska Territorial Employment Service.*

WHERE WAS DIXIE?

Salem, Oreg.—As one of the few exceptions proving that there are nice families in Hollywood, it is O. K. to picturize the Bing Crosbys, father and sons (March 15). But where is my old heart-throb Dixie? I can prove by Bing that she had the prettiest Irish eyes on the Hollywood movie sets until he selfishly took her away. Why omit the most important item of the Crosby ensemble? Come across with a picture of Mrs. Dixie Lee Crosby or I'll "stop taking your paper."—*A. M. Church.*



THAT SAP

Swanton, Vt.—Pasteurized maple syrup? Holy cats! Doesn't Stanley de Treville (Short but Sweet, March 15) know maple sap boils at the same temperature as water? The longer it boils, the thicker and hotter it becomes. When it reaches a temperature 7° F. higher than boiling water, it has become standard weight, 11-pounds-to-the-gallon maple syrup! *Pasteurized!* As if it weren't automatically "pasteurized" in the long boiling. Huh!—*C. W. Sibley.*

Framingham, Mass.—While some parts of Mr. de Treville's article are accurate, others are not. I am nearly fifty and have lived all but the past five years in Vermont, and most of that on the farm where we made maple syrup every year. So I know it doesn't take forty years for a maple tree to reach tapping size; fifteen to twenty years would be nearer right, and it should reach the peak at forty years. Also, the farmers in Vermont wouldn't consider a tree worth tapping unless it produced at least one barrel or 32 gallons of sap. —*Charles E. Cowdrey.*

Mr. de Treville said a good tree yields only 8 to 10 gallons during a season. Several other Vermonters have snorted, by mail, at these things in his article.—Vox Pop Editor.

BETTER TO PLUCK?

Thomaston, Conn.—My father and I raise Angora rabbits. In the March 15 Liberty we read the article about them (Eyewitness: Hare Today, Worn Tomorrow). We don't shear our angoras. We pluck them—just pull gently on the wool, and it comes off without hurting them. We leave the short wool on them. Plucked angora wool brings a better price than sheared, and is more suitable for spinning. Angoras that have been plucked do not mat as easily as those that are sheared.—*Jane Reeves.*

PREMATURE?

Dwight, Ill.—The vagaries of magazine publishing seem confusing when I buy the current issue of Liberty dated March 29 only to read on the table-of-contents page that the next issue will appear March 28.—*R. L. Ford.*

So far as we know, every magazine appears—reaches newsstands and subscribers—some little time ahead of its publication date. In Liberty's case, the interval is now about two weeks.—Vox Pop Editor.

WIVES AND/OR FRAULEINS

Washington, D. C.—I've just read Beautiful Dependent (March 29). For Margaret Culkin Banning's information, soldiers do not cable their wives to join them in Germany. There is a "minor" item of first filing an application each month for your dependents until they're put on a shipping list which is supposed to operate on a priority system. I've been waiting for over a year to get on a list for Frankfurt, and if Miss Banning knows of a short cut, I'd appreciate getting in on it.

Also I'd like to come to the defense of the occupation troops. It's true that a number of them have Fräuleins, but not every soldier can be included in that class. I know at least one who has never been out with a Fräulein.—*Mrs. Chas. R. Henry.*

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NEW YORK

Takes exercise to make a man feel alive, *look* alive. Same way the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" brings the looks of your *hair* to life. Take a minute, man. Have hair that looks alive and vital! Trade in that dull, listless mop on a *handsome* head of hair. This way . . .

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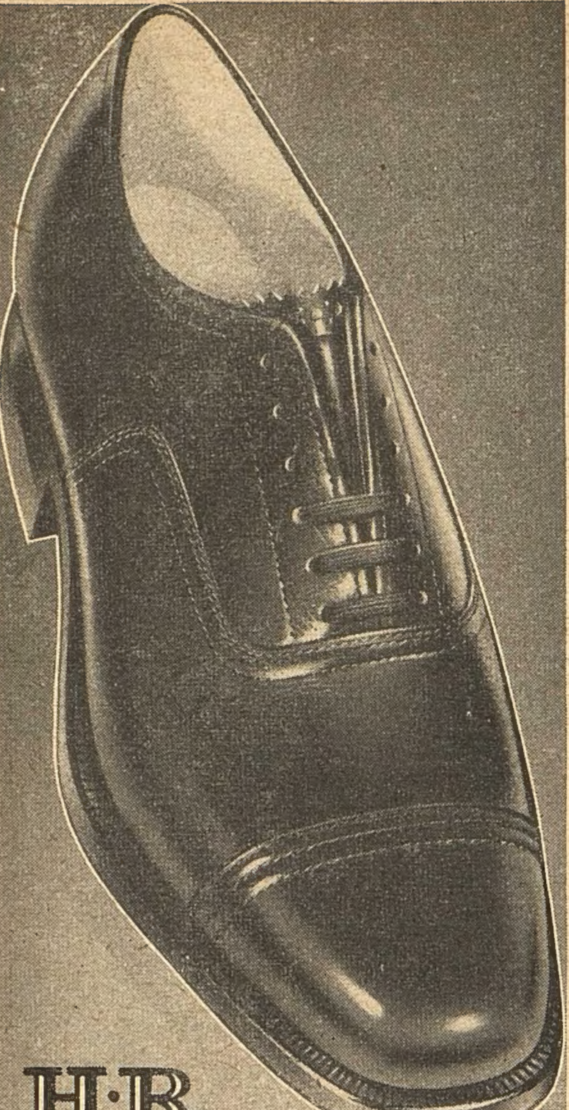
50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Vitalis' pure vegetable oils prevent dryness, give your hair fresh lustre. Your scalp *tingles.* You rout loose dandruff, help check excessive falling hair. 10 seconds to comb, a quick double-take . . . and you realize it's *your* hair that's handsome as all get-out! Good, hey?

use the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

Ought to be a law against good-looking hair giving a guy such an edge over competition. But . . . since it's legal . . . take advantage of this fine setup. Let the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" give you hair that's a head start in any venture. Handsome, vital-looking, *successful*-looking. Get Vitalis!

Product of Bristol-Myers



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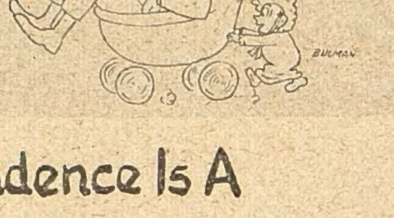

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98 Years of Combined Shoemaking Skills

Just Between Ourselves

WELCOME to a bigger (and better, we trust) Just Between Ourselves. In keeping with the bigger Liberty, you get more information about your favorite authors, illustrators, and photographers.

First question: What makes an author? Judging by the number of manuscripts we get, nearly everyone at one time or another wants to be an author. Probably the best idea is to look into the lives of two authors in this issue and see if there is any method in their madness.

H. N. OLIPHANT

You'll agree that there is madness of a sort. That seems to be an undisputed pre-requisite of authorship. As to method, we'll let you decide.

Take Richard Nossaman, author of THE MAN WHO HATED SPRING (page 36). We first met this outstanding young author of light-hearted tales back in 1937. He had just thumbed east from his native Pagosa Springs, Colorado, on the strength of a sale of light verse to our esteemed contemporary, The Saturday Evening Post.

Camping out in a Manhattan employment agency Mr. Nossaman suddenly and inexplicably responded to a call from a magazine for an experienced baseball writer. At the time, Mr. Nossaman's knowledge of pitchers was confined chiefly to the kitchen. Nevertheless he persuaded the editor to hire him and spent a harrowing year begging friends for such information as the identity of Joe Di Maggio and where was the Yankee Stadium.

As might be expected, sports and Mr. Nossaman eventually parted company. Forthwith our hero amazed his friends by (1) getting married; (2) taking his bride on a bicycle trip from New York to California. The Nossamans made record time, thanks to a four hundred mile stretch on a highway not yet opened to automobile traffic. Winter found them snowbound in Colorado. By this time, Mr. Nossaman's friends in New York had persuaded his former editor to summon him back. Mr. N. was recalcitrant. He would return only at a $10 rise in salary. The editor agreed—provided he could get back to the office in forty-eight hours. Our snowbound author had hardly got out of the drifts before his chance of an increase had vanished. He returned to his old job at the same pay.

Some of Mr. Nossaman's other activities included entertaining war workers over a public address system, service in the merchant marine, and a job as writer for a radio comedian noted for writing his own stuff.

If memory serves, Mr. Nossaman is a sandy-haired, rather handsome man in his middle thirties with an uncanny instinct for picking lethargic horses. Perhaps, as he now toils in the prodigal vineyards of Hollywood or basks in the sun of Malibu Beach, he will recall some of what has been written here. He had better. We didn't make it up.

H. N. (Newt) Oliphant who wrote GYP CONTRACTORS ARE ON THE LOOSE (page 34), has had an equally chaotic career. He picked his alma mater with only one thing in mind. It had to be as far from his native Indiana as possible. He attempted to solve the problem by shutting his eyes and stabbing at a map. His finger landed not, as he had hoped, on Tibet, but on New Mexico. The autumn of 1928 found him a freshman at the University of New Mexico.

Time has not dimmed the Oliphant legend at that worthy institution of higher education. In his sophomore year, Newt, then editor of the campus literary magazine, published a cartoon to which the university president took violent exception. He was expelled, although not until the case was front-paged in newspapers and a representative of the American Civil Liberties Union was rushed from New York to go to court for him.

Newt had had enough of higher education, however, and decided to have a whirl at barnstorming with an orchestra. A cracked wrist forced him to abandon his violin, but some years later he salvaged his musical talent by composing the hit tune, The Same Old Story. Next came a spell of ghostwriting for a wealthy Californian who was interested in Buddha.

During the war Newt served in the Army, mainly with Yank, the Army magazine. He scooped the world with the first interview of Japanese prisoners of war. By the time he was discharged, he was sufficiently het up about the problems of returning servicemen to travel the country over uncovering rackets awaiting veterans. One such racket is the subject of his article in this issue.

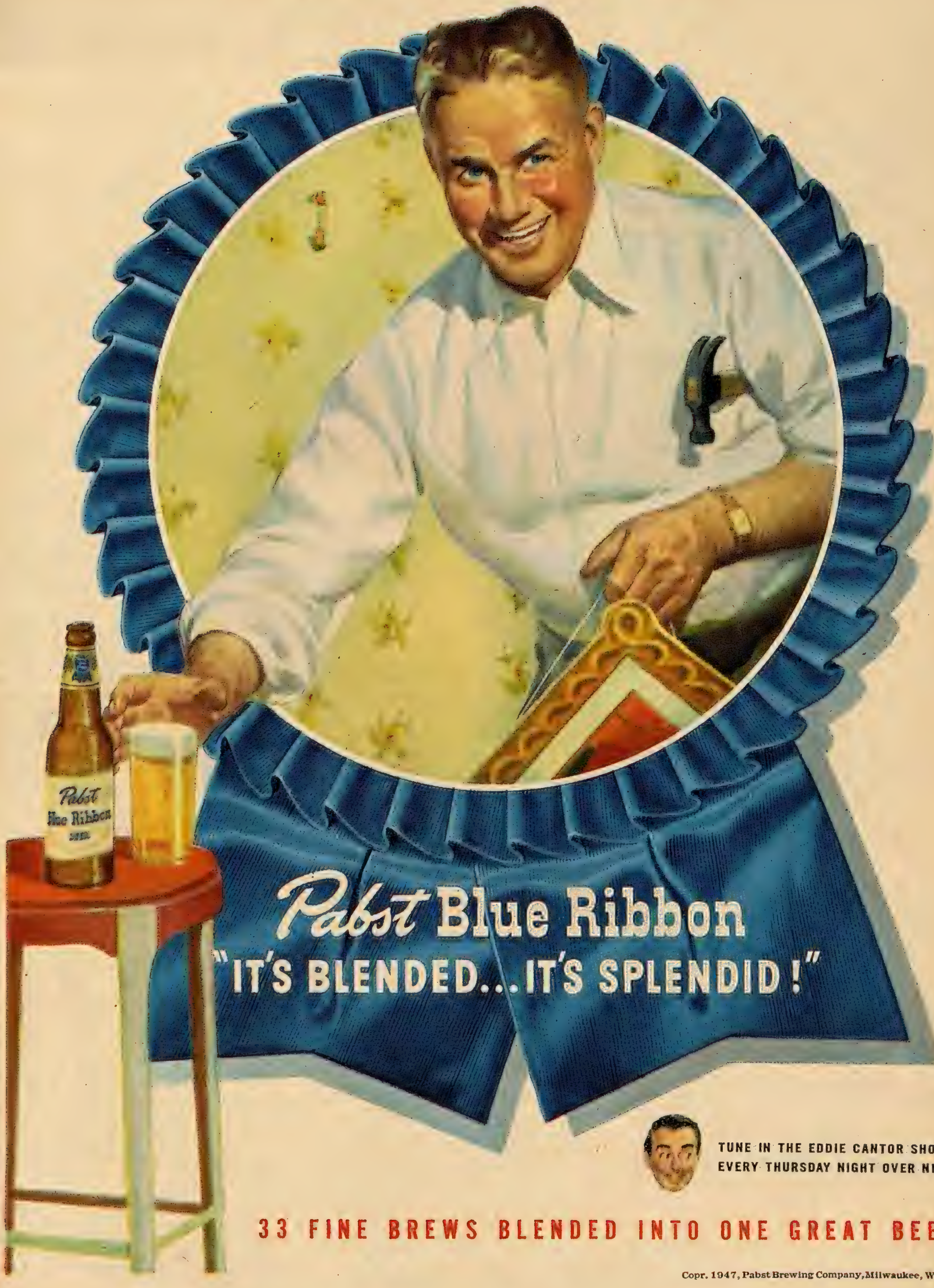
Mr. Oliphant is married, has a fifteen-month son, and lives in a Manhattan apartment overlooking the site of the future home of the United Nations. He still has the wide open spaces of New Mexico on his mind, but will gladly settle for a larger apartment.

COMING, COMING!

LIBERTY
LIBERT

There are reasons aplenty for asking your newsdealer to reserve a copy of the May 24 Liberty, out Friday, May 9. WASHINGTON MURDER-GO-ROUND, an exciting new serial by Oscar Schisgall begins in the May 24 Liberty. It's a grim tale of blood and intrigue along the Potomac: about a Washington columnist, his beautiful secretary, and a murder too hot to print. Even Bob Allen's chewing his nails waiting for it! Also don't miss BIG SPLASH, a bright close-up of Hollywood mermaid Esther Williams and lots more absorbing articles, fiction, and picture stories—including a picture story on a new kind of Circus. See you in two weeks.—*D. B.*

"Workman's Compensation!"


Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer
Pabst Blue Ribbon
"IT'S BLENDED... IT'S SPLENDID!"

TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

Copr. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

WASHINGTON UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

NAZI BILLIONS • Allied investigators ferreting hidden Nazi assets are baffled. It's a closely guarded secret, but more than two years of unremitting search have failed to uncover billions in Nazi booty.

Pre-V-E Day estimates credited the Nazis with secreting more than ten billion dollars in foreign safe spots. Hitler alone was reported to have nest-egged $100,000,000. Göring was believed to have run him a close second with an $85,000,000 cache.

HITLER

Huge sums in hidden Nazi assets have been tracked down. But the whereabouts of other billions still are a mystery. And indications are strong they will continue to be a mystery. Certain suspected countries are determinedly unco-operative.

Hot Spot • One of the Mexican show places visited by President Truman was the new fiery Paricutin volcano. He viewed it with keen interest. President Alemán asked what Truman thought about it.

"It's quite a volcano," replied Truman, grinning; "but it's nothing compared to the one I'm sitting on in Washington."

Philatelists' Delight • May will be a big month for philatelists (stamp collectors to you).

The Post Office Department will put out two notable souvenir issues to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the first federal postage stamps. They were a 10-center bearing the likeness of George Washington, and a 5-center with a picture of Benjamin Franklin. The commemorative issues will be a 3-cent special-delivery-size stamp and a 5-cent air-mail envelope.

Around the Circuit • The National Guard will spend $1,000,000 this year on a recruiting advertising campaign. . . . The Norden bombsight used in the historic atom-bombing of Hiroshima is now a permanent exhibit in the Smithsonian Institution. . . . Pennsylvania's rookie senator Edward Martin goes in strong for the military motif in his office décor. Prewar commander of the 28th Infantry Division, he displays the two-star flag of a major general on a stand adjacent to his desk, and the autographed portraits of 20 Army generals on his walls. . . . More than 30,000 War Department employees work in the Pentagon Building, which has seventeen and one-half miles of corridors. . . . Kay Kyser, radio band leader, has ambitions to become Governor of North Carolina. Son of a college professor, the bespectacled maestro is the pride of Rocky Mount, North Carolina, his birthplace. . . . Don't be surprised if a Negro is shortly added to the White House staff, the first time in history. It is under serious consideration.

Out on a Limb • Margaret Truman will make a limited concert tour next winter. . . . Democratic-Farmer-Laborite Mayor Hubert of Minneapolis will be re-elected by a big vote this spring. . . . Denver's aged, long-time mayor Benjamin Franklin Stapleton will be defeated in the May 20 election. . . . General Joseph McNarney, former U. S. commander in Europe, will become commander of the Security Group (World Police Force) of the United Nations. . . . The labor bill as it will be finally enacted by Congress will not ban the closed shop, not outlaw strikes, and not prohibit industry-wide bargaining . . . President Truman will abandon his attempt to boost the present $10,000 ceiling for top government salaries . . . Despite General MacArthur's agitation, a Japanese peace treaty will not be formulated this year.

Kaputt • Few, even in Washington, were aware of it, but a recent realty auction on swank S Street, N. W., wrote finis on the last flamboyant Nazi ambition in the capital.

Several years before World War II, with a characteristic blare of publicity, the German Embassy announced the acquisition of one of the choicest plots in the fashionable S Street section, at a cost of $300,000. It was to be used for the erection of a magnificent new embassy.

But the dire shadows of war descended before construction could be started. Early this year the Justice Department finally ordered the plot sold. The money will be used to pay war claims of U. S. citizens.

Adroit Answer • One thing the group of U.S. editors who recently toured the Far East tried to find out was when General Douglas MacArthur was returning home. They got a pleasant answer but no information. This is the way he deftly turned their question:

MacARTHUR

"I'd like to go back right now," MacArthur said. "I'd like to be able to go to a ball game, to saunter down to the corner drugstore and buy a cigar, to enjoy a lot of things I used to do when I was back in the States. But first things come first."

And that's all the editors could get out of him.

Anti-Sex Crusader • Time makes a difference.

Widely popular during the late and unlamented prohibition era was the ardent ballad Mexicali Rose. Its author was Jack B. Tenney, then a young crooner band leader.

Today, Tenney is a very serious California state senator from Los Angeles. And his major legislative opus is a bill banning the teaching of anything about marital problems, sex relations, "or like questions" to students of the grade of senior year in high school.

Stiff Shirts • A scarcity of stiff (not stuffed) shirts has Washington society in a terrific dither.

Some big-namers have come to such a pass they are compelled to wear the same stiff bosom three and four times. Frayed cuffs and spotted fronts are a common sight at any party.

Pictured on the magic flying carpet is
ALEXIS SMITH
who gives a magic performance in
"Stallion Road", a Warner Bros. Production.

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hanks to the magic of modern chemistry the 947, *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil gives our car more power. That's because *premium* paline contains special chemicals developed Sinclair Research Laboratories. Like magic, these modern chemicals clean carbon, sludge and other power-stealing deposits from rings and pistons. Opaline cleans as it lubricates.

Ask for 1947, *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil where you see the Sinclair H-C Gasoline sign.

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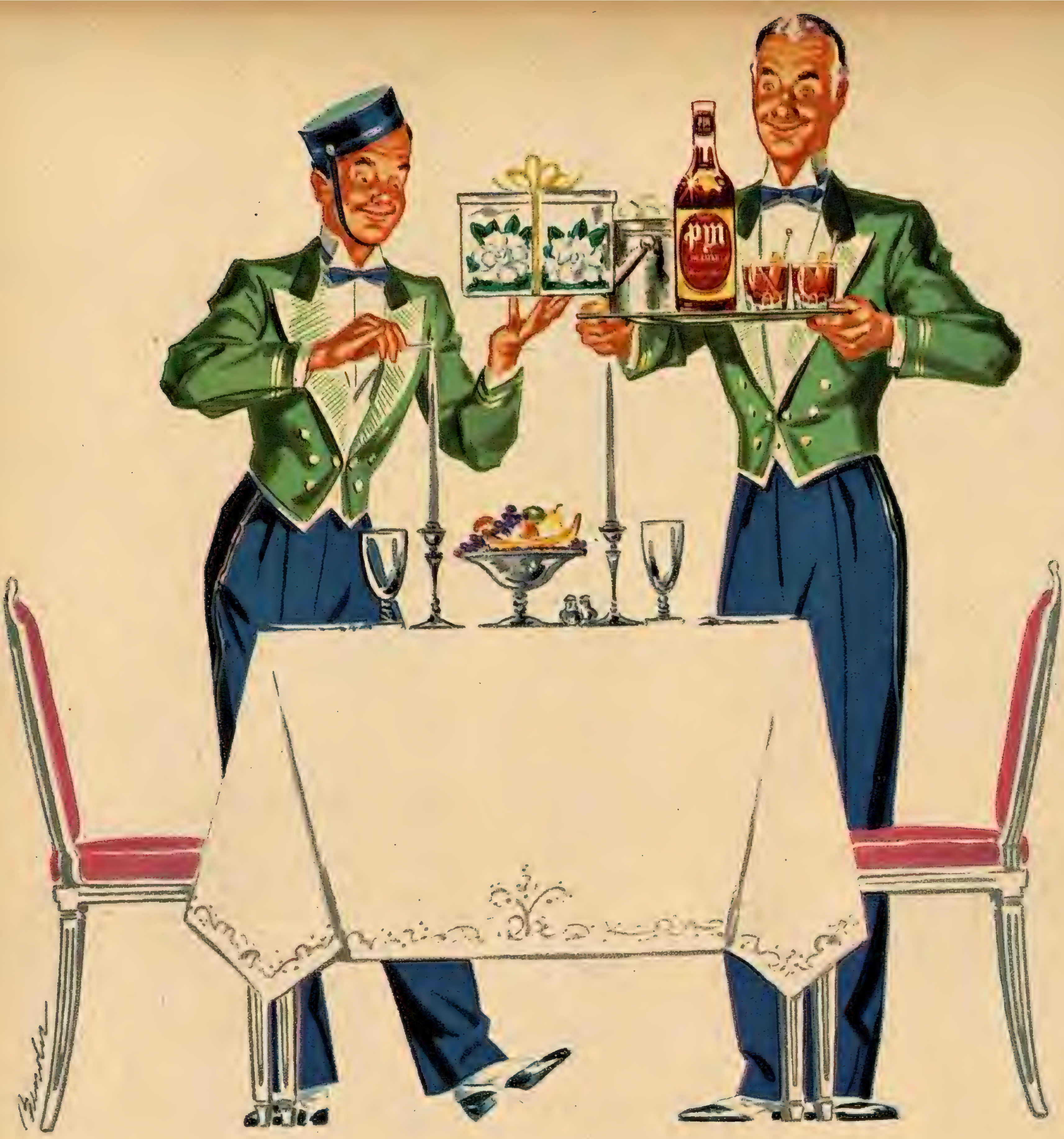


FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Says Patrick to Michael, "Here's whiskey so smooth it's the top o' the evenin'!" PM de Luxe! . . . served with gardenias du jour . . . Now to light up the candles and call in the guests for a mellow Old-Fashioned good time!

IF IT ISN'T **PM** IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

WHAT MAKES AIR FRESH?
SUPER-STRONG BATTERIES?
100% COMBUSTION?
CAN WE PUT ATOMS TOGETHER?
WHAT MAKES GRASS GREEN?

What Science Doesn't Know

By W. W. Taylor

Research wizards are on the trail of answers to these stickers — answers that will mean better living

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

RECENTLY an eminent scientist with forty years of research and engineering behind him decided to retire.

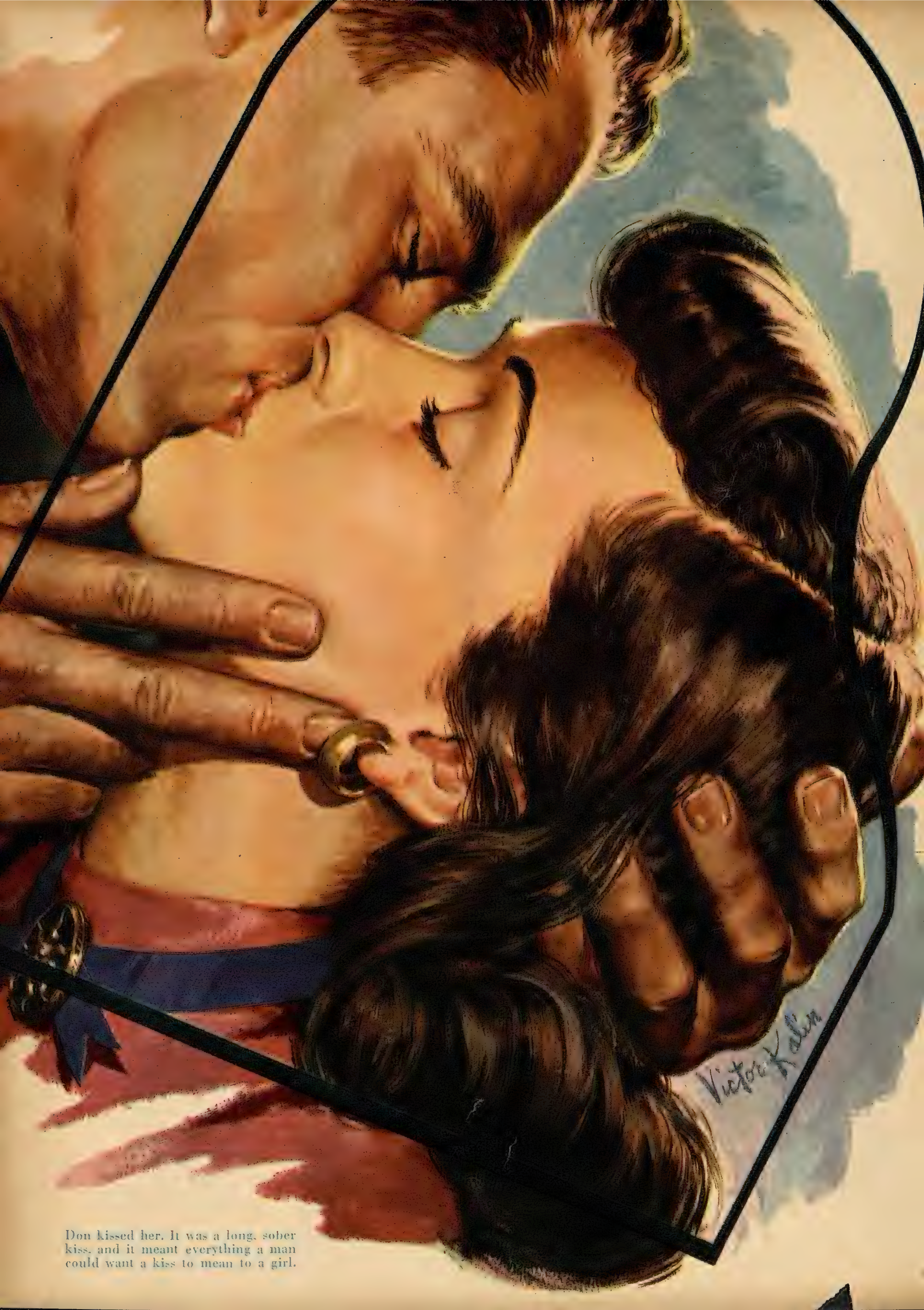
"Going fishing?" envious friends asked.

"No," was his emphatic reply. "I'm going home and try to lick some problems I started to work on forty years ago."

His retort implied a lot more than it said. For in spite of the wonderful achievements of the past century, the dockets of science and engineering are crammed with unfinished business. As one engineer said recently, "Seeing a radio, a radar set, or a television set reminds me not so much of what *has* been done, as what *remains* to be done."

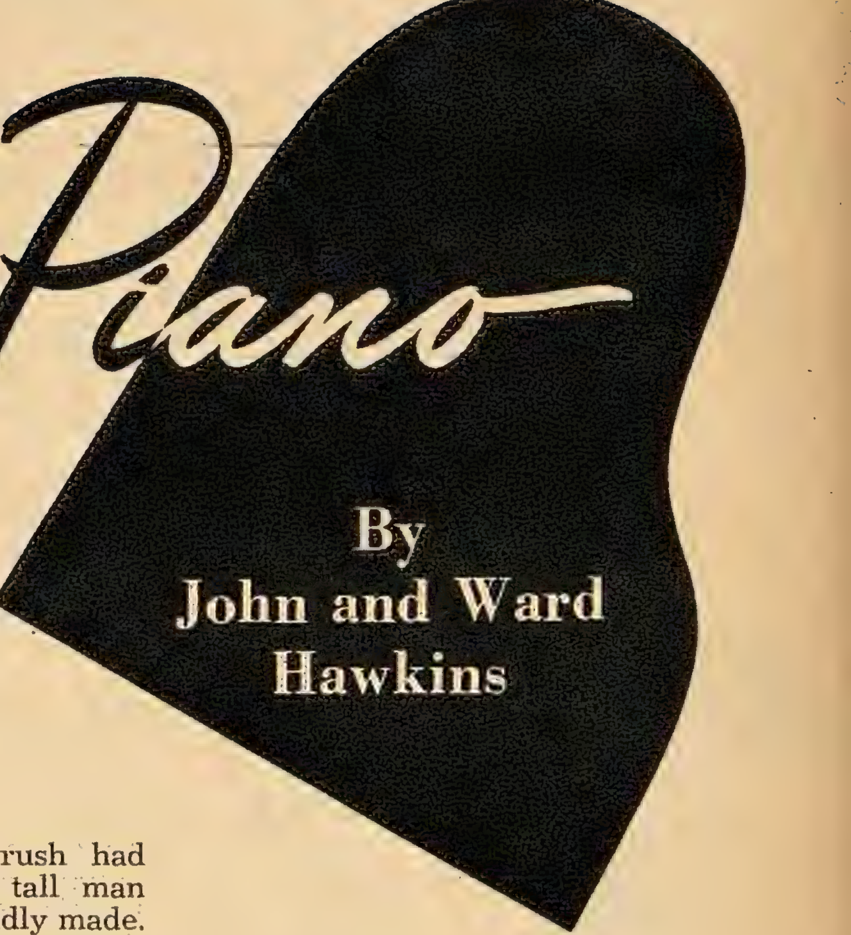
Ten of the nation's leaders in research and engineering were queried on this same point and their answers

(*Continued on page 91*)


Victor Kalin

Don kissed her. It was a long, sober kiss, and it meant everything a man could want a kiss to mean to a girl.

The Black Piano



The story of a band, a girl, and a man with magic in his fingers — and hatred in his heart

By John and Ward Hawkins

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HELEN KELLY found the train listed on the big blackboard. Three minutes to wait. She moved toward the exit gate, where a cheerful crowd had already piled up against the ropes. She was a tall girl, grave, unsmiling, whose hair was long and dark. She did not mingle with the others, but stood near the wall. She looked at her watch again.

Two minutes.

A year and a day was not so long when you looked back, but then it had seemed forever. She'd been here, at this same gate, the only one who'd come to say good-by. And that had been wasted because her whispered "Don . . ." had been lost in the vast echoing of the place. He'd passed almost within reach, walking beside a dark and sullen man. She'd watched his back go through the gate, shoulders hunched against the stares of the crowd. And she'd been enormously glad it was winter, that the cuffs of his topcoat hid all but two or three links of shining steel. Glad, until she'd realized that a man wearing handcuffs wears them in all the lines of his face.

Laughter broke around her now. The first of the incoming passengers were on the ramp. On tiptoe, Helen watched them pass the gate. Not the short man. Not the one whose hair was so black. Don Fielding was blond and—well, shaggy was the word for a man who could never remember a haircut does lack permanence. She saw him at last, and called:

"Don—Don Fielding!"

He heard her voice and turned. Kelly lost him in a swirl of the crowd, and for the space of a numbed moment she was sure he hadn't stopped. But when the rush had passed, he was there, a tall man whose suit was new and badly made. He carried a small week-end bag. He looked down at her and smiled carefully.

"Kelly," he said. "Hello, again."

"You're so thin." That was the wrong thing to say. "And, Don, they did make you get your hair cut."

"Regularly," he said.

His voice was without warmth or expression. Somehow Helen Kelly managed a smile.

"Can't we have lunch?" she said, "or a drink?"

"It's an idea," he answered quietly.

The station restaurant was almost empty. They took a corner table, where tall windows looked out on a rain-wet street. Music came from a wall speaker, a piano melody. Don looked at her and there were shadows in his eyes.

"Like old times," Helen said.

The waiter came and went away. She talked about the weather, the headline news. He listened but with his eyes darkly intent on some thinking of his own. There were moments when neither spoke, when Kelly's eyes could search his face. She saw lines deep cut around his mouth, lips that were bent downward as if by a constant taste of bitterness. She felt, oddly, that this was not Don Fielding. This could not be the tall and smiling man whose life had been a bright thing built out of love for a girl, for a band and a black piano.

She asked, "Don, was it bad up there?"

He smiled a little. "No dungeons, Kelly. They're decent enough as long as a man behaves himself."

Not that, then. He was still holding the other things—the same things that had driven him to use Johnny Mall's trumpet as a club.

Four years of war. . . . Don had come back to have Johnny Mall say, "It's my band now. Your contracts ran out—I took over." His band, his arrangements, his bookings — the thing that Don Fielding had built with pieces of his heart was taken from him. The same day, in the same hotel room, the cool and lovely Thelma Forrest had said, "Sorry, Don. You were gone so long, and Johnny and I—well, we're married." Without a word or letter of warning. Don could have taken those two things. But Kelly could have warned Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Mall they would need help when they told him the last. "Your piano?" Johnny Mall had said. "Oh, Thelma and I sold that long ago."

IT was then Don had seized Johnny's trumpet. "With murderous intent . . ." the court had said. Thelma, who had stepped in the way, had been knocked down. Johnny Mall ". . . beaten about the head and shoulders . . ." had finally escaped into the hotel corridor, past open doors, past curious people, who would later testify. Kelly had heard them in the courtroom. She had heard, too, the dry voice of the judge ". . . a year and a day." She had seen fury, cold and terrible, in Don's face that afternoon, and much of it was with him still.

"Your hands, Don?" she asked.

He held them out for her inspection—good hands, the fingers square-tipped and long. "I got a break," he said. "They put me in a band up there. I played a lot—more than I

(*Continued on page 71*)

Behind Washington's Battle of the Services

Navy vs. Air Force on Ho

Don't sink the Navy! Putting all on air power will wreck our security, writes

H. Struve Hensel

Former Assistant Secretary of the Navy

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ON the surface, all is serene along the Potomac. Army and Navy officers are under strict orders to give polite lip service to the cause of unification or to reserve comment completely. Underneath, however, one of the hottest disagreements in capital history rages. It's over whether or not atomic bombs, rocket weapons, and the like have made the Navy as we know it a useless, ineffectual indulgence, a vast waste of money and manpower. Upon the right answer to this question depends the future security of the United States, of all we have fought for and hold dear. *If we take the right course, we will have peace. No nation will dare to attack us.* Liberty's editors believe this momentous question of how best to ensure our security is the business of the public whose blood and treasure are at stake—and not merely of a few men behind closed doors. That's why we present a no-holds-barred debate on the subject by responsible experts beyond the reach of government "gags."

—THE EDITOR.

THE Army Air Forces did a wonderful job during the war. But if the more radical spokesmen for air power in general and the Army Air Forces in particular make headway with the public, it will endanger our national security. It is time some of the wilder statements were challenged.

An example was the extravagant clamor attending the advent of the new B-36 bomber.

The B-36 was widely advertised as having a 10,000-mile range with 10,000 pounds of bombs, and as capable of carrying an atomic bomb "to any inhabited region of the world" and returning home without refueling. The manufacturer may have estimated 10,000 miles, but on combat missions it is necessary to allow for such things as take-off, climb, possible head winds, and a fuel reserve. Aeronautical engineers tell me a practical combat radius for the B-36 would be about 3,000 miles. This would allow us to bomb London and return to New York. From any other possible take-off point in the United States, including Alaska, no strategic target could be attained.

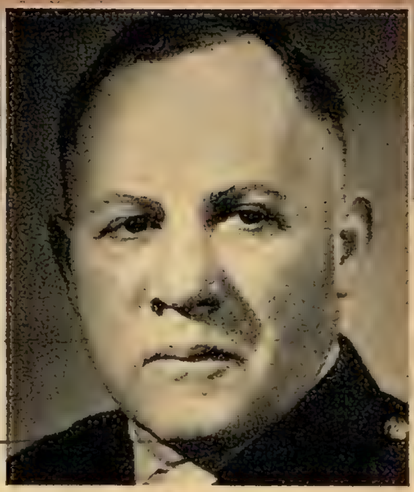
Talk about rockets by the less restrained Army Air Forces spokesmen has grown so absurd that the War Department tried unsuccessfully to stop it. General George C. Kenney, head of the Strategic Air Command, sent spinal shivers through the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense in Washington recently by predicting that the next war would open with an attack on us across the North Polar basin, made by both piloted and pilotless aircraft, by radio-controlled missiles, by rockets—all loaded with atomic bombs, super-explosives, super-incendiaries, bacterial weapons, or other means of mass destruction.

"The result may be a casualty

(*Continued on page 93*)

to Fight the Next War

It's suicide not to realize the future belongs to air power, declares



Robert S. Allen

Colonel, General Staff Corps (Ret.)

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

INDUBITABLY the Army and Navy are vital for our national defense. But it's suicidal to deny the supremacy of air power in future military operations.

A favorite stricture of General Patton was, "The trouble with most generals and admirals is that they fight wars the way the previous one should have been fought but wasn't!"

That is the crux of the deadly menace we face today in the muddled and clamorous controversy over our country's vital military establishment. We are in desperate danger of making all the old, timeworn mistakes all over again; of disregarding the bitter and costly lessons of the recent war and reverting again to fallacious reasoning and tragically obsolete means.

This is not the first time this has happened. De Gaulle was disregarded when he pleaded for mechanization of the French Army. De Gaulle was right, but France paid dearly to learn it. General Billy Mitchell was derided and excoriated because he had the temerity to preach air power. He, too, was right. But he was court-martialed and busted out of the Army.

Through the centuries, armies and navies have been the dominant arms. Always they have resisted new means and new methods until events, often tragic, forced them on them. This age is no different in that respect. But in another respect this age faces one crucial difference:

This time we cannot afford to repeat old mistakes.

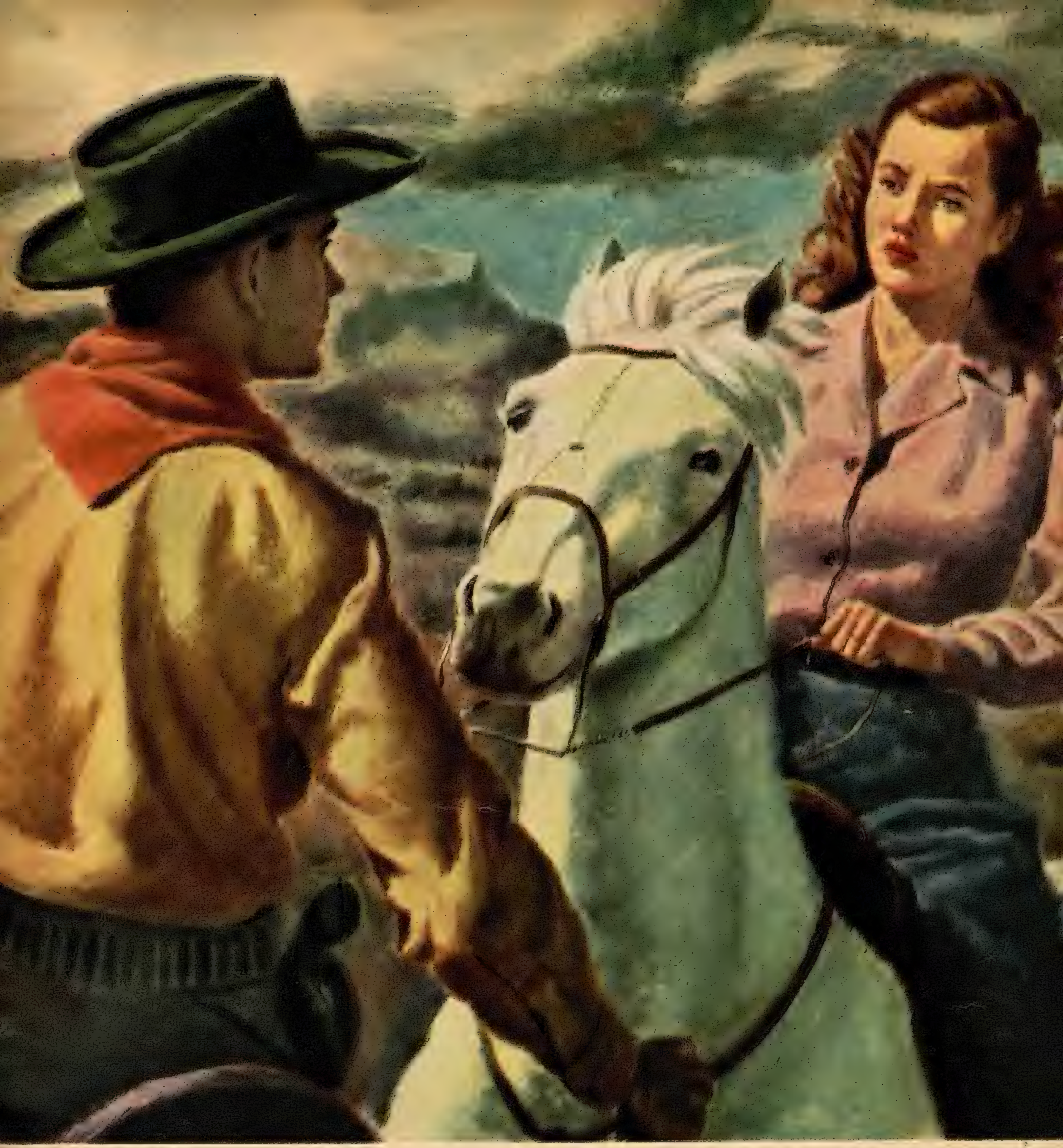
This time we will not have the time and space to correct our shortcomings after we have become embroiled in war. Hiroshima ended that reckless luxury forever.

As of Hiroshima, three fateful facts became deadly realities:

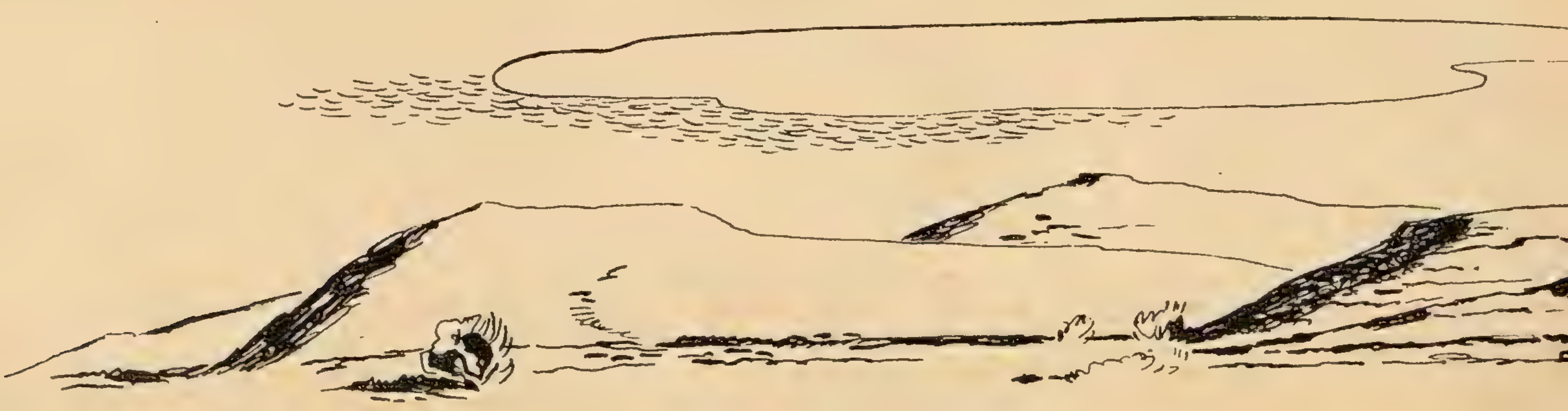
1. Time and space, in the traditional sense, ceased to be the keystone of our national defense.
2. The traditional cardinal principle of military operations—destruction of an enemy's main armed forces—underwent a revolutionary change. Henceforth the major objective is the annihilation of an enemy's war potential, his industry, transportation, resources, and industrial workers.
3. The United States and its highly concentrated industrial centers became the world's No. 1 target.

These three grim facts must always be kept uppermost in any consideration of our national defenses. They dominate all other considerations. Above all, if we are to survive a future war, they dominate any question of the retention of an armed service because of the glory and glamor of its past.

Modifying or subordinating a revered and once-powerful service is not easy. Just (*Continued on page 96*)



Her head flew back and her eyes were blazing. "Do you think you can shut me up in that place like a heifer in a pen?"



Out of the Dark

Beginning the brooding, powerful tale of a rustler of cattle — and other men's wives

By Hyatt Downing

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

JUD AIKEN had always liked to watch spring and early summer wash slowly up the valley. Now it was June and in a little while the brief season of lush, almost violent growth would be over. The sand hills would turn brown again, the small pools of trapped rain water would dry up, the Goose would shrink to a trickling thread, and full summer, brilliant and burning, would be upon the land.

Aiken lifted his reins and started down the small hill upon which he had halted, half decided to turn homeward. When he reached the floor of the valley, however, he paused and headed south. The ten-mile fence enclosing the middle pasture needed inspecting. There was still plenty of time. If he was late for supper—well, nothing, he thought wryly, mattered much to Ellen, wrapped as she was in indifference. That was to be expected, her mother had said: the natural first reaction of any young girl to the bleak loneliness of prairie and sand hills. "Give her time, Jud," she'd pleaded. "Ellen will soon realize how fortunate she is." Mrs. Jarvis had, he knew, "managed" her daughter's marriage. In her eyes, his comfortable bank account made up for his twenty additional years.

And for his part, he had asked for very little, hoping only that he and Ellen might together achieve the sunny country of friendship. To see Ellen in the rambling ranch house, perhaps to hear her sing once in a while as she went about her small household tasks—that would have been enough. But there had been no song on Ellen's lips for many weeks. He wished suddenly that he had brought her along on this ride. The sight of the burgeoning earth and the smell of deepening summer would have been good for her, he told himself.

On the point of turning back, his plainsman's eye caught a shape in the tall grass which grew abundantly along the Goose, and he spurred his horse forward. It was a cow, stretched full length. A sudden spurt of fear shot into his mind. There had been no sign of the dreaded anthrax as yet in the country, but it could strike at any time and seemingly without cause.

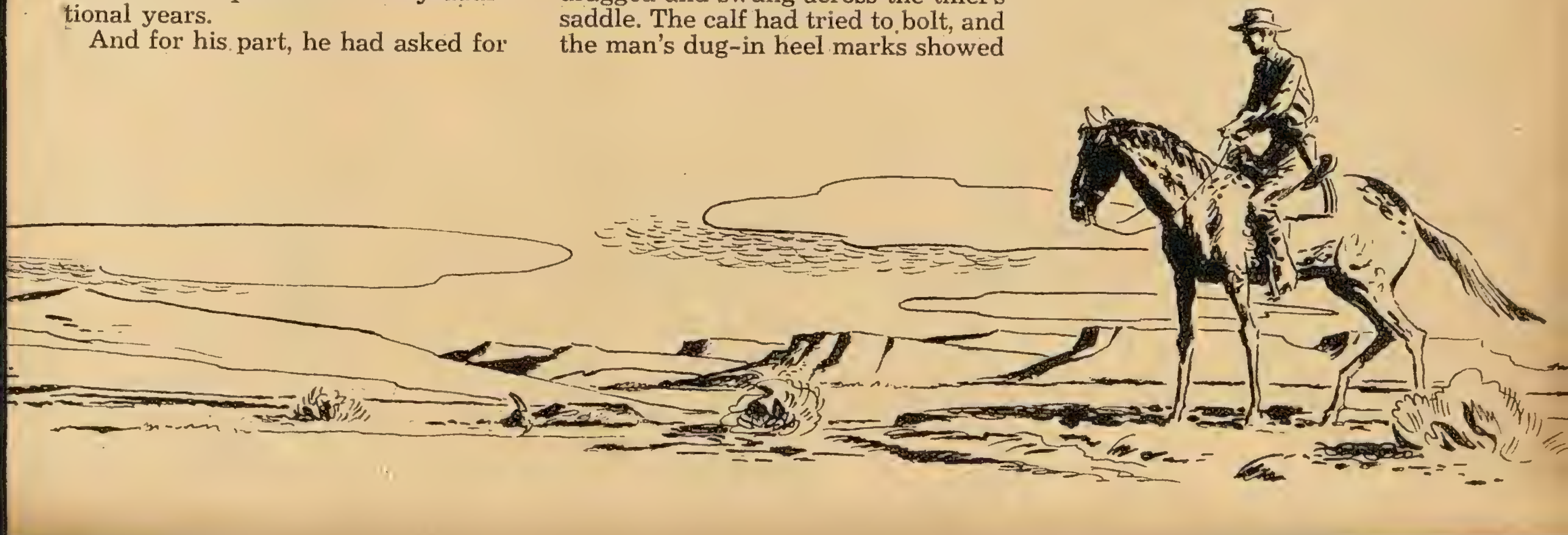
AS he swung down from the saddle, one quick look told him all he needed to know. The cow had been shot, and recently, for her body was still warm. The calf that should have been at her side was gone.

Searching through the grass he came presently upon the prints of metal boot heels and the marks which showed that the calf had been dragged and swung across the thief's saddle. The calf had tried to bolt, and the man's dug-in heel marks showed where he had braced himself to stop it.

Aiken grimly followed the hoofprints of a shod horse straight across the valley of the Goose until they were lost between two hills where a herd of cattle had recently passed. Here he spent a futile hour casting about in the hope that he could pick up the trail. But other riders, perhaps his own, had gone over the same ground, and the thief's tracks were impossible to follow.

The sun was low when Aiken finally reached the sprawling buildings of his ranch. As he pulled up at the gate, Vance Felton, who was making a precarious start with a small outfit of his own, fifteen miles or so to the northward, emerged from the horse shed. There were those who whispered in the Buffalo Pass saloons that Vance Felton's herd was changing—the grade of his cattle was better and they were growing in numbers too quickly. Aiken had heard these stories, but he had given them small attention. He'd seen nothing to criticize in Felton's outward demeanor. Felton had become a frequent visitor at the

(*Continued on page 75*)



Brown-Eyed Susan

Those bare-midriff bathing suits showed little of Susan Hayward. The gal's emoting has 'em whistling now

By Elizabeth Wilson

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

REDHEADED Susan Hayward is probably the only Hollywood starlet ever to put Y. Frank Freeman, big boss of Paramount Pictures, in a spot and nail him there. It was done at a Paramount sales convention in Los Angeles, *circa* 1941. Susan had been under contract for over a year and had distinguished herself, not as an actress, but as a messenger of good will, sent out to key cities to meet the exhibitors.

At the sales convention Paramount's top stars were introduced and responded with gracious little speeches. When it came time for the starlets to be introduced and merely take a bow, Susan rose, looked her boss in the eye, and said, "Mr. Freeman, the exhibitors today have been asking me why I haven't made any pictures this year. They want to know and, frankly, I want to know too. You are paying me a very nice salary, and I am doing nothing to earn it. It isn't fair to the stockholders." You could have heard a false eyelash drop. Nothing like that had ever happened before. Or has since.

Nothing came of it, however. With the exception of some fairly good supporting parts, Susan spent the remainder of her Paramount contract on suspension or on loan-out to small studios. Producers and directors just kept right on thinking of her as that cute little redhead who could do dreamy things to a midriff bathing suit.

She obtained her release from Paramount a year earlier than she had expected. When David O. Selznick suggested that they talk business, she drove out to Culver City on the hour appointed. Kept waiting a whole hour, she removed herself. When she had cooled off, she tried Walter Wanger's office on the Universal-International lot. There was no waiting. "I took Mr. Wanger's offer," she says, "because I can go in to see him whenever I want to."

Last fall Wanger gave her her first big dramatic part in Dorothy Parker's brilliantly written Smash Up, the feminine version of The Lost Weekend. He was so pleased with his new star that he promptly plunked out $200,000 for The Lost Love, the screen adaptation of Henry James' novel, The Aspern Papers. She will star in this when production starts this spring.

Some people in Hollywood call Susan snooty and stand-offish. She isn't, really. It all stems from the fact that she is extremely nearsighted and refuses to wear glasses in public. She was born in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn twenty-five years ago. Her parents, Ellen and Walter Marrener, christened her Edythe. Walter Marrener had been in all branches of show business, but had settled down and got a job on the I.R.T. After graduating from Girls Commercial High, Susan went job hunting across the river in Manhattan. She had decided to be an actress. Brushed off because of her inexperience, she turned to modeling—and George Cukor, the first director of Gone With the Wind, happened to see in a magazine a color picture of a girl with a cute turned-up nose and a mop of red hair. "That," he said, "could easily be Scarlett O'Hara." He and Selznick had Susan come out for a screen test. In the early days of the Scarlett O'Hara sweepstakes, she was considered a promising filly, but the field became too crowded with glamor names.

Squeezed out, she signed a six-months contract with Warner Brothers and made many pictures for them—all still pictures in bathing suits and shorts. With her assent, her name was changed to Susan Hayward. Now she's sorry she didn't hold out for her mother's name.

In 1945 she married handsome young actor Jess Barker, who is under contract to Universal. A year later twins were born, one of them with a shock of red hair. Susan named them Timothy and Gregory because, she explains, those are "character" names. The Barkers have been evicted four times by landlords because of the noisy twins.They were finally forced to buy a house in the Valley, and moved in on Christmas Eve. That is, the twins' furniture was moved in. Having spent all their cash, $35,000, on the house, they had nothing left with which to buy furniture. The studio kindly helped out with a few odd pieces.

THE END

Arsenic

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

YOU don't have to work in one of the countless factories where men are exposed to the dusts and fumes from heavy metals, to find metallic poisons entering—and sometimes ending—your life. You can easily poison yourself by eating unwashed fruit which has been sprayed with an arsenic insecticide. Or you might mix some lemonade in a cadmium-lined pitcher. The acid juice dissolves the metal lining, and you will, at best, spend a few bad hours with colic and nausea caused by cadmium poisoning.

Or take the case of the unmarried teen-age girl who was going to have a baby. In a moment of despair she took bichloride of mercury. As it began to take effect, she became terrified and appealed for medical help. But it was too late to do much for her, and she endured all the agonizing stages of acute poisoning for two weeks before death occurred. First her tongue and gums became sore, then her mouth and throat began to burn, ulcers formed, infection set in. The lining of her stomach and intestines was thoroughly corroded by the poison, and large pieces of the inner membranes began to slough off. Her kidneys were so severely damaged that by the third day they stopped functioning. Through all this acute suffering she remained fully conscious.

Up until recent years there was very little that could be done for such sufferers. Today the medical profession has an antidote which will save most of these cases if they are reached within a few hours after the poison is taken.

The new drug is named BAL. It was recently used with spectacular results on 26 would-be suicides who had taken various compounds of mercury. The patients were all under the care of Drs. W. T. Longcope and J. A. Leutscher of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Most of these patients would surely have died without BAL therapy, and certainly they would all have developed kidney complications. As soon as BAL was injected, their alarming symptoms disappeared. All recovered, and only a few showed kidney complications.

We can thank the war for BAL. It was developed as an antidote for the deadly arsenical gas, lewisite. Fearing that the Germans might use it, the Allied scientists got busy.

Discovered by Professor R. A. Peters of Oxford, the antidote drug was named BAL as an abbreviation for British Anti-Lewisite. In chemical circles it goes by the formal name of 2,3-dimercaptopropanol. In 1941, Professor Peters generously sent us full details for making BAL. From there on it was up to American genius to solve the technical problems of large-scale production. In short order we were fully prepared to mass-produce the drug if the enemy should start to use lewisite. Pilot plants were set up and enough BAL was distributed to the armed forces to meet emergency needs.

IN the meantime British and American universities and government research laboratories were finding out amazing things about how BAL works. New uses for it were turning up everywhere.

Best of all, in the process we found out how and why heavy metals poison the human body.

. . . thanks to a miraculously effective cure for poisons which menace many an unsuspecting citizen

s Obsolete

By J. V. Sheppard

Body cells get their energy from the chemical breakdown of the foods we eat. But the cells cannot utilize this food energy directly. They require the services of a "middleman" class of organic substances known as enzymes. If certain metal compounds get into the body, they bind these enzymes so they cannot do their essential work. The body cells, deprived of their go-between, rapidly die of starvation.

How does BAL correct this situation? Very simply. BAL combines with arsenic more readily than living tissues do. BAL plus arsenic produces a harmless compound which is rapidly eliminated in the urine. Even if the arsenic has been in the body long enough to start its deadly work, BAL can reverse the process, draw the arsenic out of the tissues and leave them as good as new.

The vital facts about BAL were discovered only through observing its action in the bodies of hundreds of experimental animals. Laboratories at Oxford, Yale, Cornell, the University of Chicago, and many others worked on various aspects of the problem.

As a result, we now know pretty well which metal poisons BAL can counteract and what the treatment dose must be.

The British were the first to develop a BAL ointment effective against skin burns from lewisite. Unfortunately, this dread gas does not stop at burning and blistering the skin. It is absorbed through the skin and poisons the whole body. When inhaled, it is a strong lung irritant. The obvious answer to this problem was a BAL solution which could be injected.

To develop such a solution, dogs were placed in a special gas chamber at Cornell and exposed to lewisite fumes for thirty minutes. Eighty per cent of the dogs died. Autopsies revealed trachea and bronchial tubes that looked as if they had been dipped in hot lye. Ulcers and dead tissue blocked the air passages. Would BAL be a match for such a vicious killer? Then a new group of dogs was exposed to lewisite. The research men waited half an hour, then injected the dogs with a 10-per-cent solution of BAL in oil. *Every animal recovered.*

The solution was now ready for tests on human volunteers. It takes a special brand of "courage beyond the call of duty" to be the first to try a remedy for anything so violent as lewisite poisoning. Fortunately, BAL measured up to all expectations. Volunteers who inhaled a weak concentration of toxic arsenical smoke experienced no lung irritation when they were promptly injected with a solution of BAL in peanut oil.

WOULD BAL make as good a showing against arsenic poisoning from other sources? Arsenic is a constituent of many valuable drugs—like mapharsen—used in the treatment of long-standing syphilis. Prolonged and intensive treatment with mapharsen may cause jaundice, skin rash, convulsions, even death.

Dr. Harry Eagle, senior surgeon of the U. S. Public Health Service, has pioneered in the use of BAL for treating arsenic poisoning. Since 1943 some 200 patients have received BAL, most of them at the Rapid Treatment Centers. About one quarter of these patients had acute mapharsen poisoning and were in convulsions or coma. Out of 55 serious cases, 44 recovered completely. Eleven patients died, chiefly because treatment was not begun soon enough.

This 85-per-cent reduction in mortality brought forth such remarks as "dramatic amelioration of symptoms" from the medical profession. Translated into lay language, that means a long low whistle of approval.

In the future we will probably look to BAL as an antidote for metal poisoning from industrial sources. In many industries workmen are constantly exposed to the fumes and dusts from metals like arsenic, mercury, cadmium, and their compounds. Mining ores, smelting, electroplating, and working with alloys of these metals are highly dangerous occupations unless the workmen are meticulously protected from poisonous fumes.

Precautions are also necessary in the manufacture of thermometers and barometers, in the curing of furs, and in the use of paint sprays and insecticides containing poisonous metals. The use of galvanized and cadmium-lined cooking utensils, and cadmium-plated refrigerator parts has been responsible for a few minor cases of poisoning both in private households and public eating places.

While the new "miracle drug" has not yet been tried for human cases of zinc, cadmium, and nickel poisoning, it has proved successful in animal experiments, and there is every reason to believe it will perform as well in the clinic.

Thanks to BAL, this perilous life of ours has become a little more secure. And, incidentally, up-to-date mystery writers will have to cross arsenic off their list of lethal devices.

THE END

The Road to Heaven

★ Liberty's Short Short Story

By Owen Cameron

He had come a long way, this old man on a horse, and there was no stopping him now

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

CARLSON'S house stood on a treeless plain where the wheat stubble gleamed in the sun like white fire. The grass on the low hills southward was parched to the same color, so that all of Carlson's visible world was the hot tint of pale gold.

Sitting in the shade of the house, too warm to be really curious, Carlson idly stared toward the hills, watching the man on horseback who had come over the low crest at noon. Slowly he had plodded through the oven of the afternoon toward Carlson's shack, and now he was near enough so that Carlson could see the small puffs of dust raised by the horse's hoofs. The air was so still that the dust hung for a while in tiny clouds.

The sorrel horse walked with head down, and the rider's attitude was similar. Both were past complaining or even hoping. They now merely endured the heat. As they neared the shack, the man looked up, and in front of it he stopped the horse and raised one hand in greeting. For a long minute he sat motionlessly staring ahead down the straight road, absently touching the horse's shoulder. At last he made a decision and, imperceptibly urged, the horse moved toward Carlson.

The animal was a mare, not young, turning gaunt, but in better condition than the old man on her back. The eyes in his dust-caked face were red with weariness, and now and then the pounding of his heart made his lip tremble. Dead beat, Carlson thought—and who wouldn't be, riding in this sun?

"Sure hot," the old man said.

Carlson nodded, unwilling to make the effort of speaking.

"How's the water? If you haul it—"

"Pump's in the kitchen. Help yourself."

The old man slid out of the saddle, groaning, and leaned against the mare's side. He croaked, "Stove up! Too old for it. Rode all the way from New Mexico."

"Long ride," Carlson said.

"You know it is. The last couple hundred miles been the worst. I ain't seen a tree in two days, or running water in four. I never looked for it to be so tough on me." As he talked, the old man absently wound a strand of the mare's mane around his fist. She did not respond in any way, as though this was too familiar to be noticed. Rubbing his cracked lips with his free hand, the old man mumbled, "Bucket?"

"Must be one around." Carlson reluctantly got to his feet, the movement bringing moisture to the skin of his face.

THE old man drank deeply in the kitchen, watered the mare, and drank again from the bucket, shakily spilling the water and gasping with pleasure as it ran down his neck. Smiling at Carlson, he said, "Man don't always appreciate water. My daughter says they got a river on her place. That's in Oregon, where I'm headed. Well, she coaxed me to come a long time."

Carlson had sat down in the shade again. The old man stared back at the low hills. He murmured, "Sure is a hot, flat country, ain't it?"

"Good grain country."

"I expect. I just never realized it would be such a tough trip. Well, I'm pretty near eighty—no wonder I'm about played out. How far is it to Oregon?"

Carlson shrugged. "A thousand miles to Portland, more or less."

"She wanted to send me bus fare. I expect I shouldn't have tried to ride it, at my age," the old man said, stroking the mare's shoulder.

"She's no colt, either," Carlson said critically.

"Eighteen. But she's always had good care. I raised her from a pup. You can see she's in better shape than me. I figure to earn my keep when I get there, but this ride's about beat me."

"This sun does it."

"I see them buses on the road. Zzz-zz-zz, and you're there," the old man said, continuing to rub the mare's shoulder. He turned his head to face north, squinting over the endless plain. "Kind of like to see that Oregon country. Mighty pretty, from what my daughter says, and the map. Well, I didn't have nothing left, so I figured I might as well." The mare stirred, shifting her weight, and the old man said in the same tone, "Easy, old lady."

"This is good country for grain," Carlson repeated.

They were both silent for a time, the old man scowling thoughtfully. Abruptly he gave the mare an affectionate slap and turned to Carlson. "Know anybody needs a good horse?"

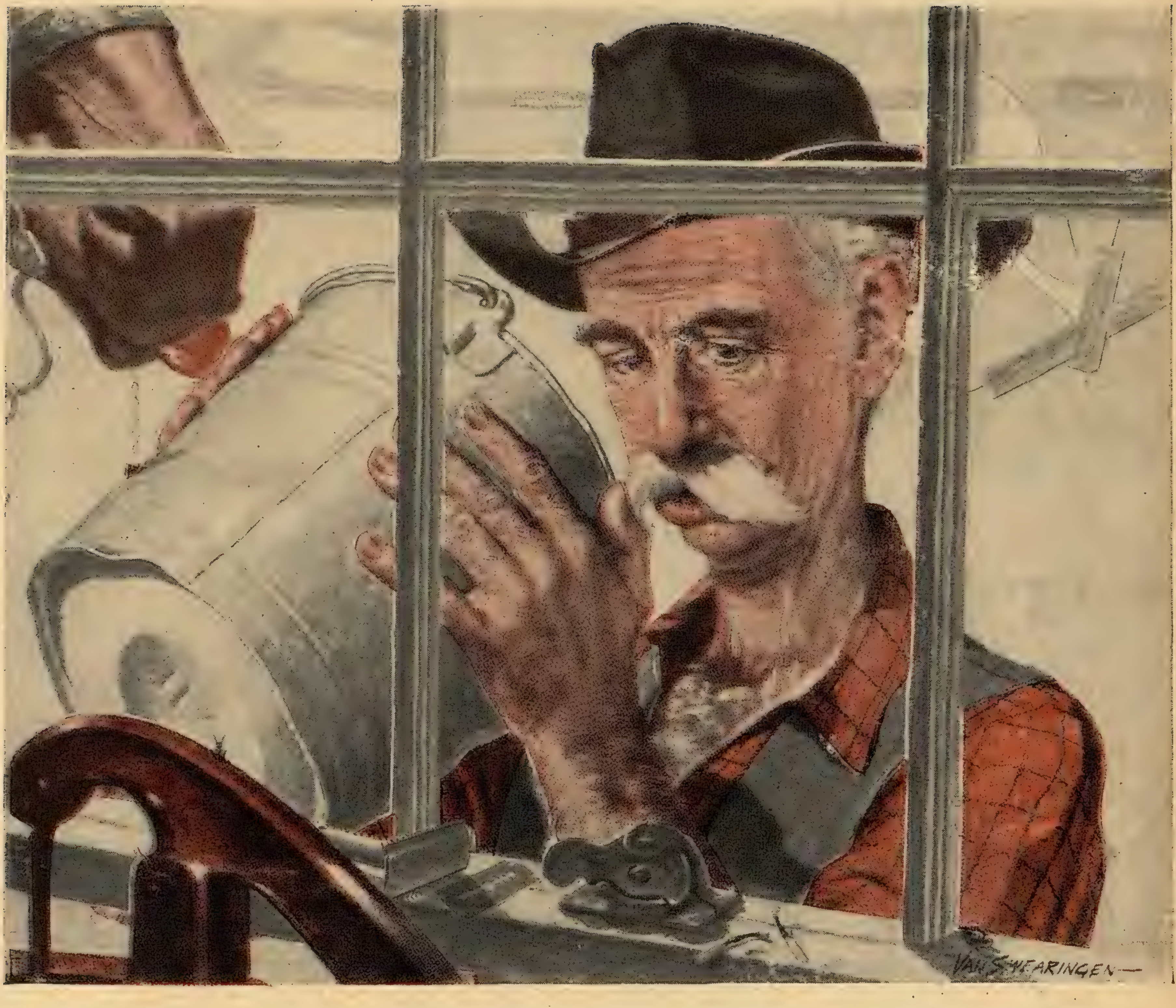
"Her? It's not much of a country for riding."

"She'll work in harness. She's a mighty tough old mare, too. You can see for yourself, after carrying me this far."

"What's she worth?"

"I don't want to sell her. I wouldn't, only I'll never make it this way," the old man said earnestly. "And she's beginning to give out,

ILLUSTRATED BY E. C. VAN SWEARINGEN



"Man don't always appreciate water," the old man said, and drank again from the bucket, shakily spilling the water.

too, so the best thing I can do for us both—"

"Fifty dollars."

"Hardly enough. Anyhow, I'd want to sell the saddle, too."

"What do I want with a saddle?" Carlson asked. Sighing, he got to his feet and went into the house, returning with a sweat-darkened wallet, from which he counted four ten-dollar bills and three fives.

"Fifty-five dollars. She ain't worth a cent more to me. I wouldn't have any use for the saddle."

The old man took the money. "I'll leave it. You might want to ride her sometime."

"The fare won't be more'n twelve-fifteen dollars. That'll leave you plenty for hotels and food."

"I ain't slept in a bed for three weeks. That tells on a man my age. I thought I'd make it—why, if I didn't, I'd left her there where she was raised." The mare stretched her head toward his hand, and the old man flicked her nose with the sheaf of bills, saying fondly, "Think it's green feed, you old fool?" He told Carlson, "I had a big meadow. She don't savvy this dried-up country."

"It's green in the spring. Kind of pretty, with the hills all green and soft-looking."

"It sure is burned to a crisp now, though." The mare reached again for the bills, delicately lifting her upper lip, and the old man frowned as she sniffed and turned away. Suddenly he growled, "Oh, hell! Here," and thrust the currency into Carlson's hands. "I guess I can't go off and leave the old fool. If you had a meadow—no, I guess not, anyhow. We'll make it to Oregon together."

"If you don't take the bus, you'll get there in a box," Carlson said. "You won't either one of you get there."

"We'll make it," the old man insisted. "Anyhow, I wouldn't get no pleasure there alone. I seen it on the map, and that was why I—that was one reason I let my daughter talk me into coming. There's a place in that country they call Horse Heaven, and I kind of wanted to see it."

The effort of getting into the saddle made him gasp for breath, and Carlson said, "You're crazy. You can't make it. Stop and think it over, man! Pretty quick I'll start supper."

The old man shook his head. "No. I ain't going to think it over. But I'm much obliged to you."

Carlson shrugged. It was too hot to argue. The old mare moved toward the road, and after a while Carlson shifted his chair almost to the line of sunlight, watching the figures of horse and rider gradually growing smaller. Watching for a long time, until the heat shimmer suddenly devoured them like a tongue of flame.

THE END

Lad

READING TIME● 14 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE date was February 25, 1946, and the place was Carnegie Hall in New York. Even close observers of New York's musical scene paid little attention to the announcement that one Maryla Jonas would play the piano in that hall on that evening. Who had ever heard of Maryla Jonas? Apparently no one. The New York manager putting on the recital knew only that she had come up from South America ten days before, and had been born and trained in Poland. Could she play the piano? The manager didn't know; he'd never heard her.

Carnegie Hall, which seats almost 3,000, was grim and cavernous and virtually empty. The ushers had nothing to do. A handful of critics wondered how long they would have to sit through another dreary debut. A few friends and relatives of the pianist huddled in a couple of boxes, bitter at the big city's coldness. No one bought admission at the box office, and the people who had received free tickets didn't bother to use them. It looked like a public wake, with precious little public.

The lights were dimmed and the pianist walked out on the big stage. She was about five feet six and well padded in the wrong places, or so the ill-fitting gown made it seem. She looked like a caricature of a suburban matron.

"Good Lord," whispered one of the long-suffering critics to a companion, "what makes people like that try Carnegie?"

Miss Jonas sat down at the big Steinway and began to play. As she lost herself in the music, she forgot that this was almost a private recital. All the emotions and understanding that had accumulated within her over the years came through, under the perfectly controlled fingers. The tiny audience listened in amazement, then in absorption. The ushers stopped whispering in the back of the hall. The critics stayed to the end. There was something irresistibly compelling about this woman's music. The lady *could* play—and how! The notices the next morning were ecstatic.

Maryla (pronounced Marie-la)

Who Has Lived

The extraordinary story of Maryla Jonas, who crossed hell and high water to Carnegie Hall — and sudden fame, riches, and glory.

By Howard Taubman

Jonas found herself on February 26 an overnight sensation. F. C. Coppicus, vice-president of Columbia Concerts, Inc., hastily signed her to a long-term contract and booked her for another recital at Carnegie Hall on March 30. Tickets this time sold out, and every pianist in town was in the audience. The great hall was tense with one question: Could she do it again?

This time Miss Jonas no longer looked like a caricature. Her appearance was *en grande tenue,* and so was her playing. The question was answered for all time. A new star was made.

Managers throughout the country clamored for a date for the following season. Artur Rodzinski, then music director of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, who had arranged for all his soloists for the season, made room for her to appear on the orchestra's opening night—a signal tribute, since the orchestra rarely has soloists at its opening. Miss Jonas played just as many concerts during the season as she had time and energy for. Her earnings in her first full season in this country, at $1,000 an engagement, should be over $50,000. Her manager has her booked solidly into 1948. Next season her fee will go as high as $2,000 a date. Columbia Recording has given her a fat contract.

If there were nothing more to Maryla Jonas' story, it would still rank as one of the most vivid success yarns in years. But there is more—much more. And it is a story of and for our times.

Maryla was born in Warsaw in 1911 in a comfortably well-to-do family. At seven she began to study the piano, and at nine she was so good that she made her debut with the Warsaw Philharmonic, playing a Mozart concerto. At eleven she was invited to play for Paderewski. Her father, a physician, didn't want his daughter to seek a virtuosa's career; but when Poland's greatest musician invited, one did not decline. Maryla was a heavy, self-conscious little girl. Her mother dressed her in a short pink dress and pink socks, and the young pianist fretted over the way her legs looked rather than how she would play. Paderewski was impressed; he offered to teach her. Her father was worried.

"Patience," Paderewski consoled him. "In a few years she may turn out to be a mediocrity like most other prodigies."

Paderewski's influence was the profoundest in her life. She worked with him periodically for many years. One day he took her gently by the arm and led her to a great window. Pointing to a slum section of the city, he said, "Do you see that street over there? You see how it winds down into that alley? Looks sordid, doesn't it? Well, there is life. Go out and find out for yourself. You'll be a better pianist."

Eventually she found out about the bitterness and tragedy and ecstasy of life. But she was only in her teens then, a brilliantly successful youngster, and her budding career was life enough.

AT fifteen she made her debut in Germany, then a republic where art and human generosity were valued. For three years she worked there with Emil Sauer, the famous pianist. When she was sixteen and seventeen she gave a series of Mozart Festival recitals in Salzburg and Bayreuth which earned her tremendous acclaim. In 1932 she won the International Chopin Prize against all comers, and in 1933 she walked off with another gaudy award, the International Beethoven Prize of Vienna. She toured Europe and conquered wherever she went.

Here was one prodigy who had not turned into a mediocrity. Her father was reconciled to her music. But she made him happier when she married. Her husband was a distinguished Polish criminologist.

When the Nazis invaded Poland in 1939, Maryla and her husband, her parents and her three brothers were in Warsaw. Her sister, who had married a Viennese Jew, had migrated to Brazil when the Nazis moved into Austria the year before. Maryla and her family lived through the daily bombing of their capital. They huddled in cellars and shelters, changing their refuges as one area after another was pulverized.

It was not long before resistance

(*Continued on page 83*)

Paradise

The serpent (alias Miss Angela Toland) gets hers, and Bill gets his — a mighty pretty package, incidentally

By Edward Hope

READING TIME●30 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

PEOPLE had begun to arrive in Waypalloo just after dawn. By noon the village's two streets—the long one to the water front and the short intersecting one to the odorous fish dock—were crowded. Men, women, children, dogs, and the great blank-eyed humped cattle sprawled and squatted and sat and lay on the baked-clay sidewalks and the baked-clay right of way which were separated by eroded gutters.

At twenty minutes past three Lieutenant Schlank drove a jeep down the principal street of the village.

"Gangway!" he yelled. "Upsy-daisy! Look out! Out of the way! . . . Co, bossy! That's the girl! . . . Ooop! *Gang*-way!"

Hurt but not resentful, the people and animals who had disposed themselves in the thoroughfare cleared a path for the vehicle. They calculated its width to a nicety and gave way only just enough.

At the store, Lieutenant Schlank found a soldier lounging behind the wheel of a two-and-a-half-ton truck. He ordered him to drive the truck back and forth on the main street as often as might be necessary to keep the passage clear.

The problem of merchandising to an illiterate clientele unaccustomed to the use of money had required study and ingenuity.

Suspended in the middle of the store was a double-faced sign whose identical sides attempted to explain the intricacies of American currency. At the top a foot-long drawing, in realistic colors, of a one-dollar bill was set in the middle of a group of carefully painted enlarged representations of the coins that were equivalent to it: twenty nickels, ten dimes, four quarters, two half-dollars, a half-dollar and two quarters, a half-dollar, a quarter, and five nickels, and so on, each set of coins ringed in red, with a red arrow pointing to the dollar. Below were other change groups, showing the value in lesser coins of the half-dollar, the quarter, and the dime. It had been decided not to complicate transactions with pennies.

Woolawei, in his capacity as consultant, had expressed confidence in the sign, and had pointed out that if it served no other purpose, it would be handy for reference for Papahoola, widow of one of the men executed by the Japs, who was provisional manager of the store and had chosen six relatives (four women, one youth, and one teen-age girl) as her assistants. Papahoola and her associates had been practicing with the coins for a week, but were a little excitable in emergencies.

THE opening ceremonies were simple.

Bill Willoby arrived at two minutes to four, looking grim and distraught. Jilouili was driven up five minutes later, and the task of unloading him from the sedan (you had to work him through, bottom-first, then twist him sidewise, and there was talk of greasing the car door) consumed five minutes more. He was accompanied by his two elderly chamberlains and by a second sedan filled with giggling girls whose relationship to him was better left indeterminate. One attendant clutched a sheaf of dollar bills; the other held coins cupped in both hands. The king waddled with unexpected majesty, bowing and smiling to the crowd that parted before him.

Bill Willoby received him.

The captain saluted smartly. Jilouili threw out both fleshy arms, brought his hands down on the khaki-clad shoulders and pulled Bill forward. They rubbed noses (to the silent delight of the American onlookers) and shook hands.

"Oo-ee-lo-bee!" the king said ecstatically.

"Zhil-oo-EEL-ee!" Bill responded, but his heart was not in it.

Behind him, Lieutenant Schlank unhooked the yellow-painted rope from the doorway. Bill bowed and gestured Jilouili into the store and followed him. Sergeant Pool, on hand as interpreter, fell in close behind. After the sergeant came the two courtiers, bearing money.

Outside, Woolawei addressed the crowd. He told them that they might now come into the store, that it was not necessary to buy anything, that they were not to push or crowd, and that they must keep to the right and not violate the ropes that had been strung to facilitate one-way movement. Anyone who found that he wanted to buy an object he had already passed must make the circuit over again.

THEY came into the store hesitantly; looking to right and left, wide-eyed, like children. They spoke softly and made delicate gestures.

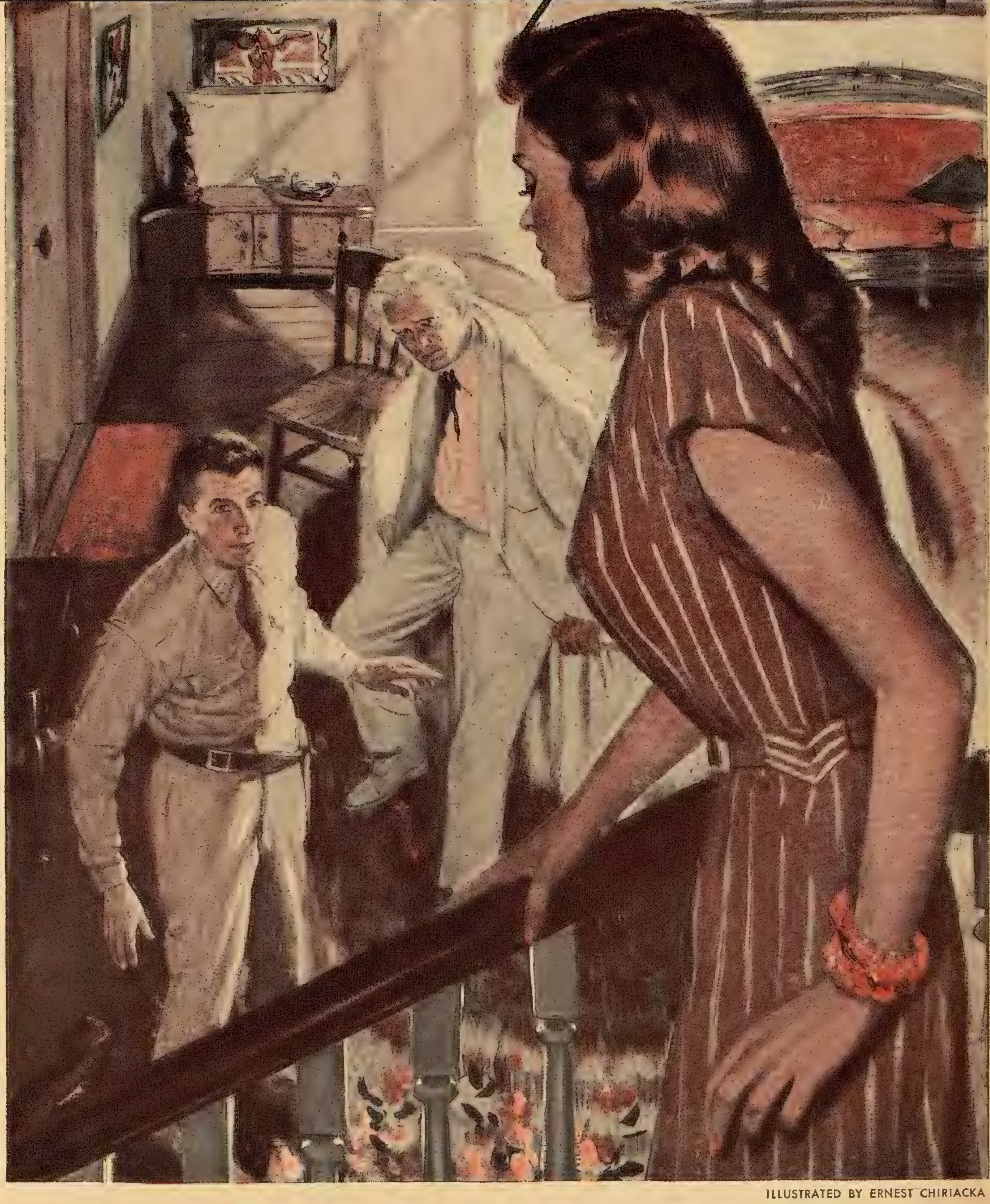
Jilouili bought a long chromium-painted flashlight and stopped the show. Papahoola herself handled the transaction. The purchase was carried on in awed silence, while all the other islanders in the place stood on tiptoe, craned sidewise, and held their breath. There was a concerted sigh that amounted to applause when the sale was completed and Jilouili moved on, waving the lighted electric torch regally, like a scepter.

Made bold, one of the girls who had arrived in the second royal sedan bought a bright cotton scarf (thirty-five cents) from the teen-age girl, who distinguished herself by handing back sixty-five cents without hesitation. Jilouili meanwhile negotiated the purchase of a *papier-mâché* sun helmet, and put it on at once.

Trading was active. The customers trusted the salespeople to handle the money properly, and it was probable that the mistakes averaged out well enough.

The biggest rush of business was at the costume-jewelry counters, where earrings, rings, bracelets, and brooches were offered at prices ranging from forty-five cents to one seventy-five. Jackknives were popular, and mirrors drew fascinated,

with Serpent



ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

"You're not the kind of man," Mr. Edgett said, "to have an affair with a native girl."

guffawing crowds. Hair nets, once discovered and explained, found a wide demand among the members of both sexes.

The brassières and step-ins Lieutenant Schlank had stocked for old times' sake ("and maybe they'll take a hint," he added) created an unlooked-for sensation. Women ganged up to comment and gesture and giggle over them.

Bill Willoby made the initial circuit with Jilouili, who bought a harmonica, a mechanical toy automobile, six lollipops, a roll of toilet paper, a red-and-green umbrella, a hand mirror, a jar of cold cream (which he tasted from his finger and pronounced delicious), and a trilling whistle of the kind used by football officials; and still had money left.

Captain Willoby made his apologies and withdrew to struggle with his private worries.

COMMANDING GENERAL SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND COMMAND ATTENTION COL GEORGE H POWER G ONE ALLEGATIONS CONTAINED IN ANGELA TOLAND ARTICLE ENCLOSURE WITH LTR FILE WD BPR. QY 201.54 DIAG 871.08 PAREN 14 AUG 45 END PAREN ARE COMPLETELY FALSE PD MISUNDERSTANDING OF SITUATION POSSIBLE ONLY WITH MALICIOUS INTENT PD COMPLETE REPORT ON CASE WITH AFFIDAVITS DIRECTED IN PAR TWO F THIRD ENDORSEMENT BEING PREPARED AND WILL BE FWDD W O DELAY END U S OCFORCE MIDI ID SIG WILLOBY CMDG

BILL was glad of an excuse to leave his office the next morning. The only topics of conversation on the post were still, as they had been last evening, the immediate success of the store and the possible uses of money on the island. Enthusiasm ran high. He could feel that his fellow officers were puzzled at his failure to join in their excitement.

He had not yet found the heart to break the news of Angela Toland's ingratitude for their hospitality. The catastrophe was almost entirely his own, and he could not bring himself to mention it until he had at least begun to deal with the situation.

Lieutenant Schlank, with a rough inventory he had made after the store's first day of business, was working on an order to replace depleted stocks. Lieutenant Biggs, in whose brain the store scheme had germinated, was ready for the next step. He had set up an employment office in the store itself and detailed two of his engineer noncoms, with Sergeant Pool as interpreter, to interview applicants and to hire twenty-five unskilled laborers for road-building, ditch-digging, and other miscellaneous jobs.

Diana was still at home.

The report Bill had promised SPIC in his radio to Colonel Power last night would have to wait until she returned to the job, or else he would have to type it himself; he was certainly not going to dictate it to Corporal Kolta.

As for the affidavits—he was not so optimistic as Mr. Edgett. Who could swear that what he had not seen had not happened?

He interrupted the bull session at Lieutenant Schmidt's desk: "I'm going to run down and see Mr. Edgett, lieutenant. Shouldn't be more than an hour or so. You can get me there, if you need to."

Mr. Edgett received him in the dimmish, cool living room.

"Good morning, captain. Come and sit here beside me. There. . . . Well, I've been working on your problem. My problem, too: I can't help considering myself responsible in large measure. Knowing what misery it would mean for the child if you failed to accept her, I urged you to keep her. Of course, I knew your integrity and I was considering moral values rather than what others might think. I could not anticipate the spite of the Toland woman."

"No, sir. I might have, if I'd thought, but then I didn't know she had ever seen Rozouila."

"She never had," Mr. Edgett said. "This morning I called on the child. She says she was never within fifty yards of the Flame-Hair Woman."

"But, then, how—"

"What's-his-name — the major — found Rozouila at her hut. I gather she repulsed him. She told him she was your woman. He must have told Miss Toland."

Bill begged the missionary's pardon for the brief comment on Major Curwin he uttered involuntarily.

Mr. Edgett picked up several sheets of paper that were covered with writing. "As I understand it, your superiors demand affidavits from reliable witnesses before they can clear you. Since I have had your confidence practically from the beginning, I feel qualified to give testimony. I have written the full story here, accepting my share of responsibility. I am prepared to sign an oath that this is the whole truth."

In slacks, she stood beneath
 the sign,
A most attractive sight.
"So round, so firm," the
 placard said,
"So fully packed," was what I
 read,
And gosh, the sign was right!
—*Charles W. Schaefer.*

"That's very kind of you, sir."

"It is no more than my duty. . . . Now I have a small confession to make to you. On three occasions, after you confided in me about Rozouila, I violated your confidence. As it turns out, this is very fortunate. I took the liberty of discussing the situation with my wife." He held up another written sheet. "Here is a statement I have prepared for her signature. She testifies that I told her some time ago about your entirely proper relationship with Rozouila." He smiled, raising one humorous eyebrow. "She adds that she has known you well since we came back to the island and is certain that you are incapable of the offense with which you are charged."

"That's awfully nice of her, sir."

HE laid aside two more pages. "At about the same time," he went on, "I spent a long evening with Captain Baly and we had a discussion of ethics. In order to make a point, I cited your situation to him. He was very much impressed. I saw him again last evening, and between us we prepared this statement, which he will sign. He, too, adds that he knows you to be a young man of high moral character and is certain you cannot be guilty."

Bill said, "You've certainly been working for me, sir. I don't know how to thank you."

"No thanks necessary, captain." He had more sheets of paper left. "Now this is a little different."

"Another statement?"

"Yes. As a matter of policy, I maintain good relations at all times with the king. My third violation of your confidence was with him. Shortly after you told me of the situation, I talked to him. I tried to explain the American attitude and your position in regard to your superiors. I asked, in fact, whether he would not make an exception in Rozouila's case and take her back into his household. He would not. There had been ceremonies. Divination and something like excommunication. It could not be changed. I always try not to get into altercations with Jilouili. I accepted his position and only protested that it was unfortunate because the poor girl was living by herself in a hut, cast out by her own people and not accepted by you."

"Poor kid," Bill said.

"Quite. Jilouili remembered the conversation in detail when I saw him last night."

Bill stared. "You mean old Gilhooley—?"

Mr. Edgett shook the papers he was holding. "It was a little complicated. I wrote out a statement for him. Woolawei translated it—so that there was no chance of my deceiving him—and he agreed to sign it. He will make his mark in his own blood before witnesses from your forces."

"In blood?"

"He pricks his forefinger, gets one drop on his thumb and makes a thumbprint."

"That ought to impress the Inspector General."

"It should. While I was about it, I spoke to Woolawei about his conversation with you. He was intoxicated at the time."

"Oh, very. Fit to fall down."

(*Continued on page 79*)

WORDS on the WAVES

Messages in bottles floating across vast oceans perform a romantic, little-known service to our government

By Ken Jones

READING TIME●3 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

IF you have ever rescued from the surf a sealed bottle, and glimpsed a sheet of paper within it, you will always remember the thrill of adventure, the vision of castaways on palm-fringed atolls it brought.

But Bill Watt no longer reacts with such a thrill, for he averages as many as 30 such bottle messages a week. As assistant chief of the Maritime Security Division of the Navy's Hydrographic Office at Suitland, Maryland, Watt easily qualifies for the post of nation's champion "bottle correspondent." Some messages come in the regular mail. Others arrive by courtesy of diplomatic pouches, forwarded "with the compliments of the Secretary of State to the Secretary of the Navy." Bill's "bottle correspondents" include a group of Jesuit priests in the Fiji Islands, farmers and fishermen along the coast of Ireland, native tribesmen of the South Seas, and assorted beachcombers the world around.

As everyone knows, the oceans of the world are full of currents which flow, generally speaking, in the same directions from year to year, and at speeds more or less constant. Twenty-four hours a day these currents are carrying across the shipping lanes an odd assortment of floating objects — "menaces to navigation." These include live mines, buoys wrenched from their moorings, life rafts which have been swept overboard, huge tree trunks, and often the hulks of wrecked and abandoned ships.

It is Bill Watt's job to keep track of this floating danger, to issue radio warnings to ships whose path it may cross, and to notify the Navy or Coast Guard, who will dispose of the menace.

Mr. Watt gets his uncommon knowledge of ocean currents from what are known as "bottle papers," slips of paper printed in eight languages—English, French, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Esperanto with blank spaces to be filled in by the masters of vessels, who complete the forms, seal them separately in bottles, and heave them overboard during their voyages. The completed bottle paper shows the name of the vessel from which it was released, the name of the master, the date upon which it was thrown into the sea, and the ship's latitude and longitude at the time.

The eight-language appeal also asks the finder to forward it, via the nearest American consul, to Bill Watt. He and his assistants, noting the data on the paper and applying simple calculations of their own, are then able to maintain an accurate chart of all major ocean currents.

Most bottles tossed overboard along the Atlantic coast of the United States drift eventually to Europe. Bottles released in the Pacific usually drift toward the Philippine Islands. The longest bottle journey on record covered 8,600 miles.

While the fundamental purpose of the drifting bottles is extremely serious, the romantic implications have proved irresistible to the lunatic fringe, and there is rarely a day when Bill Watt isn't pondering one tricky problem after another. He has no appropriation from which he can reward the finders of message-bearing bottles. This fact is stated quite clearly on each bottle paper. Watt's regular correspondents accept this condition at face value. Others clamor for reward. The best Watt can do is to send the finder a chart of the waters in which he picked up the bottle, the standard courtesy reward which Watt is permitted under the law.

The champion bottle heaver-over of the Pacific or any other ocean is Captain Elis R. Johanson of the cruise ship Monterey, judging on the basis of bottle papers returned. While he isn't sure, Mr. Watt is inclined to credit this situation at least in part, to the availability of empty bottles in quantity on board a cruise ship.

Pranksters with a warped sense of humor get in Watt's hair. In any stack of bottle papers there will emerge one or more with a message like this: "Help! We are sinking! Wireless disabled! Out of food! Can last only a few more hours! Help! Help! Help!" In twenty years Watt hasn't found a single one of these to be a genuine distress call.

THE END

BEWARE Gyp Contractors Are

Before some friendly fellow "with leftover materials" remodels or repairs your house, read this — or weep!

By H. N. Oliphant

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

TOP menace to the pocketbooks and blood pressures of U. S. householders right now is a war-born breed of itinerant racketeers called "cruising contractors."

Armed with a fabulous bag of "home-renovation" and "property-repair" tricks, these doorbell-ringing frauds are currently mulcting the unwary at a rate variously estimated at from five to twenty-five million dollars a year. As the Better Business Bureau, guardian of the country's legitimate business, puts it, "They're leaving trails of devastation and riddled savings accounts in every part of the nation."

Their schemes aren't essentially new. But the long-standing building-materials shortage has produced a climate in which they are burgeoning. The average home owner, living in a house that is literally beginning to fall apart for lack of repairs, is so desperate that when a cruising contractor hands him a plausible spiel, he rarely detects the gimmick.

A favorite come-on is the "I-just-did-a-big-job-in-the-neighborhood-and-I-have-a-lot-of-materials-left-over" routine.

The other day, for example, an Akron, Ohio, widow, answering her doorbell, was greeted by a middle-aged respectable-looking man who said he was a building contractor. He had just completed a job on a school building in the neighborhood and, since he had some materials left over, he would be able to do some repairs for her quite reasonably. After a brief inspection of the house and grounds, the "contractor" convinced the widow that her house needed a new roof and that her driveway should also be repaired. Impressed with what she described as the man's "sober and responsible appearance," the woman signed an agreement which provided that a down payment of $350 would be paid as soon as "actual construction got under way." The man left, returning late that afternoon "carrying several bundles of shingles," climbed up on the roof and "pounded for an hour or so." When he left for the day, he took with him the woman's personal check for $350. She never saw him or the money again; but she discovered that several other families in the community had been similarly swindled.

Not all cruising contractors have to take a powder after they have effected their "down payment" grab. That's because they were careful to insert a special clause in their agreement which says, in effect, that "work shall be completed *when and as* materials are available." The enterprising young man who used "agreements" containing this clause effectively on some hundred Main Liners in Philadelphia in one single month is still, or was at this writing, foot-loose and fancy-free; or, as he put it to one of his questioners, "waiting for materials—they're almost impossible to get these days, you know."

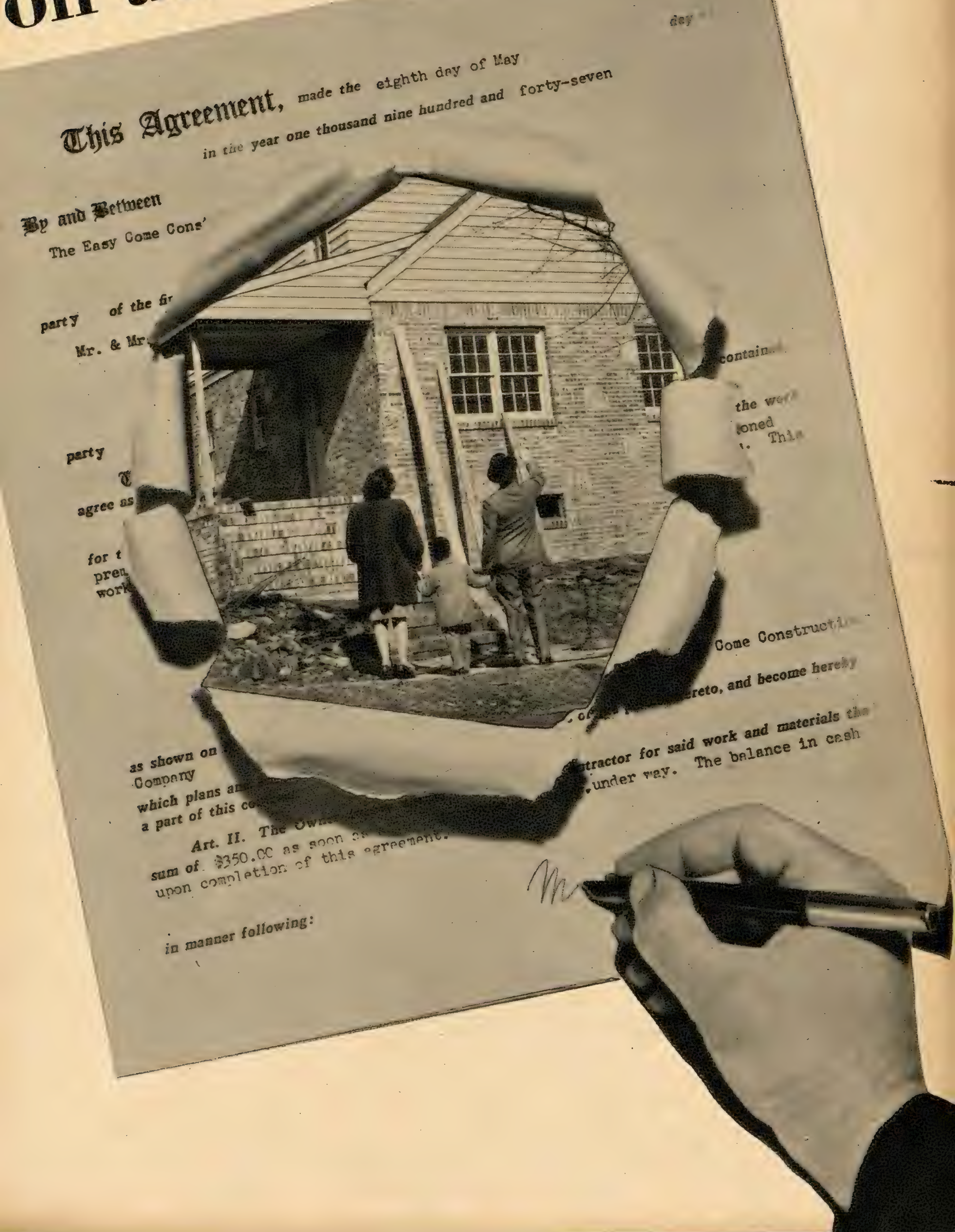
A recent California grand-jury opinion summed up the virtually irremediable plight of persons who incautiously sign such vaguely worded contracts: "Obviously said promise cannot be fulfilled in the present market. The unfortunate result is that money so advanced becomes the property of the contractor absolutely and unconditionally."

What happens "when and as materials are available"? Can the bogus contractor then be compelled either to fulfill the contract or return the down payment? Conceivably, a stuck householder may bring a civil suit of right of recovery for breach of contract; but the prospect of its success, as any district attorney can tell you, is extremely dubious. Anyway, smart gyps usually find ways of squirming out of all responsibility. In Monrovia, California, for instance, a cruising contractor collected, according to the Los Angeles B.B.B., "dozens of down payments ranging from $100 to $1,500." When, after several months of nonproduction, several complainants threatened to sue him for the return of their down payments, the wily gentleman promptly went into bankruptcy.

Another expensive joker frequently found in contracts of cruising contractors is a carefully hidden small-type clause which parcels out the work to subcontractors. A Philadelphia doctor, a veteran, can tell how that works. The doctor had rented a basement in a brownstone house and wanted to convert it into offices. He spoke with several reputable contractors, who quoted prices he felt were out of his reach. A cruising contractor called on him and told him that he could do the job for 25 per cent less. The doctor signed an agreement which unostentatiously parceled the work out

(*Continued on page 89*)

on the Loose



day

This Agreement, made the eighth day of May
in the year one thousand nine hundred and forty-seven

By and Between
The Easy Come Cons

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Mr. & Mr

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Come Construct
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as shown on
Company
which plans a
a part of this c

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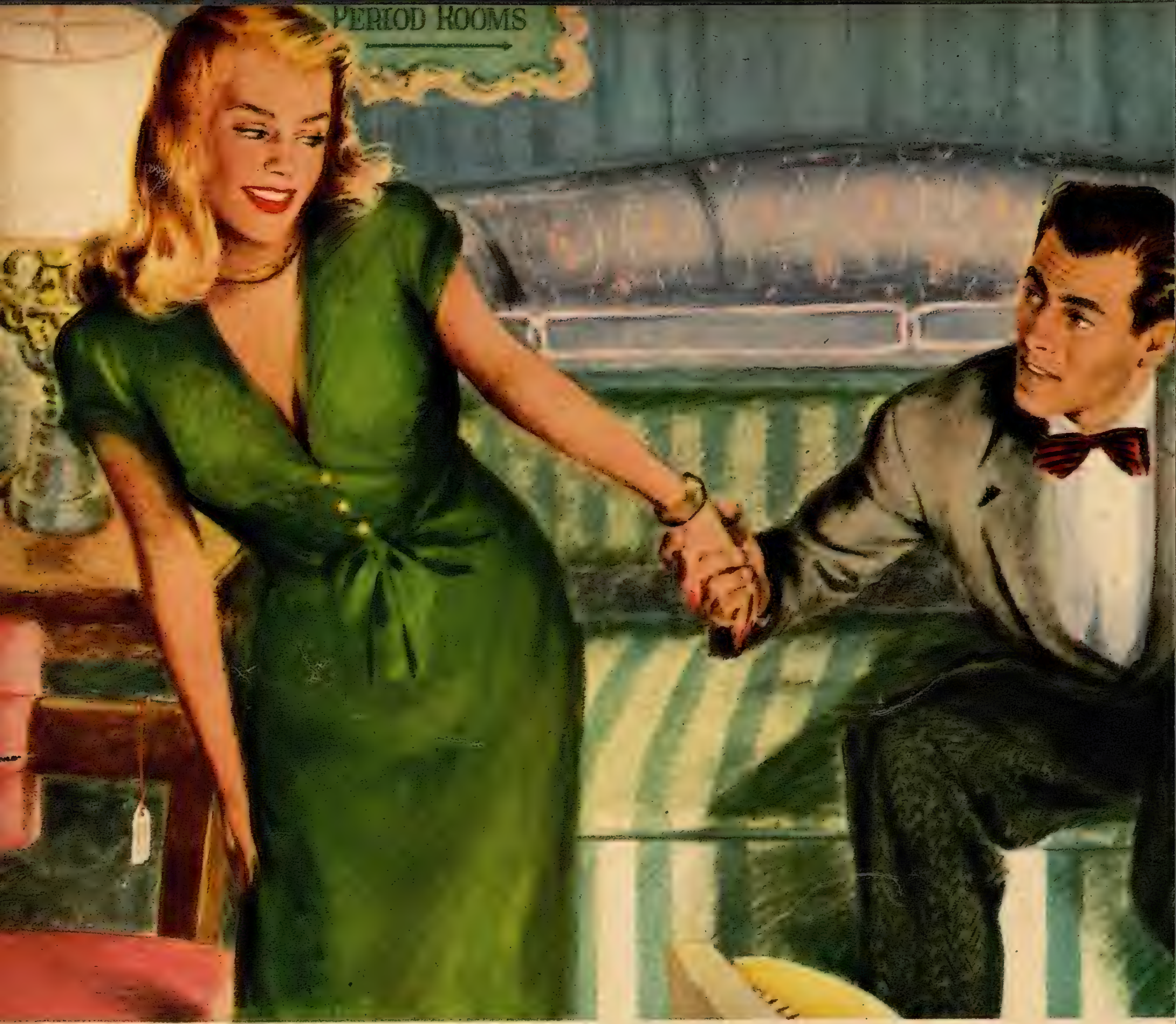
under way. The balance in cash

Art. II. The Own
sum of $350.00 as soon as
upon completion of this agreement.

in manner following:



Mr. Grumper was a business

THE MAN WHO HATED *Spring*

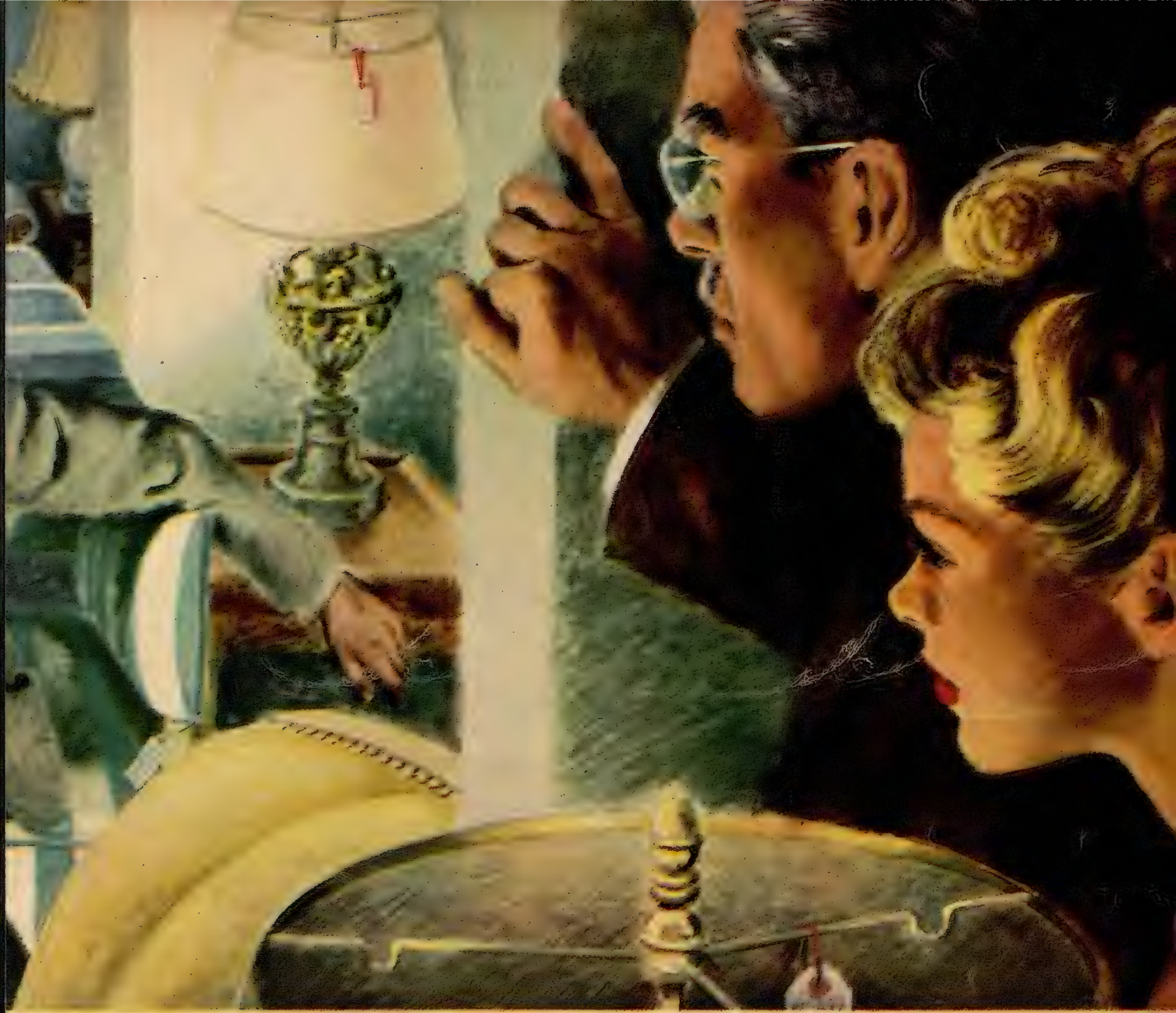
By Dick Nossaman

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN New York, spring is a coquette—a flirt who makes her appearance unannounced and departs as suddenly as she comes. Every year her brief visit raises merry havoc in the ordered life of millions. The sawdust-hearted, machine-minded men who run New York damn spring, the hussy, and dread her yearly spree.

One man in New York who had long feuded with spring was T. Graham Grumper, owner of Grumper's Furniture Store, a large and sumptuous concern which sells New Yorkers the beds on which they toss and turn.

Spring, Mr. Grumper discovered, had but to dance down the street and the populace followed in blind pursuit. They left comfortable chairs



April meant only monkey business until that wondrous night when he saw the connection

and sofas, to sit on fire escapes and steps. They strolled the streets or sunned in Central Park, and furniture went begging.

Spring also was responsible for more direct damage. In a large gray ledger Mr. Grumper had careful estimates of how much money was lost each April in bookkeeping errors, refunds, and turnover of help.

It was in April, 1934, Mr. Grumper recalled, that his head-bookkeeper had eloped with the janitor; that the night watchman had got drunk and thrown open the store for a Saturday-night party, and sunlight, streaming through an uncurtained window, had faded the upholstery on two overstuffed chairs.

As Mr. Grumper walked across town to work this morning, he scowled and sniffed the air suspiciously. Buds hadn't yet burst from the trees which struggled from earth atolls in New York's great sea of concrete, but there was a feeling in the air. Mr. Grumper quickened his steps, shuddering as he remembered the dreadful April of twelve years before.

When he entered the store, his uneasiness increased. Miss Perkins, at the Information Desk, was wearing a red rose in her drab-colored hair. The elevator was too long getting down from the second floor. That meant Miss Crabtree, the operator, was chatting with Cady, the new man in Bedroom Suites. Cady was a man to watch, for spring was an epidemic, and from one susceptible victim it could run a wild and raging course.

While waiting for the elevator, Mr. Grumper withered, with one glance, the flower in Miss Perkins' thinning hair. On entering the elevator, he wrinkled his nose in silent distaste at the scent of the cologne Miss Crabtree was wearing. It was the work of April—Miss Crabtree normally never used cologne. Stepping out at Second, Mr. Grumper made a mental note—he could hardly make an issue of a flower in the hair, or cologne, but he would voice his disapproval to his secretary and let it filter down to the persons concerned.

Mr. Grumper had expected to find Cady loafing by the elevator, but the young man was not in sight. Mr. Grumper's brooding eyes searched Second for his employe, and not seeing him, lost hold of his patience.

"Cady!" bawled Mr. Grumper.

(*Continued on page 85*)

ILLUSTRATED BY DONNA MAYO

My

Now that Hope has the Cleveland Indians, the Cleveland Indians have hope - it says here

By Bob Hope

READING TIME•6 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

MY baseball forecast for 1947: I predict that the Cleveland Indians will not only win the American League pennant and the World Series, but also the Kentucky Derby, the National Golf Open, and the Irish Sweepstakes. They might even take another crack at General Custer, just to prove that the first time was no accident.

These are my findings after spending a week in spring training with the Indians, and I won't stand for any accusations of prejudice just because I happen to own the club. Well, a part of the club. All right! You know when the umpire brushes off the home plate? Well, that dust that flies around is mine, all mine.

"That dust that flies around [home plate] is mine, all mine."

Before getting into the reason for my predictions, it might be well to define Baseball. I think the best way is this: An American sporting expression meaning "Peanuts, hot dogs, kill the umpire, and 'Let's put on our smoked glasses, Joe. The boss may be in the crowd too!'"

Frankly, I didn't know much about baseball until I bought into the Indians. For years I thought Red Barber was the guy who shaved Molotov. I had quite a disappointment when I bought into the Indians. It wasn't until after the contract was signed and they had my money that I found out the team was all men.

Smoked glasses help in case the boss may be in the crowd.

The life of a baseball owner isn't without headaches. For example, ever since word got around that I'm backing the Indians, Roy Rogers has stopped speaking to me.

But there are also compensations. It's nice to be an owner and watch the games from a box. I got so tired of getting my nose caught in those knotholes. And now I'm an important figure around the park. The minute I walk in, the fans point to me and yell, "One with mustard, please!"

But now I know a lot of the big-league players, and that's nice, because so many of them winter around my town. Every time you walk down Hollywood Boulevard and reach over to pick up a cigar, you're in danger of getting spiked. Come to think of it, Los Angeles would make a great town for a major-league club. The games would never get rained out. Only under.

I really feel very good about the Indians' prospects for the season. I've got a hot tip from the inside that we have a very strong team this year.

I'd feel even better if the tip hadn't come from the locker-room attendant.

One thing is certain: We're going to have a very rough team. After every practice session at Tucson I sat around with the players while they counted up their stitches. In

Baseball Forecast for 1947

the week I was there the baseball never came in better than fourth.

I couldn't tell much about our rookies. They get so hungry when they're off salary during the winter, that for the first week, instead of swinging a bat, they walk up to the plate carrying a knife and fork.

What appetites those guys have! One player walked into the dining room and asked for a big sizzling steak, very rare. The waiter asked, "How big and how rare?" And the rookie answered, "Just give me a cow that's running a temperature!"

And they eat so fast they don't know what they're doing. I made the mistake of reaching for a piece of bread with my wrist-watch arm and for the next 24 hours the stomach of the player sitting next to me growled Gruen-watch time.

We had one great rookie prospect from Dallas, but we had to send him back. Every time the manager knocked him a Texas leaguer, he didn't run after it; he just stood there at attention, saluting it.

And we're recruiting players wherever we can find them and not depending on the minor leagues any more. Those minors are so dishonest. I paid $5,000 for a Three Eye star, and when he showed up at Tucson he only had two.

As an owner, Hope no longer need stick his nose in knotholes.

We've got a great new hitter coming up. He knocks a ball so far and high, that three times during spring training it came down with buttermilk on it.

And of course we've got Bob Feller.

What a pitcher that guy is! I watched him throw one and it was the biggest curve I've seen since Andy Devine went past my house in a bathing suit.

I took Frank Sinatra down to Tucson with me. He persuaded me to give him a tryout as a pitcher this season. When he walked out on the field to pitch, the first day, Bill Veeck took one look at him standing there and yelled, "Hey, what's that guy doing above a mound?"

I felt sorry for Frankie, because I always get a good workout around the park. The manager always put me in the clean-up position. I used a Louisville-slugger broom. But one day they did give me a real bat and told me to go out and sock one. They called me the Candy Kid. I walked up to the plate like Babe Ruth, and after the first pitch, the other team began to snicker. Then I planted my feet, took a mighty swing at the ball, and I heard a loud crack. It was my collarbone.

One rookie wanted rare steak off a cow with a temperature.

Tucson is a wonderful place for a spring training camp. What weather! No fooling, it's so dry a spitball pitcher would have to run along behind the ball, licking it.

There's only one objection to having spring training out in the wide-open spaces:

We found out one of our outfielders was picking up side money selling blankets to the tourists at Albuquerque.

A lot of people have asked me why I didn't go in with Crosby in his Pittsburgh deal.

I could have, but I prefer the American League. I like players who throw overhanded.

I thought Crosby picked the Pirates because he was a personal friend of Captain Kidd, but it's not true. Crosby's so money-minded, he knew anything in Pittsburgh would always operate in the black. No fooling, he lured me to a Pirate game there last year, and you couldn't tell whether you were watching a baseball game or the minstrel scenes from The Jolson Story.

"I took a mighty swing; heard a loud crack. It was my collarbone."

And Crosby's so shrewd. Before he let loose of his money, he had a man from Tiffany's go down to Pittsburgh and appraise the diamond. Crosby knows the team won't make any money, but he figures to show a slight margin of profit on the hot dogs.

It won't be his first experience with dogs, either. He tried to race them for years.

I don't know exactly what Bing did with his stables when he got rid of the nags, but Pittsburgh's the only team in the country whose baseballs have tails.

The pitchers don't even have to throw the ball any more. They just let it go, and it makes a curve like the clubhouse turn at Santa Anita. One Pirate pitcher got three straight shutouts last season before Happy Chandler ruled that it's illegal to use a ball that floats up to the plate and whinnies at the batter.

The spitball pitcher chased the ball to lick it in dry Tucson.

What a team! I wouldn't make fun of them, but they finished so far behind, that their last four games were football.

In fact, if they'd have won just three more games, they'd have qualified for the 1942 World Series.

Someone read the batting averages to the players, and after that, they didn't even bother to take off their gloves when they went to the plate.

Come to think of it, after looking over those batting averages, I don't mind knocking Crosby's Pirates. It's obvious they can use any kind of a hit.

Which reminds me, I've got a date with my "Favorite Brunette"—Dorothy Lamour. She's grooved a new curve. . . .

That's all, fellers.

THE END

Th

13
HOME
VILLE
JON
A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

Natural History of Nonsense

Do you believe hair can turn white overnight? Or that red enrages a bull? And wolves travel in packs? These and countless other fallacies are exploded in this hilarious collection of things you never knew till now. Your dinner companions will hate you for this

By Bergen Evans

WE may be through with the past, but the past is not through with us. Ideas of the Stone Age exist side by side with the latest scientific thought. Seemingly sane men entrust their wealth to stargazers and their health to witch doctors. Hotels boast of express elevators and a telephone in every room, but omit thirteen from all floor and room numbers lest their guests be ill at ease.

Nothing is more vital than error. Controversies rarely if ever die. They merely sink beneath the surface of literate attention and continue a submerged existence in the dark, unfathomed caves of the popular mind. City folk were mightily amused in 1925 to discover that the manner of man's creation was still an issue in Dayton, Tennessee. But their amusement was a little supercilious. On that issue a man can get a bloody nose, and a jail sentence too, in New York, right on Fifth Avenue, any day in the week he wants to raise it—and in Cleveland and Chicago as well, and in every other city in America.

As an extreme example, take Adam's navel. Five hundred years ago it was a burning problem. The Fall of Man was a favorite subject for painters, and the time chosen for representation was invariably just after the Fall, when our first parents were still artistically naked yet modestly fig-leafed. Did Adam and Eve have navels or not? And if they did, what use were they?

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TOLERANCE
TOM SINNICKSON

While theologians disputed, the more timid artists hid at least half their perplexity under Eve's flowing hair. But in Adam it had to be squarely faced. Some gave him a navel and some did not. Michelangelo, as though to make amends for the niggardliness of others, dealt generously with him in the matter.

In 1944, in the Congress of the United States, a subcommittee of the House Military Affairs Committee opposed the distribution of Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 85, *The Races of Mankind,* to our soldiers on the ground (among other reasons) that in one of its illustrations "Adam and Eve are depicted with navels."

The motives for raising this particular objection can only be surmised, but the pamphlet in question, a thirty-page booklet prepared by two Columbia professors, contained information that almost any politician would feel it his duty to conceal. It stated that the concept of race is based largely on prejudice, that most of us are of mixed blood, and that nonphysical racial characteristics are probably the product of environment. And it chose to illustrate this last assertion from tests given by the United States Army in World War I which indicated that the average intelligence of Negroes from some Northern states was higher than the average intelligence of whites from some Southern states.

Whether or not the members of the Committee were themselves agitated by the controversy, it may be assumed that they were safe judges of the prejudices of their constituents, and we may accept their objection as an assurance that a considerable number of people are—or are thought to be—still concerned about Adam's navel.

The knowledge gives us pause. It is like that strange fish captured off the coast of Africa in 1938 which—according to all the textbooks—has been extinct for fifty million years. Yet there it was on the deck of the trawler, impudently alive, humiliating generations of scientists by merely existing, and biting the captain's hand to boot. A living fossil, *Time* called it. But aren't we all?

IT has been only a little over three centuries since the most enlightened men perceived that our world was not the center of the universe. The last of the major continents was not explored until 1888, when Nansen crossed the Greenland icecap and definitely established the fact that we are still living in a glacial age. The first edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (1768-1771) entertained no doubt whatever about the factual existence of Noah's Ark. The only points that it felt called on to discuss had to do with the stowage of the various animals and the location of Noah's own cabin.

By the eleventh edition (1911) the story is described as a "myth," though in the fourteenth (1943 revision) the expression of skepticism is more guarded. Perhaps the news that the ark has recently been discovered, "imbedded and preserved by ice" on top of Mount Ararat, had led them to doubt their own doubts, though it is more likely that they were merely considering the susceptibilities of a wider circle of subscribers.

The finding of the Ark was reported in July, 1944. It is said to have been discovered by one Roskovitsky, a Russian aviator in World War I, while on "a routine flight" over Ararat. At first he "thought it was a submarine." The news of the finding was suppressed by the Bolsheviks, who came into power soon after and realized that this verification of the Bible would be a death blow to their antireligious campaign.

Millions—probably the majority of mankind—still believe in witchcraft. Between 1926 and 1936 the *New York Times* carried stories of more than fifty cases of witchcraft. Fifteen of these were in the United States, distributed among New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New Mexico, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Massachusetts. They came into the news not because witchcraft in itself constituted news, but because the supposed witch was injured or killed by those who thought themselves victimized by his or her art.

Those who have the good fortune to be in the educated, reasonable minority of mankind are not always aware of how small a minority they are. They do not stop to think, for instance, how few people read anything except the headlines, the funnies, and the sport pages. They do not realize generally that any work of nonfiction that reaches one tenth of one per cent of the population of the United States has had a phenomenal sale. They do not always appreciate how few people think rationally, how very restricted knowledge is even yet, and, above all, how rare is skepticism, the life spirit of science.

As late as 1942, a man named Wilbur Glenn Voliva was thundering out of Zion (Illinois) that the earth was as "flat as a pancake." Voliva made several trips around the world and came back from each more assured than ever that it was flat. He was not easily discouraged. He announced the end of the world for 1923; when it failed to end he moved the date up to 1927, then to 1930, 1935, and 1943. He himself came to an end in 1942. Among other beliefs he maintained that a hat holds the brains in balance and is therefore indispensable to a thinking man.

When the rotation of the earth was first propounded it was dismissed by the savants as a palpable absurdity. If it were true, they triumphantly pointed out, all the water would run off into space, the wind would blow constantly from the east, arrows shot westward would fall behind the archer who shot them, and "men would have to be provided with claws like cats to enable them to hold fast to the earth's surface."

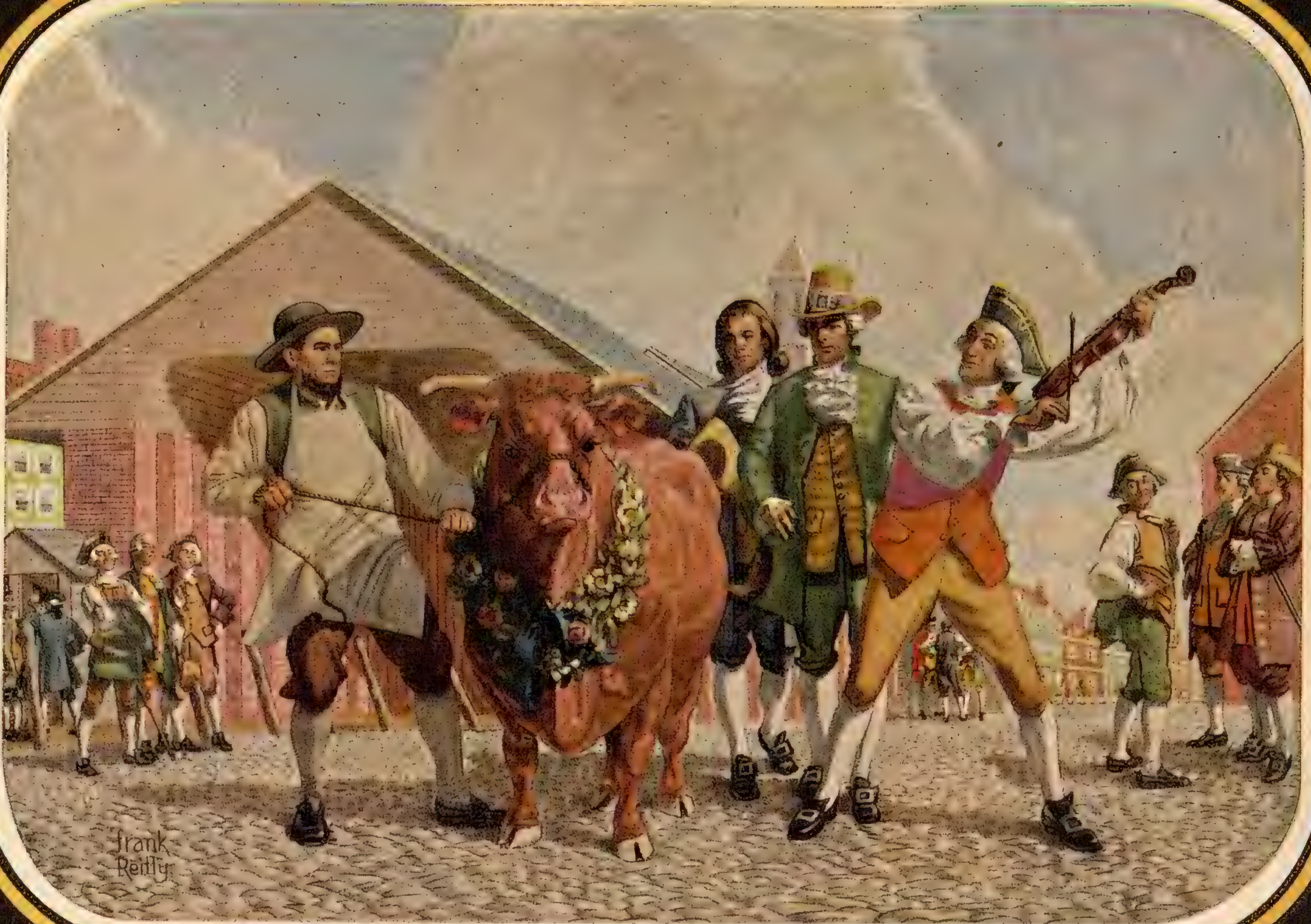
The intellectual giants who advanced these cunning arguments were rewarded with honors and high positions and in due time were gathered to the glorious dead. But their ingenious logic lives after them and every now and then starts out of oblivion at unexpected places.

In July, 1944, "balding, Danish-born" Christian Adolf Volf in Los Angeles maintained that the whole art of standing up and walking consisted in learning, in our infancy, to overcome the pressure that the motion of the earth exerts upon us. Children and drunks will, he said, naturally walk in an easterly direction, a circumstance which parents and police should take into consideration. Thus a drunk, he averred, "will resist entering a patrol wagon when it faces west but climbs aboard willingly when it faces east."

ZOOLOGY was formerly the handmaiden of ethics. Animals were studied not to observe their actual characteristics but to find moral examples in their nature or behavior. Topsell's *Historie of Foure-footed Beastes,* a popular book on animals published in 1607, avowed its purpose to be the leading of men to "heavenly meditations upon earthly creatures" and was particularly recommended for Sunday reading.

Animals are yet, to many people, little furry parables, and there is a widespread determination to find proof of a supernatural order in their habits. Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, the self-styled "Singing Woodsman," whose popular nature stories "convey subtly and unconsciously the higher beauty of the moral laws which nature has set up," even went so far as to write an entire book to prove that all living things obey the Ten Commandments. He used incidents from animal life to illustrate at least the danger of theft, murder, covetousness, adultery, and disre-

(*Continued on page 98*)


Frank
Reilly

BULL DECORATED FOR THE "BUTCHER PARADE," SECOND STREET MARKET, PHILADELPHIA, 1788*

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
THE HERITAGE WHISKY
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

> *"The Oxen paraded by the Victuallers . . .*
> *will be slaughtered . . . and the beef . . .*
> *distributed to the poor . . ."*
> PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE, JULY 9, 1788

With joyous appreciation of life's good things Colonial Philadelphia celebrated market day as a gay and hearty festival. Such friendly traditions exist today in the mellow qualities of Philadelphia, The Heritage Whisky. Here's a whisky you might reserve for special occasions, yet one you can afford regularly and often.

*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894

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Starting next issue ... an exciting NEW SERIAL!

WASHINGTON MURDER-GO-ROUND

If you take that job . . . they warned her . . . you'll be dealing in modified crime. Everything was grist for the mill that ground out Ray Garret's daily Washington column . . . bribery . . . blackmail . . . the whispers on Capitol Hill. It was a strenuous job to be Garret's secretary when he plunged into the middle of murder as Number One Suspect. It was still more so, to be in love with him.

Be sure you don't miss the first installment. Reserve your copy now (they sell out fast!).

Will We Police the Polar Skies in Airships?

It sounded fantastic when it was first proposed . . . fifty million dollars for eight huge new lighter-than-air-ships! But new improvements in rigid airships make them seem the answer to the need for exploring and safeguarding the airways across the polar ice cap to Europe and the east. Russia's interested, too!

READ: LIGHT SHIPS OF THE AIR by Alden Hatch

BORDER LORD...Gallant in Battle—and Boudoir

"A Bothwell!" shouted the Lowlands . . . and lined up behind the swashbuckling Earl who was uncrowned king of Scotland, though Jamie of England sat on the throne. The action-packed story of intrigue, battle . . . and love . . . adds another great tale to the best-seller lists . . . and more *good reading* to May 24th LIBERTY.

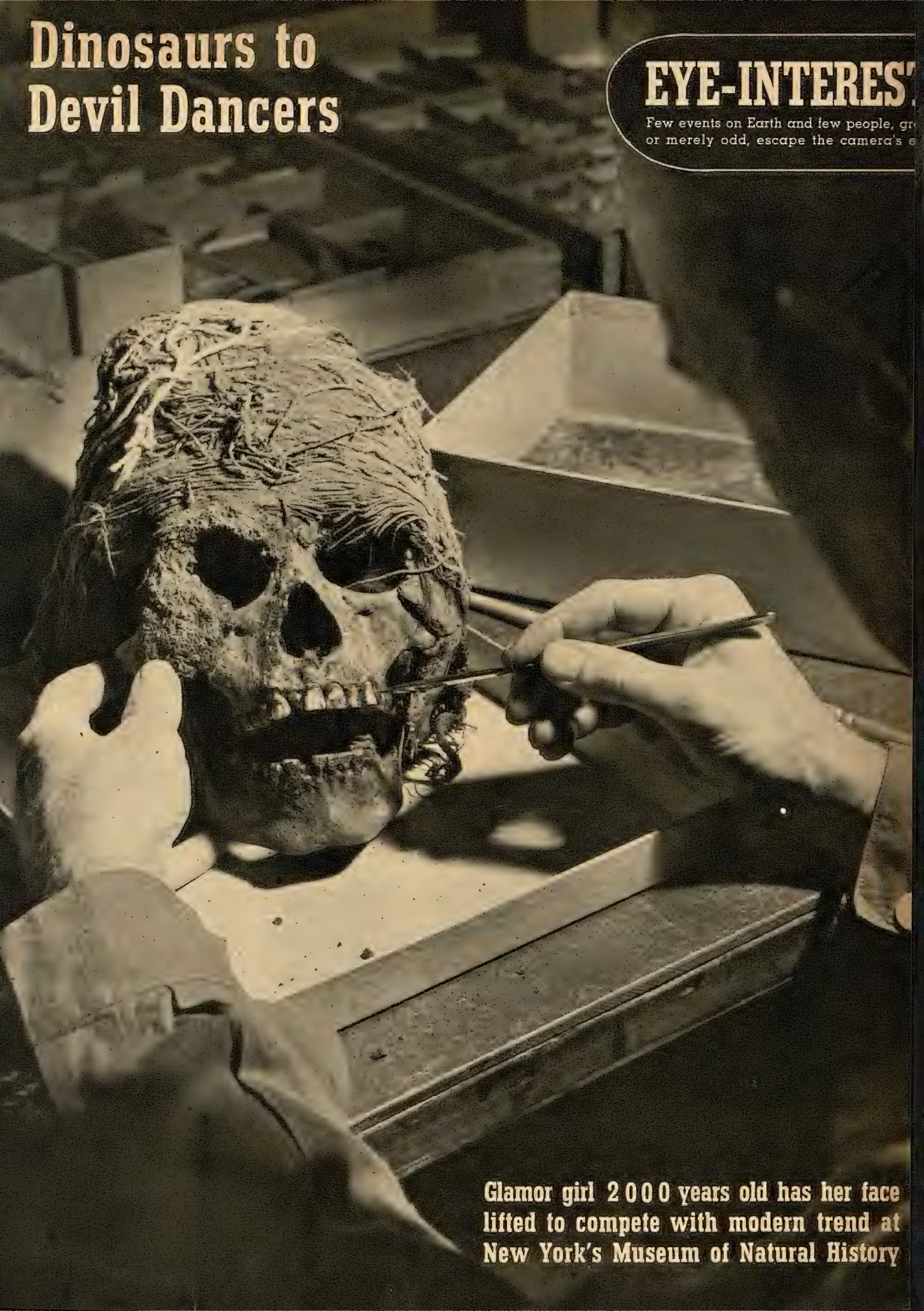
Book Condensation: THE BORDER LORD, by Jan Westcott

AND . . . a complete picture section, plus more stories and important articles . . . in May 24th **Liberty** out May 9th

Dinosaurs to Devil Dancers

EYE-INTERES

Few events on Earth and few people, gr
or merely odd, escape the camera's e



Glamor girl 2000 years old has her face lifted to compete with modern trend at New York's Museum of Natural History

These giant elands, two of the few ever shot by man, are shown in their African setting.

Museum combines science with showmanship to show natural history naturally

THE dust that reputedly lies thick in museums is being kicked around these days in New York's Museum of Natural History. Modern dances, movies, fabulous jewelry, and far from stuffy publicity stunts are pulling in the crowds for laughs and higher education—all for free.

"A Skunk in Spring" attracts kids from six to sixty.

Tom Two-Arrows, American Indian, uses ancient pump drill.

Star ruby, the world's largest and finest, is priceless, irreplaceable.

Colorful Katherine Dunham troupe performs at the museum the traditional and ceremonial Caribbean dances. Night clubbers pay through the nose.

Mandrill from Africa makes the kids laugh, but he's a tough customer.

Not at this Peruvian guano-bird exhibition, but elsewhere, authentic bird calls and animal sounds are heard.

Painless education, museum's function, is dramatic, quick, thorough. Russian dancers express native culture; later converse with audience.

TODAY, the $16,000,000 Museum of Natural History is staging its postwar comeback as a modern leader in progressive world affairs. Dr. A. E. Parr, director of the museum, has stated that only through research can man keep abreast of the times; and the new routine he has established is that every museum scientist must devote at least half of his time to research, and every teacher must take eight hours of study at one of the colleges.

Probably few people know that during the war the museum trained 45,000 servicemen in navigational courses, and 225 sea and air specialists in the Landfall Recognition program to establish a more accurate selection of military targets.

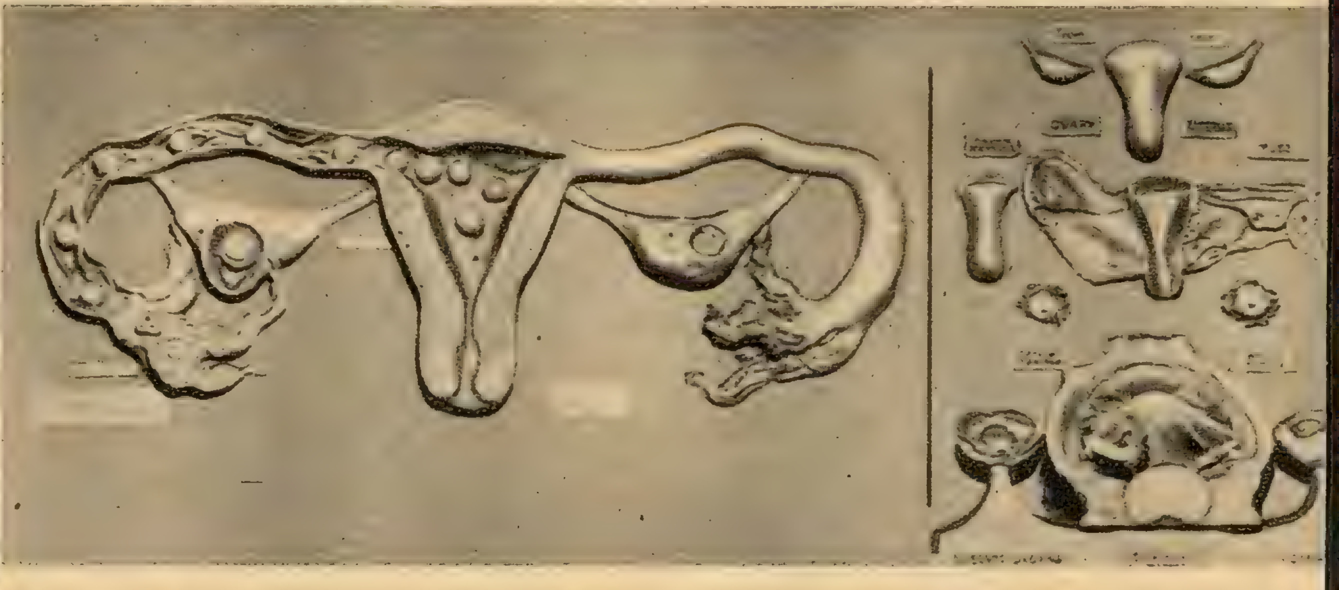
With its scientists thus either working toward the war effort, or in the service, pure research directed toward explaining the interdependence of nature with man took a back seat.

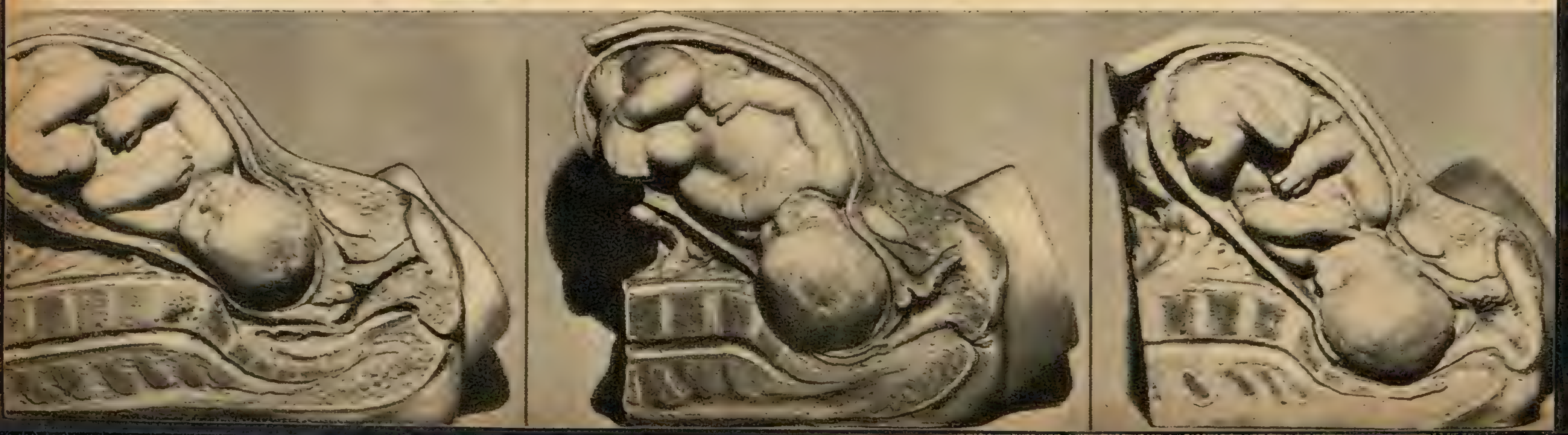
With its return to normal, the results of Dr. Parr's program, shown on these pages in photographs, increased the attendance to more than 2,000,000 persons in the last year.

Typical of the museum's Education Platoon program, conducted jointly with New York's public-school system, is this Mexican weaving exhibit. More than 110,000 grade school children took such instruction last year.

BIRTH OF MAN

Progress of life is shown from th

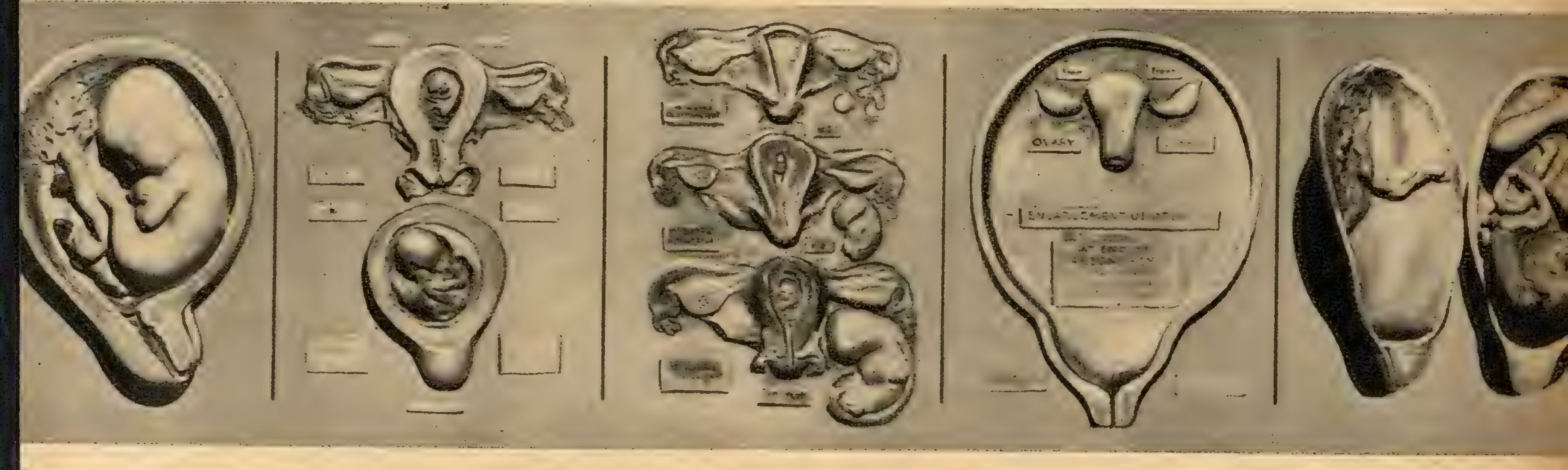


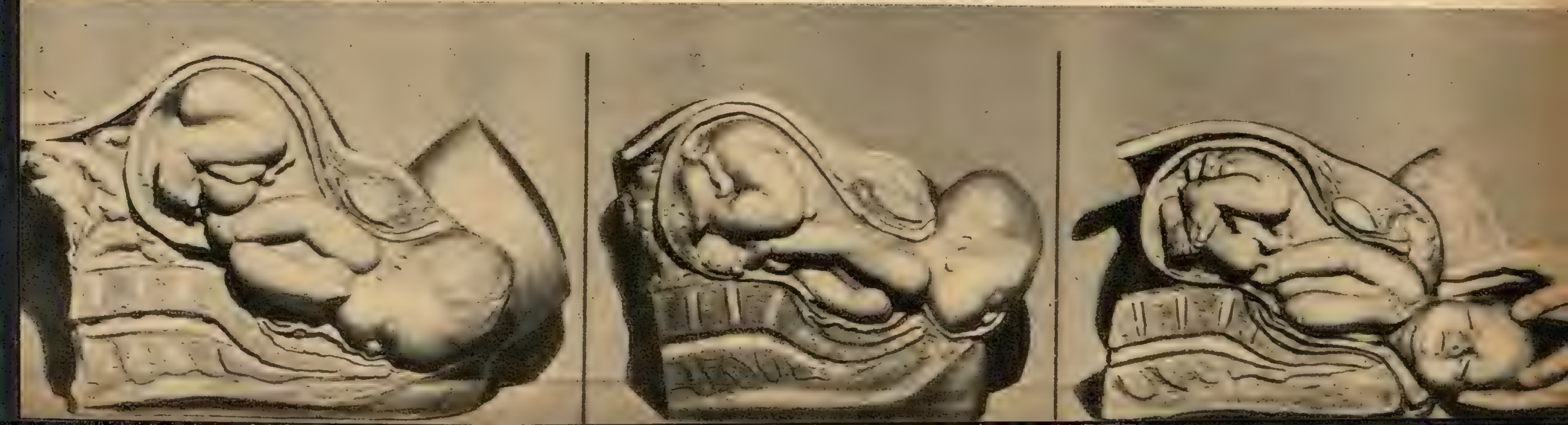


Artists and students are encouraged to draw from the exhibits; chairs are even supplied. Amateur photographers can also obtain permission to take pictures.

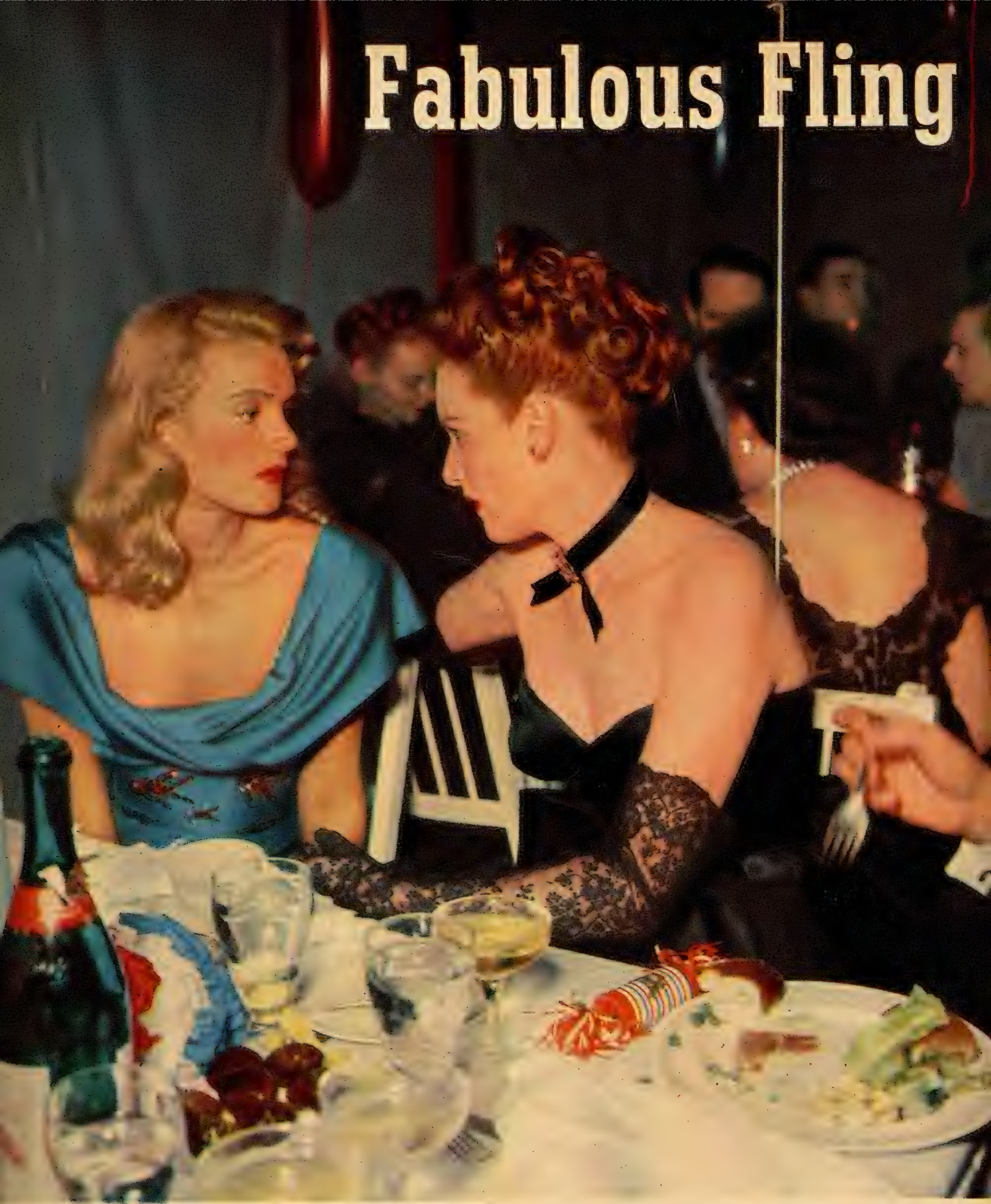
Before an exhibit of gemsbok, African spiral-horned deer, a museum assistant holds the attention of her charges during one of the regular storytelling hours.

ginning in exhibits that enable parents to clarify the mystery of creation for their children





Fabulous Fling



Bare shoulders were the order of the day, with none shapelier than those of Mrs. Cornel Wilde and Maureen O'Hara.

Atwater Kent's Hollywood parties are tops in postwar diamond-bedecked, star-studded shindigs

WHEN Hollywood, land of the supercolossal, sits up and takes notice, something must be good, and usually it's one of Atwater Kent's parties. Kent, a retired industrialist, dotes on party-giving. At a typical Kent hoedown, like this one, the 140 guests were served 9 cases of imported champagne as well as bourbon, Scotch, rum, and gin, 7 turkeys, 6 hams, 20 cakes, 32 quarts of ice cream, plus countless bowls of salads and literally thousands of hors d'oeuvres, both hot and cold.

Kent's 40-room house is on top of one of the highest hills in the ultra-exclusive Bel Air district.

Muscleman Ben Gage showed off for our cameraman by lifting his wife, Esther Williams, and Janet Blair.

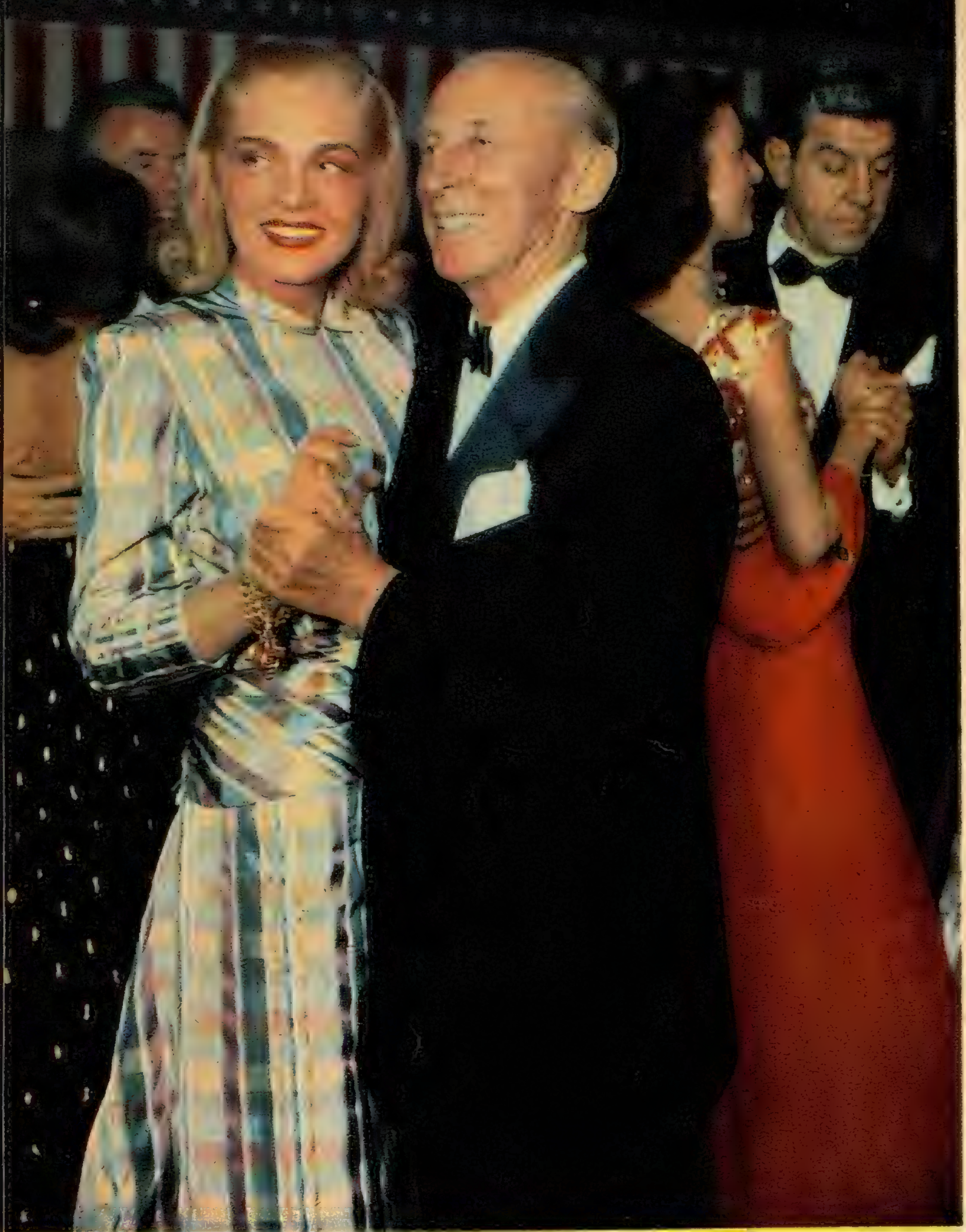
Happy host was surrounded by zling guests, with Carole L taking honors for the prettiest

Mitchell Leisen, with Constance Moore, was one of those who snitched some of the 250 decorative balloons.

This $25,000 mink was one of the 48 mink, 15 ermine, 6 sable, and 12 stone-marten coats.

Floor show by top entertainers brought giggles to John Payne, Bob Neal, Diana Lynn, and David O. Selznick.

RKO executive Peter Rathvon chats with Mrs. Rathvon and Jean Hersholt as Cobina Wright, Sr., stops by.



Lavender and white made the color scheme for Lizabeth Scott, Mr. Kent's dancing partner. Black ties and long gowns were musts for most guests.

Kent's two regular butlers were supplemented by two bartenders and eigh waiters to serve guests like Presto

Olivia de Havilland and hubby Marcus Goodrich dance to the 7-piece band that played from 8 till 4 A.M.

The newly-wed Van Johnsons sat with Merle Oberon. Merle's diamonds were accented by a deep desert tan.

turges, Frances Ramsden, the Franchot Tones, Loretta Young, and Tom Lewis, who shared one of the small tables.

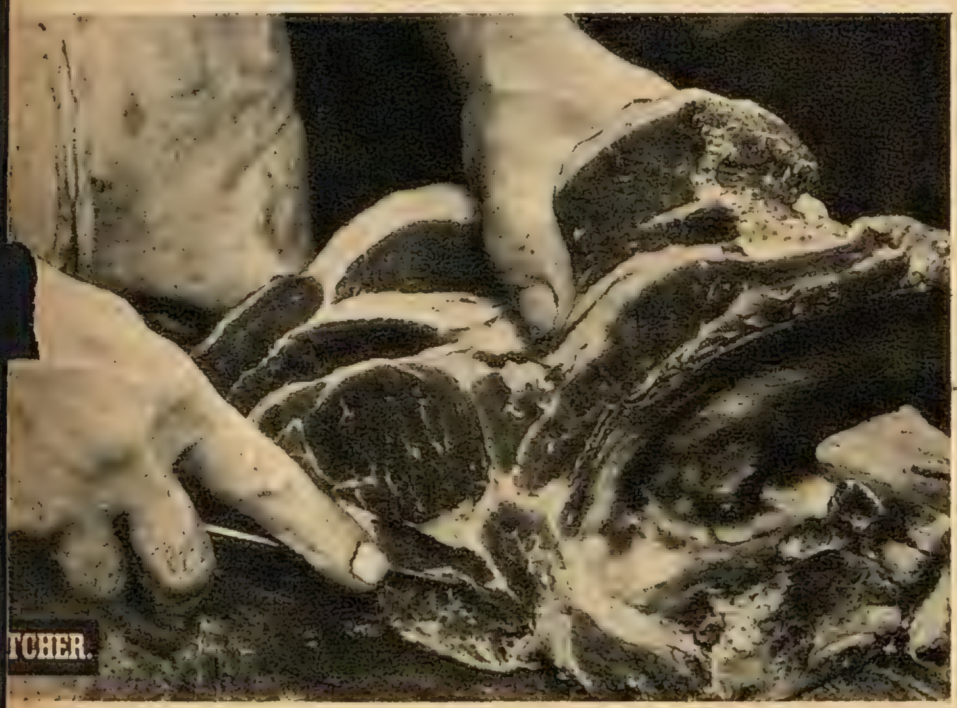
The Kent staircase is admittedly one of the best show places for a new gown in all of Hollywood, as Gloria De Haven and Maureen O'Hara found out.

Woman-talk takes precedence even over so lavish an affair, as witness Ella Raines and Dorothy Lamour.

Guy Madison, Gail Russell, Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs had a wonderful time; stayed till party's end.

Your Career Is in Your Hands

RGEON.

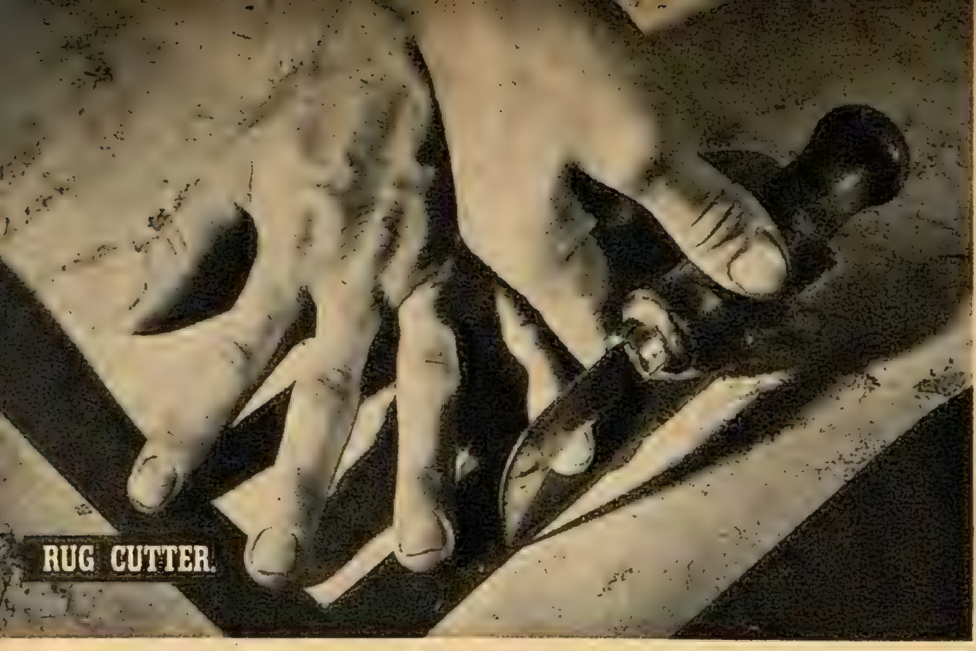


TCHER.

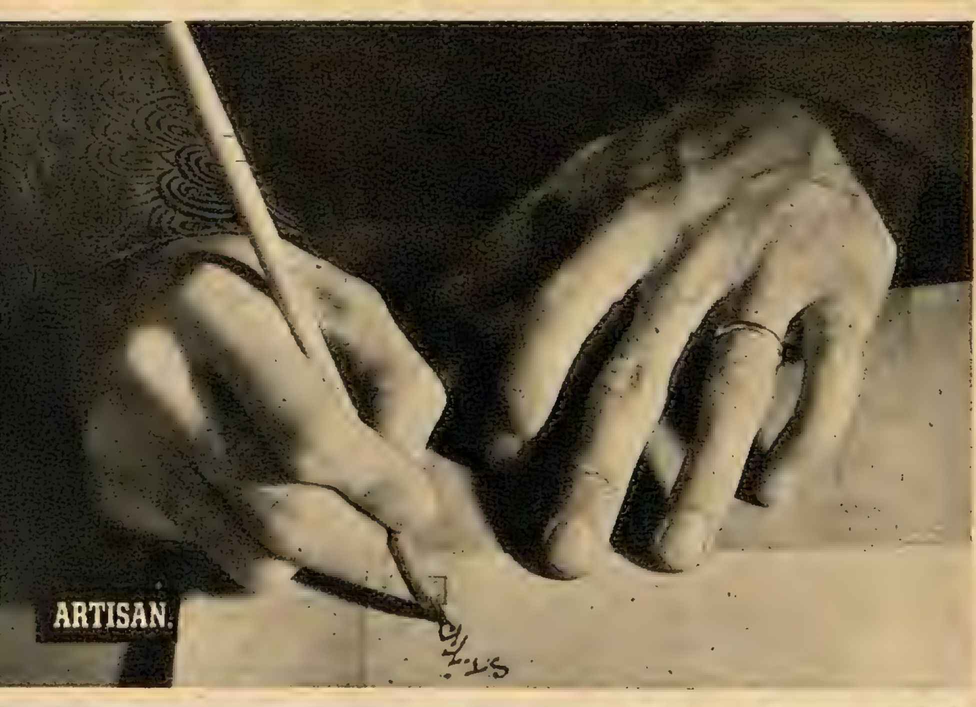
BAKER.

RBER.

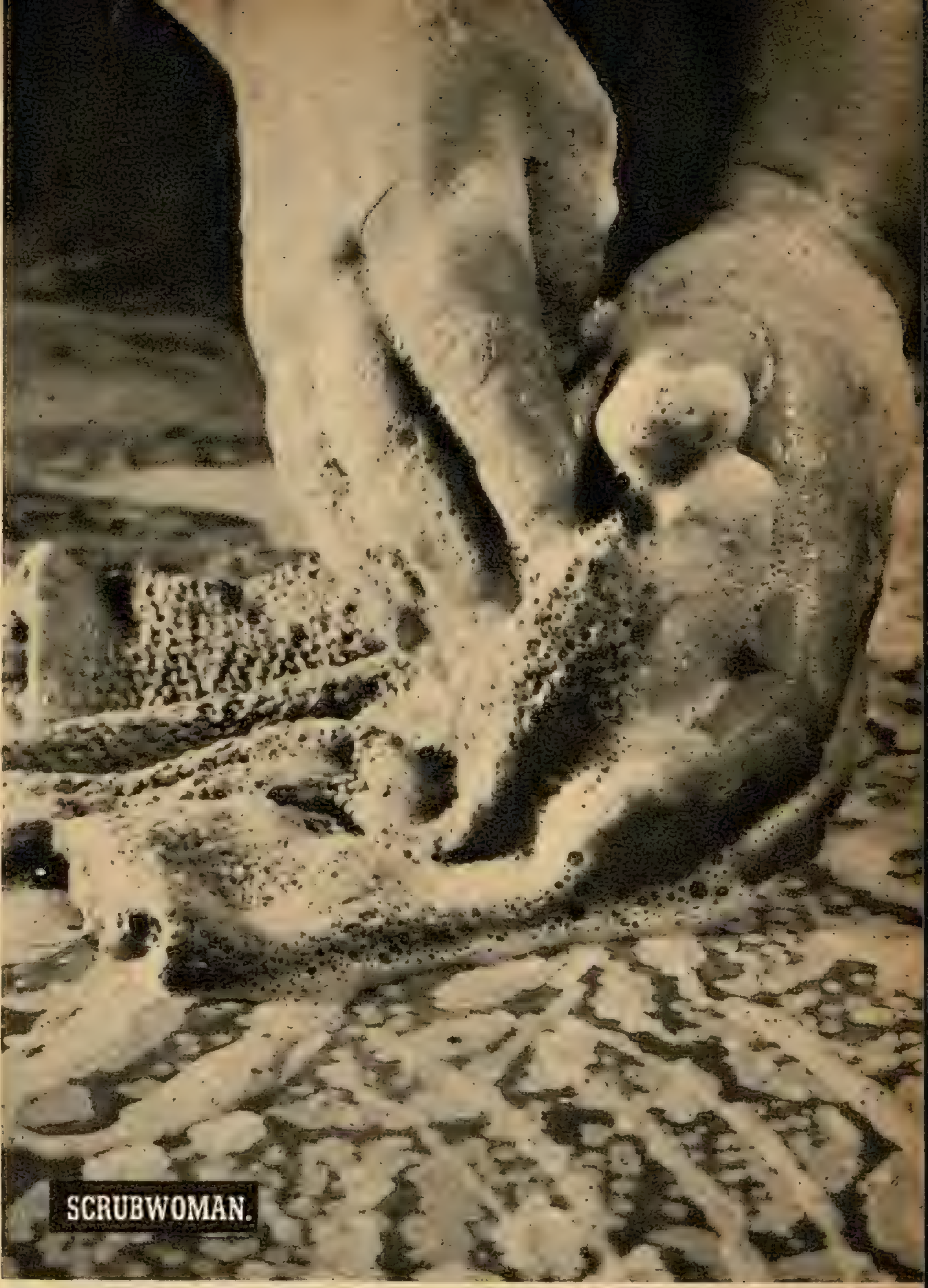
BEAUTICIAN.



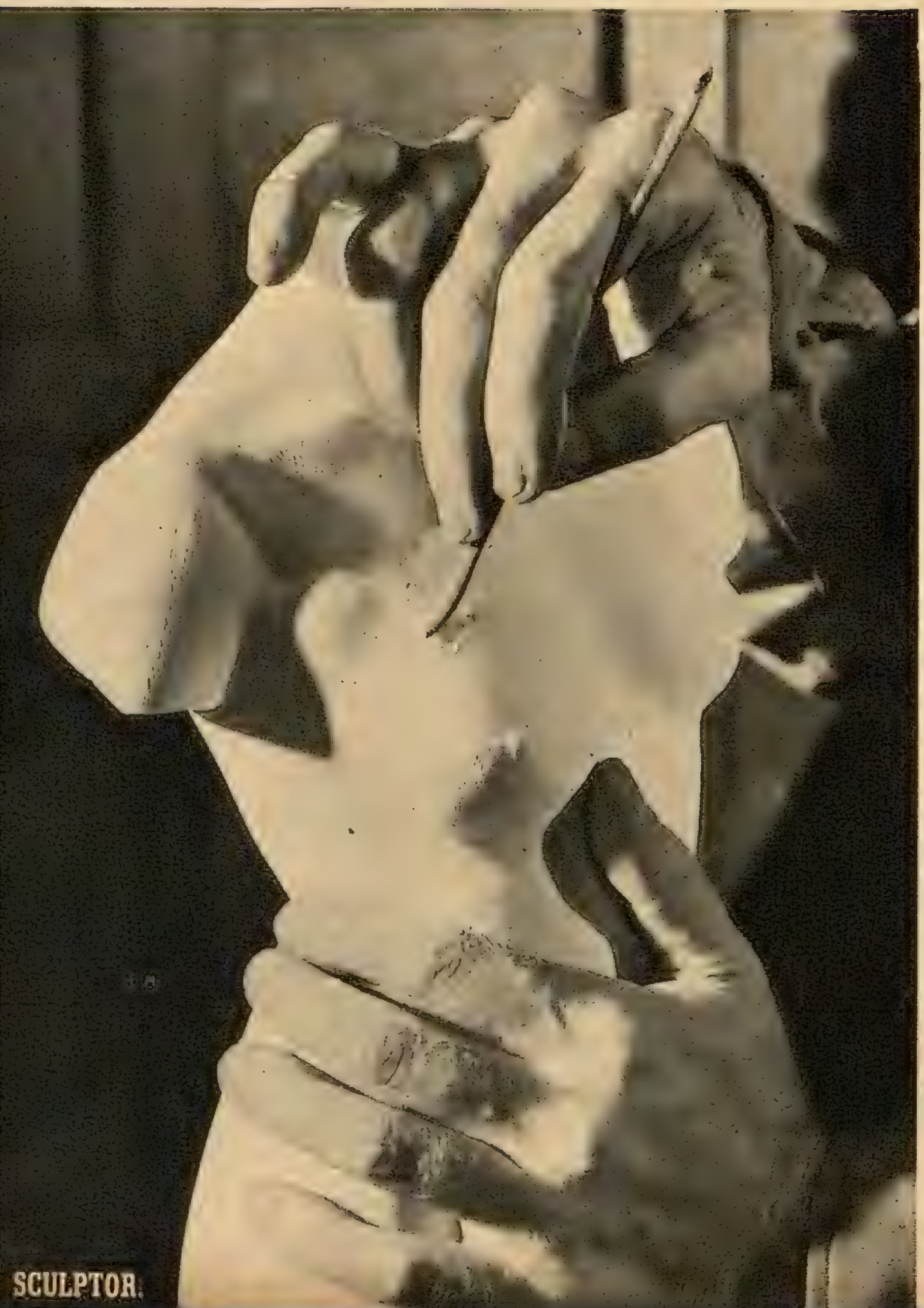
RUG CUTTER.



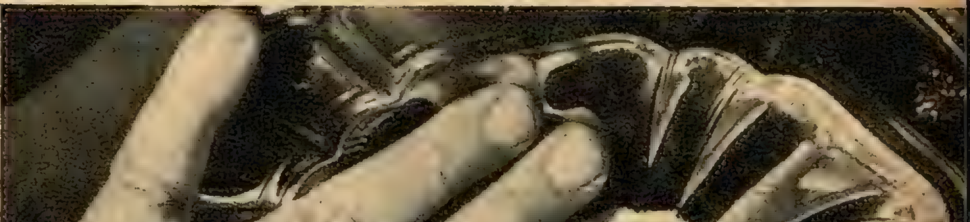
ARTISAN.



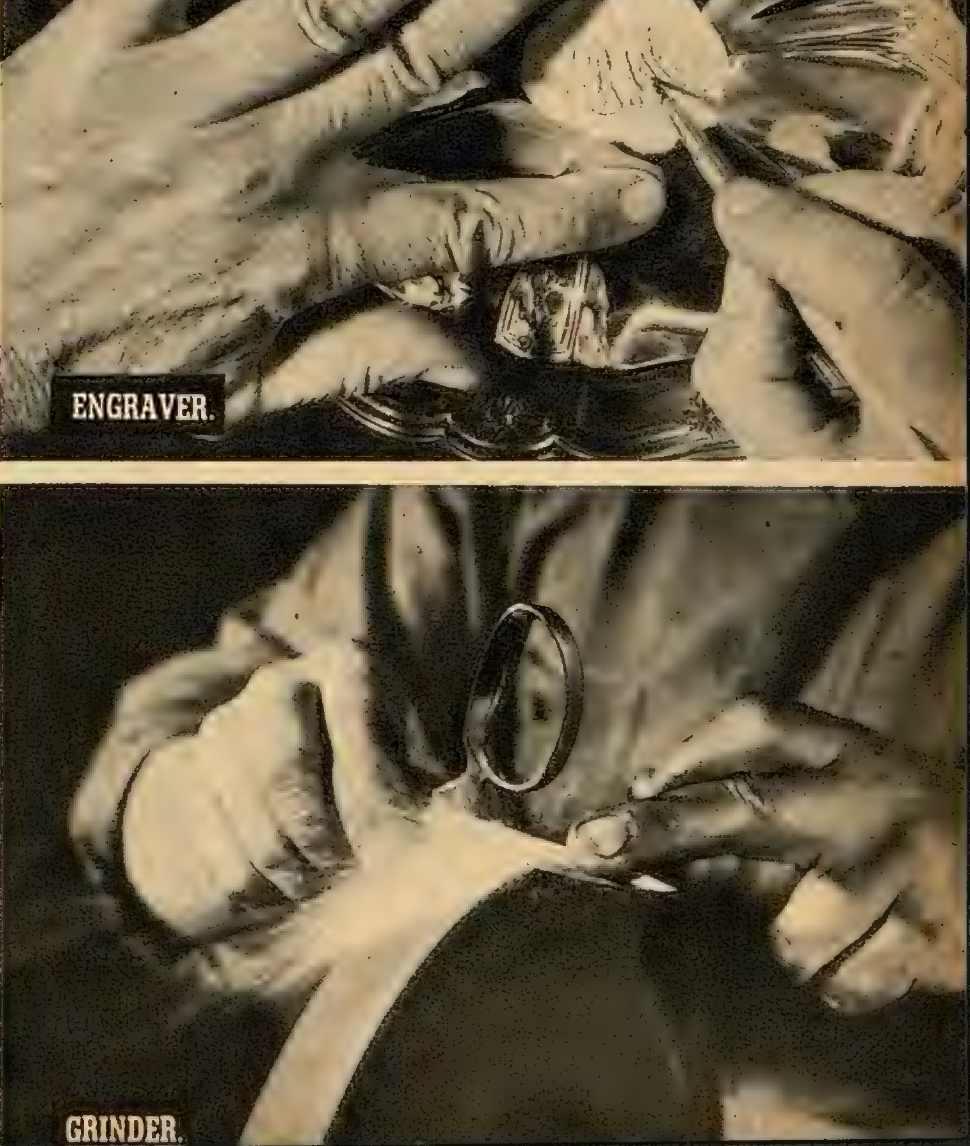
SCRUBWOMAN.



SCULPTOR.



ENGRAVER.



GRINDER.

Puff Pix

Racketeers impersonating press photogs use flattery and film to flimflam housewives and hard-boiled business men

PROUD mothers, home owners, and business men are being mulcted of thousands of dollars by unscrupulous "photographers." These pictures show a typical case—how they got Mrs. Suburban's permission to photograph her home by implying that the photos would appear in a magazine. Mrs. Suburban signed a release, ostensibly giving the publication permission to publish the photographs. The photographers assured her this was just a formality; and with reputable photographers and publications this is accepted practice. However, when Mrs. Suburban got the pictures, she also received an exorbitant bill. She learned that the "release" she had signed was actually a contract that obligated her to pay for the photographs. The same racket is worked on proud parents and "self-made" business men.

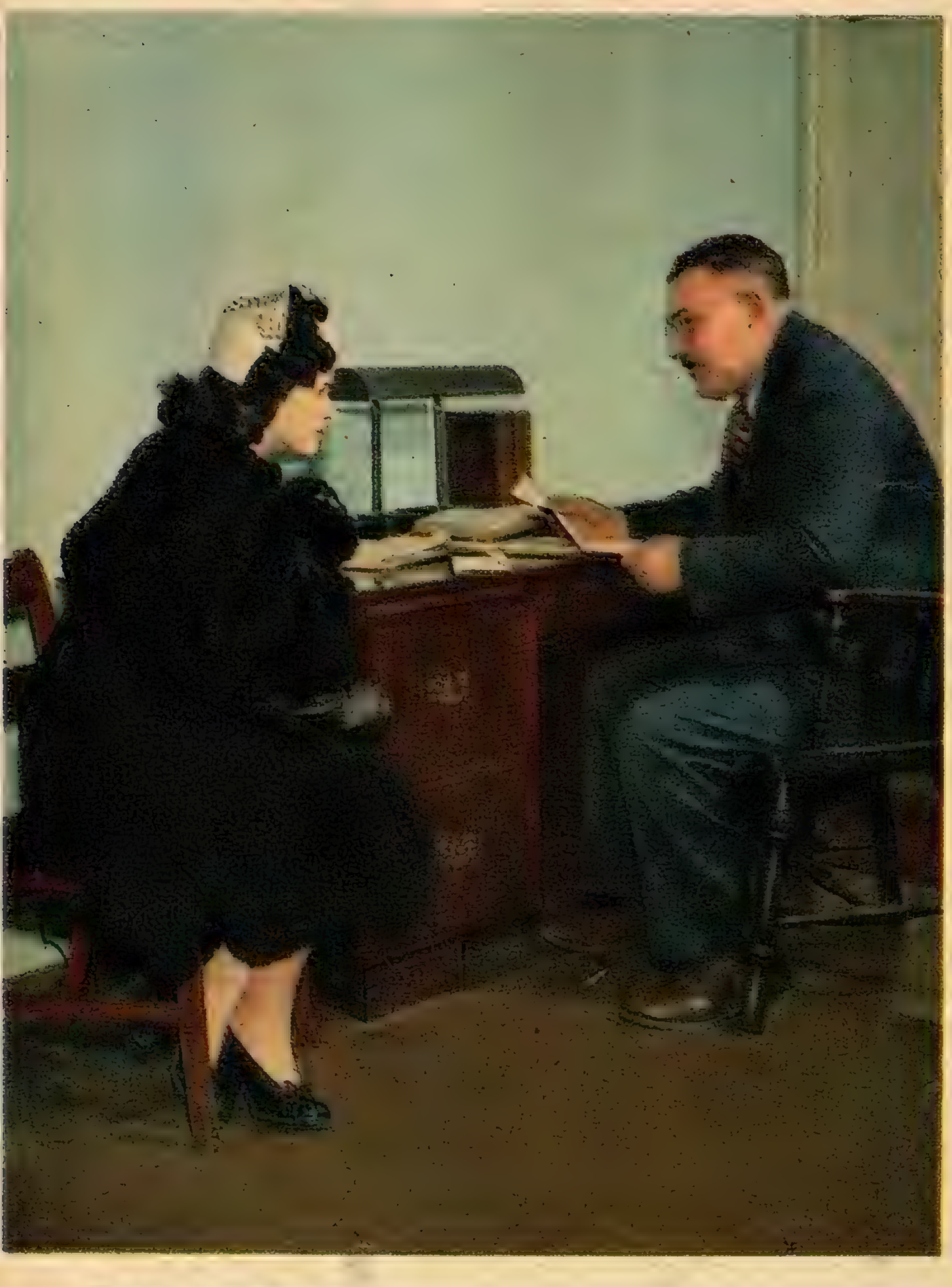
Two men appear at Mrs. Suburban's home. They'd like to take pictures of her house for a magazine.

She is overjoyed when they include her in the pictures. She can see herself glorified in a magazine.

"Please sign here," says the smooth talker as the picture-taking ends. "It is just a simple formality."

A week later the pictures arrive. The Suburbans think it was so nice of the magazine to send them!

Then comes a bill for $82 and a copy of the contract in which Mrs. Suburban has agreed to pay for the photos.



Her attorney convinces her she must pay since she signed the contract (the release she neglected to read).

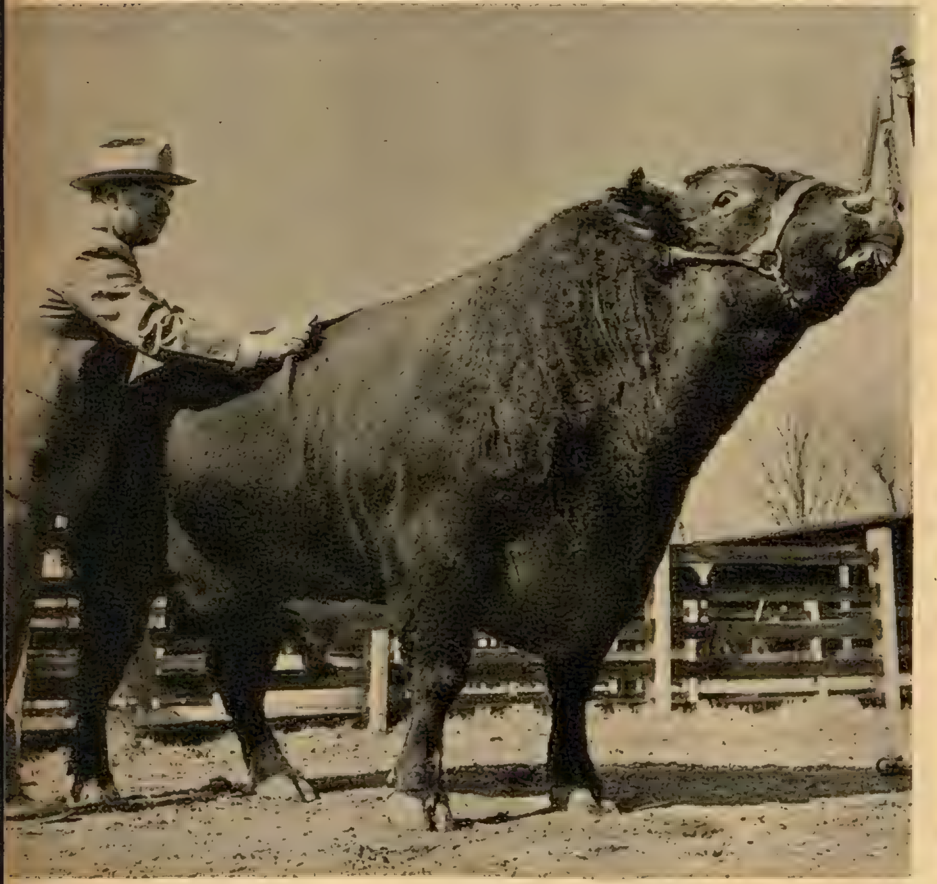
As she writes out a check for $82, she resolves never again to sign anything without reading it thoroughly.

Million-Dollar Farmers

NOT content with being top men in their business, the Champion Farmers of America, an association formed in 1939 with the assistance of Leonard K. Firestone, president of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company of California, have their eyes set on bigger and better things.

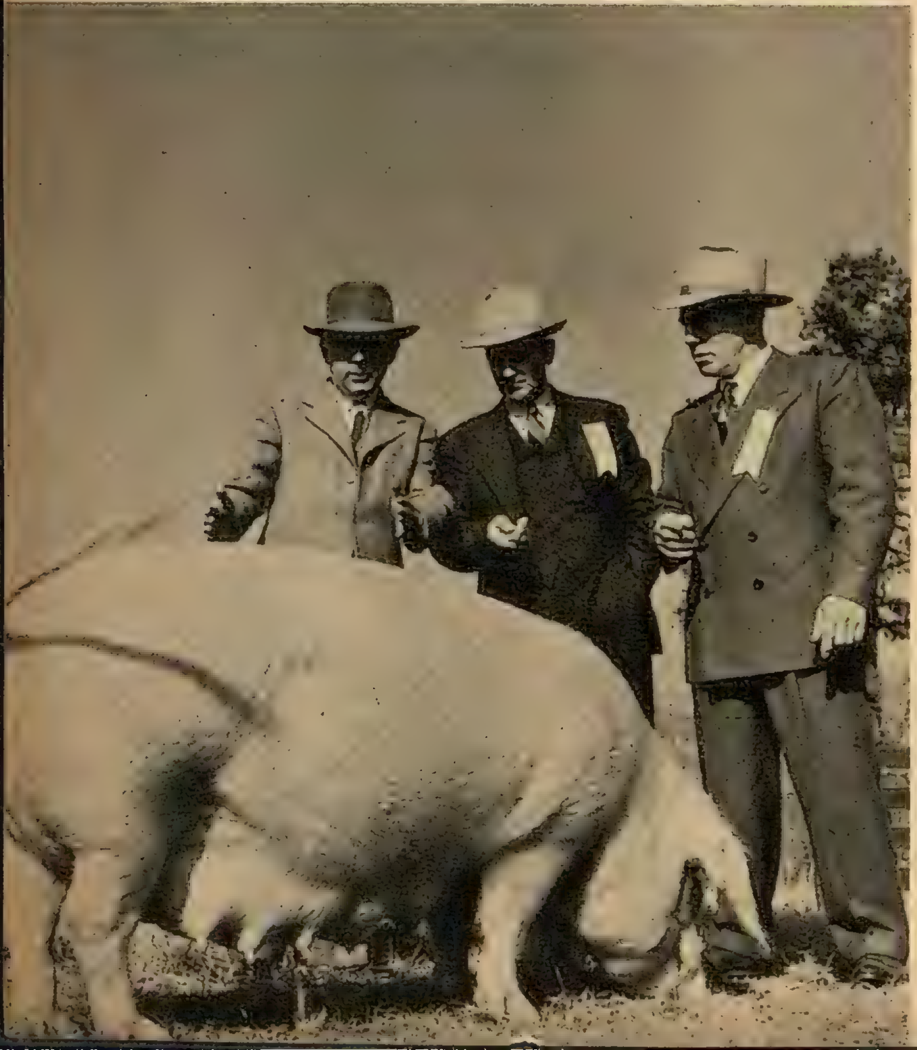
The 128 members recently visited the Agricultural Research Center at Beltsville, Md., an immense government agency devoted to the solution of major farm problems. Here the No. 1 farmers observed the Center's experimental work in genetics—the improvement of plant and animal life—so that they can apply the results to their already outstanding contributions to America's agricultural progress.

Members of the association are this country's outstanding producers, nominated by farm leaders, officials, and agricultural college executives.



Cotton Grower and cattle breeder M. P. Moore from Senatobia, Miss., inspects Center's prize Shorthorn beef bull

Swine section's Dr. J. H. Zellers (left), John Hendriks, Iowa; H. M. Knabe, Nebraska; and 540-pound sow.



HEVEA BRASILIENSIS

Rubber tree is examined by Leonard Firestone (left) and Center's horticulturist engaged in improving the yield.

Milk yield of prize Holstein-Friesian—90 pounds a day—fascinates dairy expert P. N. Hershey of chocolate fame.

America's champ farmers and government experts discover how to increase farm income

Specialists averaging $200,000 a year, these champs are (standing, l. to r.) W. H. Richards, lettuce expert; H. L. McKinley, cabbage; H. Knabe, swine; (seated) M. P. Moore, cattle; J. Hendriks, hogs; A. Hansen, Holsteins.

Lettuce hybrid, responsible for tremendous increase in Eastern growing, interests W. H. Richards, Forestdale, Mass.

Frozen carcasses of Rhode Island Reds discussed by E. B. Parmenter (right), who helped develop breed.

One-Man Gang

Belly roll is Moon's high-jump style. His discus record is 141'.

TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-old "Moon" Mondschein, N. Y. U.'s and America's bright hope for Olympic decathlon champ, and one of the outstanding athletes of all time, doesn't have to worry about licking anybody or anything—except weight. Just under six feet, tipping the scale at 193, he's trying to better his high-jump record of 6'7⅞", which makes his tendency toward avoirdupois a problem. While few excel him at the high jump, Moon's weakest events are the javelin and discus, which have not, however, kept him from winning two tries at the decathlon in recent A. A. U. meets. Moon is left-handed, jumps on his right foot.

Ex-Sgt. "Moon" Mondschein, the shy giant, is one of the best all-round athletes ever produced at N.Y.U., and America's No. 1 bet for Olympic decathlon champ

BRIDGE INSTRUCTION

Sister Rosalind (next to Moon, in center) is brainy pre-med student. Moon does fairly well in biology and physical ed.

Workout of 1½ hours a day keeps his weight down from the 235 pounds he carried around in the army.

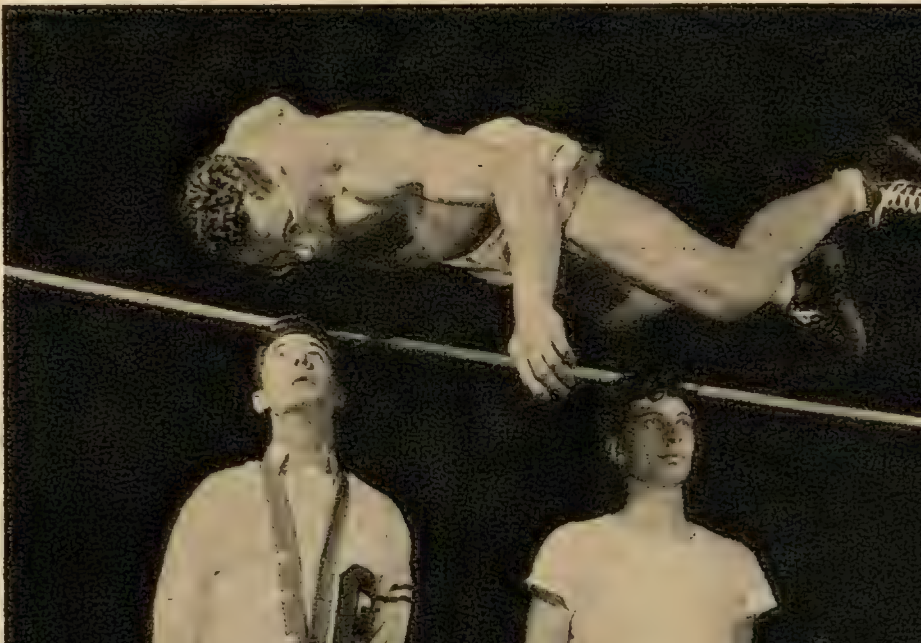
Coach Emil von Elling taught Moon his jumping style; says Mondschein lacks height; doesn't know how he jumps so high.

No extrovert, Moon (center) is genial, but shyness reflects grueling demands of loneliest sport in the world.

High hurdles in the 110-meter race, not his specialty, are run by Moon in 16.1. World's record, 13.7.

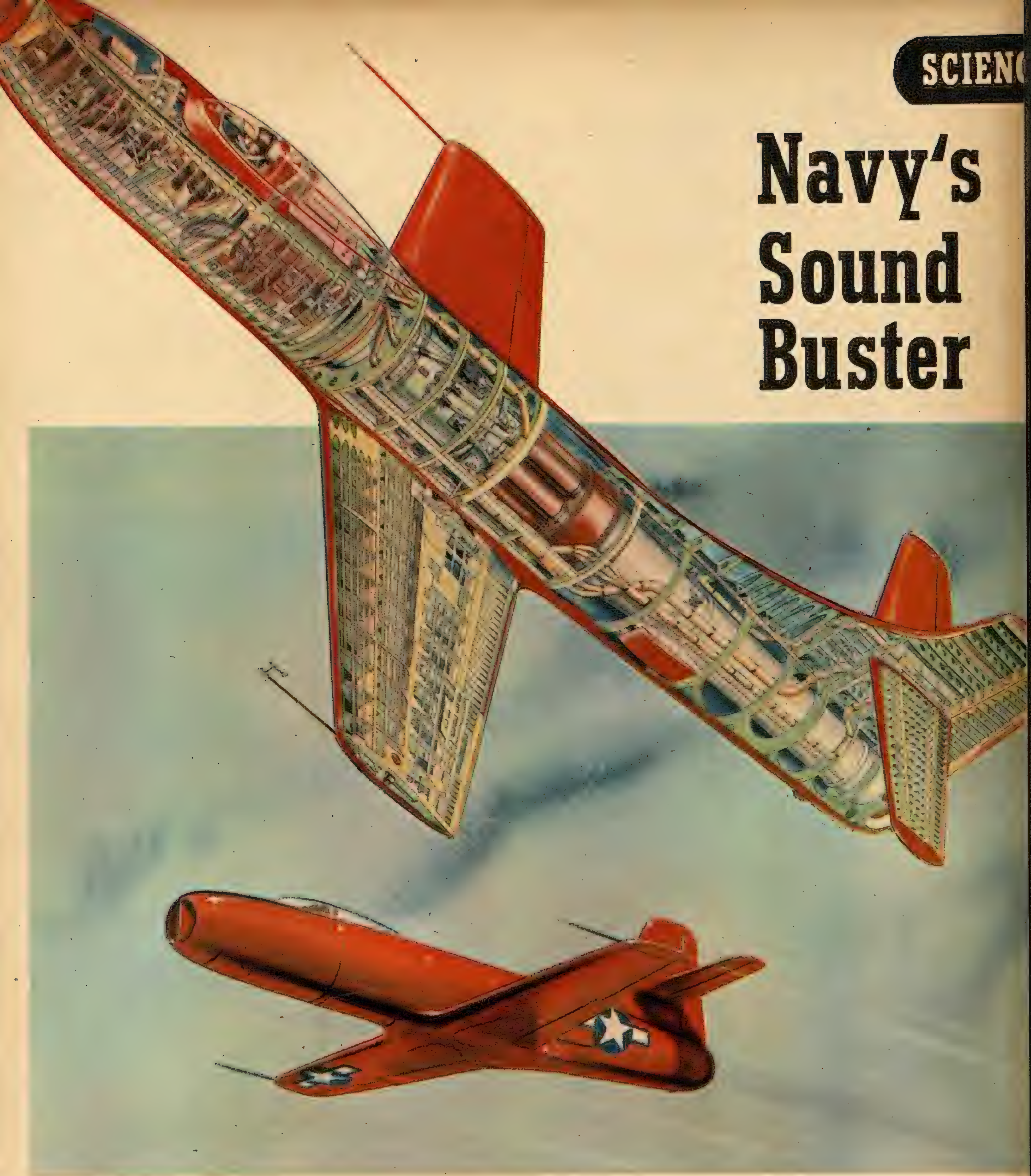
Shot-put is one of Mondschein's weaker field events. His best distance is 46′6″. The world's record is 57′1″.

Fairly able with discus, his javelin throw needs improvement. Moon's record, 151′. World's record, 258′2⅜″.



Easy jump is this 6′2″ clearance. Moon goes over hig bar with his outside foot rather than his take-off foot

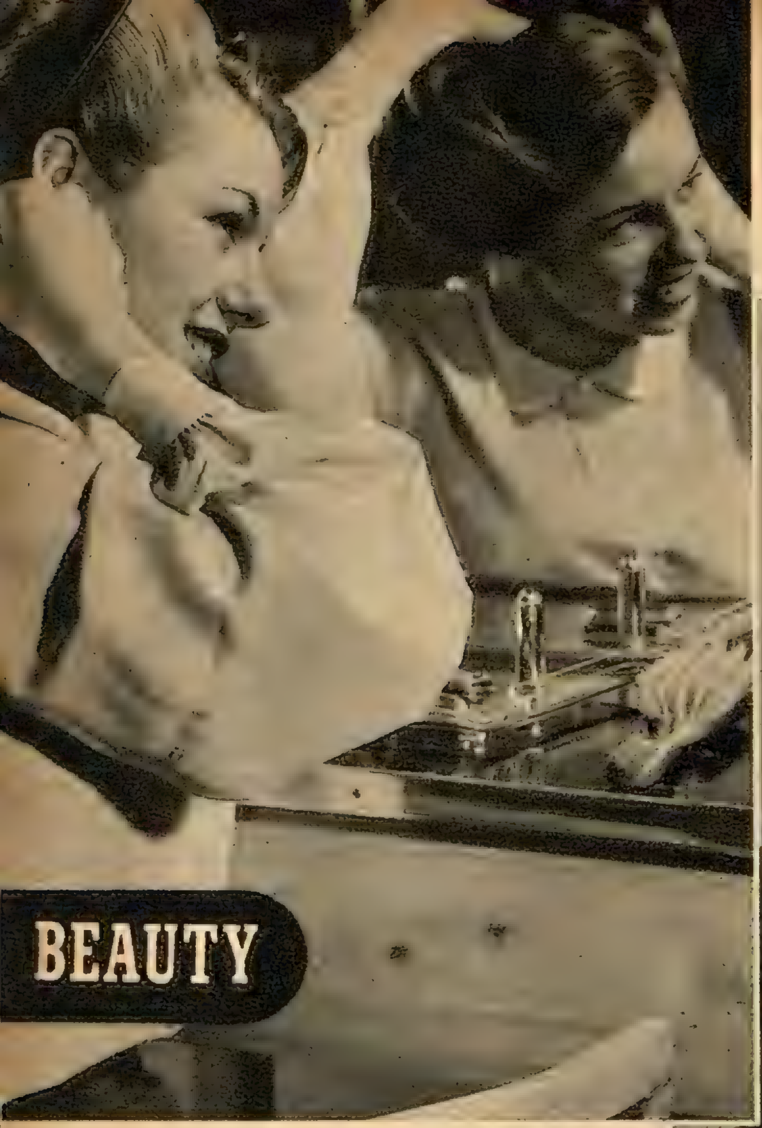
Navy's Sound Buster

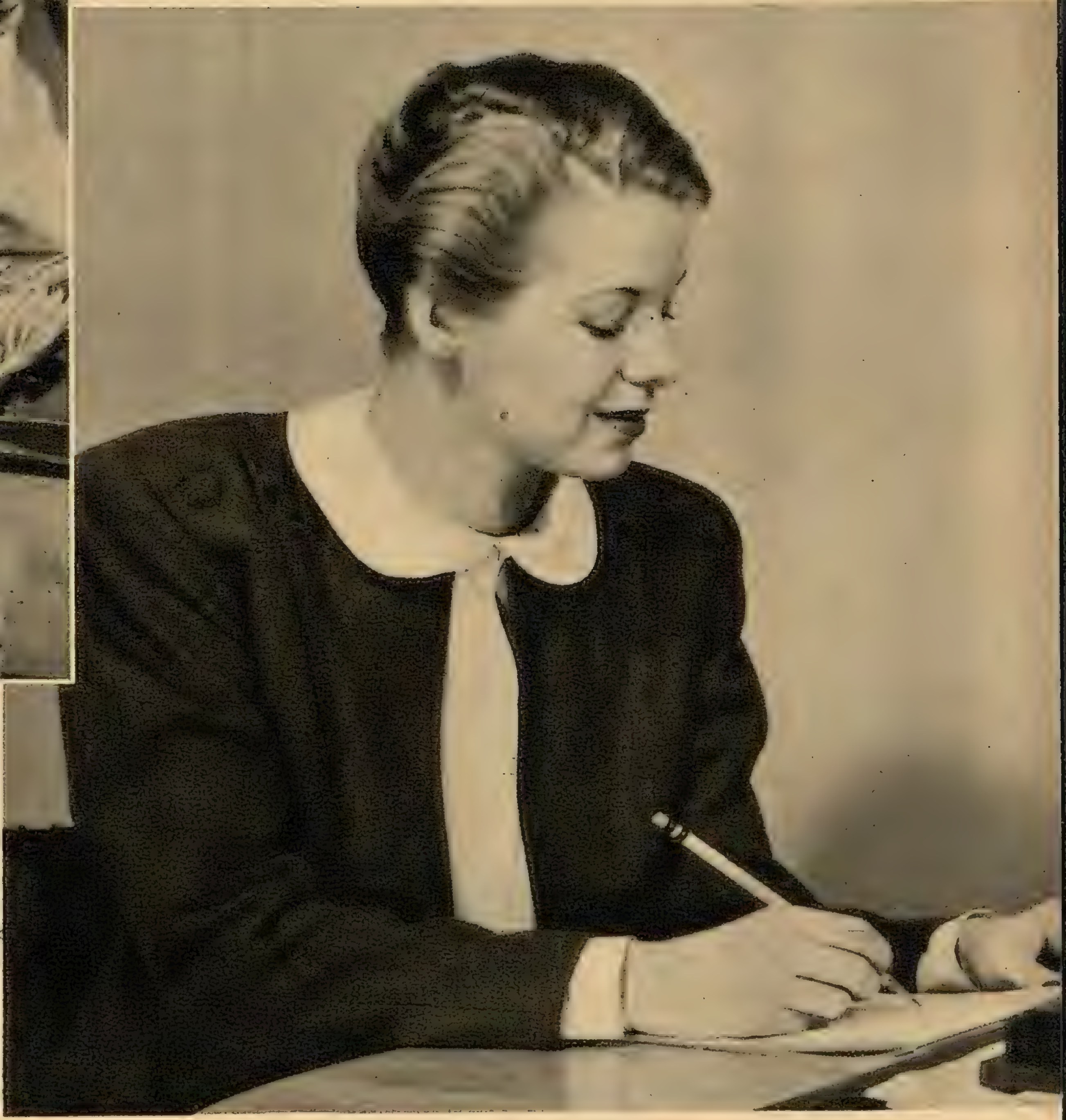


The Skystreak — Navy's jet threat to supersonic speeds

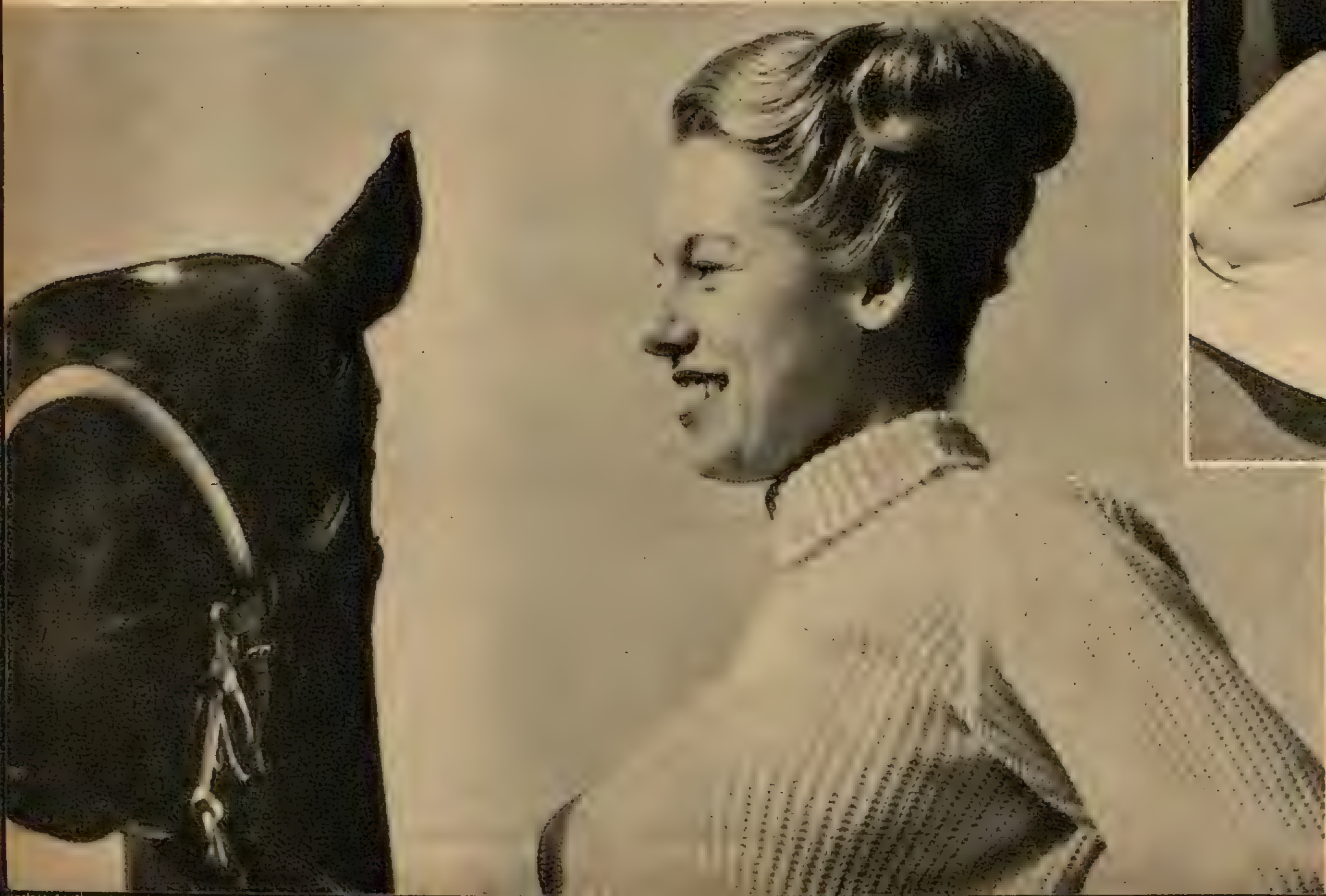
THIS "trans-sonic" jet-propelled test tube, a name that would intrigue Buck Rogers, is designed to slice through the air at 700 miles an hour, which is approaching the speed of sound. To do this, the turbo-jet engine of the stub-winged craft will produce horsepower equal to that of 75 average automobiles. The atomic age already imposing demands for greater speeds, naval aeronautical engineers hope their creation, the D-558 Skystreak, will play with answers to many of their toughest problems. Four hundred pressure points on the plane's skin are linked to recording equipment. Thus the flow of air around the craft, the formation and location of "shock" waves, and the places where critical air loads occur may be determined. In the speed-of-sound range (1,266 feet a second) it is the shock waves that give a plane the "flutters" and put it out of control. That is why the Navy experts had the Skystreak constructed 60-per-cent stronger than any combat type of aircraft ever built.

Hair-Do Does



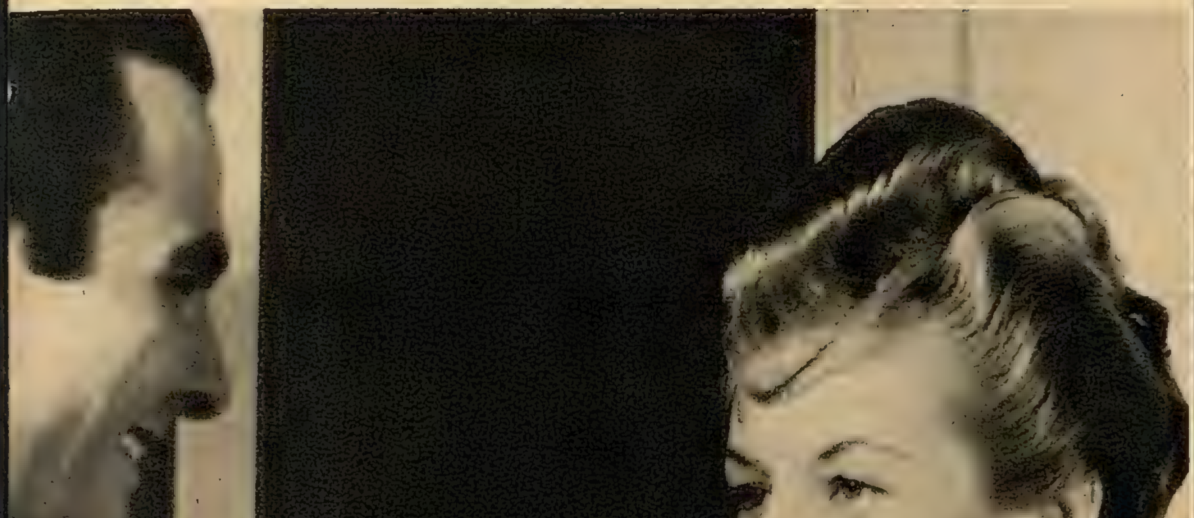


Prim for business. Whether it's cosmetics, clothes, or coiffures, the wheels of women's fashions keep turning out new designs for milady to try. Now it's an all-around hair-do that can be easily changed from office to date to sport style. For the trim office look, the ends are swept back, to be turned under into a chignon with the sides and front pulled straight.



Trim for sport is just a matte of pulling the office chignon ove to one side and anchoring it wit hairpins (left). For dream dut (above), Louis claims you can pu out the pins, let your hair fall fre and with his plan it will take a jiff to put it up again in the morning

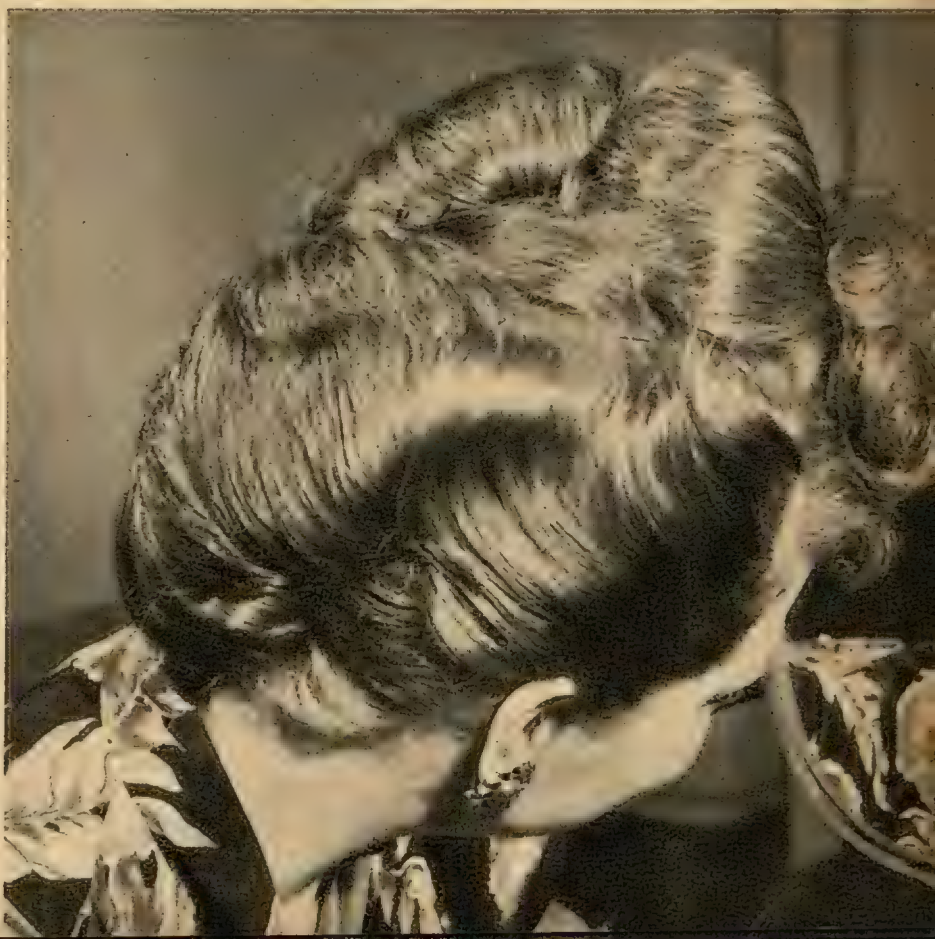
Triple Duty



For him—allowed to fall into soft waves with the prim chignon converted to a cluster of curls (left). The base for the quick-change arrangement was designed by M. Louis (above), head of the Hair Design Institute in New York. Louis, who has studios throughout the country, introduced the feather cut; hopes that women will take to his theoretically easy-to-do upsweep.

Clay model (What won't they think of next?) helps M. Louis adapt his asymmetrical design for each hair length and face.

Long hair ends swirled back and tucked in with some pins, and even long hair can be quickly done.



The beautiful Miss Hayworth returns to her first triumphs as a dancing star in this; does everything from an adagio dance to a rumba on roller skates.

The Parks charm has to work overtime. Naturally he gets the girl, but it takes him until 1987 to do it, in a trick ending that may surprise you.

ZEUS
BLESS·OUR·HOME

Rita seems to inspire Hollywood's desig

Liberty picks

Dow

IT'S light and gay and in beautiful
Technicolor. It has good music,
some extraordinary dancing, and ex-
travagant costumes. It has Larry
Parks, fresh from his plaudit-
winning acting in The Jolson Story.
Best of all, this Columbia picture has
Rita Hayworth in an array of cos-
tumes ranging from angel robes to
bathing suits. Rita appears as a Greek
goddess who falls in love with a

OTHER PICTUR

ODD MAN OUT (Universal-Internationa
Rarely is such an artistic triump
seen on the screen. This J. Arth
Rank import, with only the name
James Mason well known to Ame
cans, is so finely directed by Ca
Reed, and so finely acted by a ca
from the famous Abbey Theater, th
it should be on all fans' must-see list

mink dress cost thousands, is worn in but one short scene.

vie eligible for top honors

to Earth

mortal man and finds herself involved in his earthly endeavors. There are delightful characters, reminiscent of Here Comes Mr. Jordan, and hilarious comedy by Jimmy Gleason. But the song-and-dance numbers are what really count. Director Alexander Hall never lets the love story interfere with a good love song. Don't expect anything significant, but look for fun in Down to Earth.

RTH SEEING

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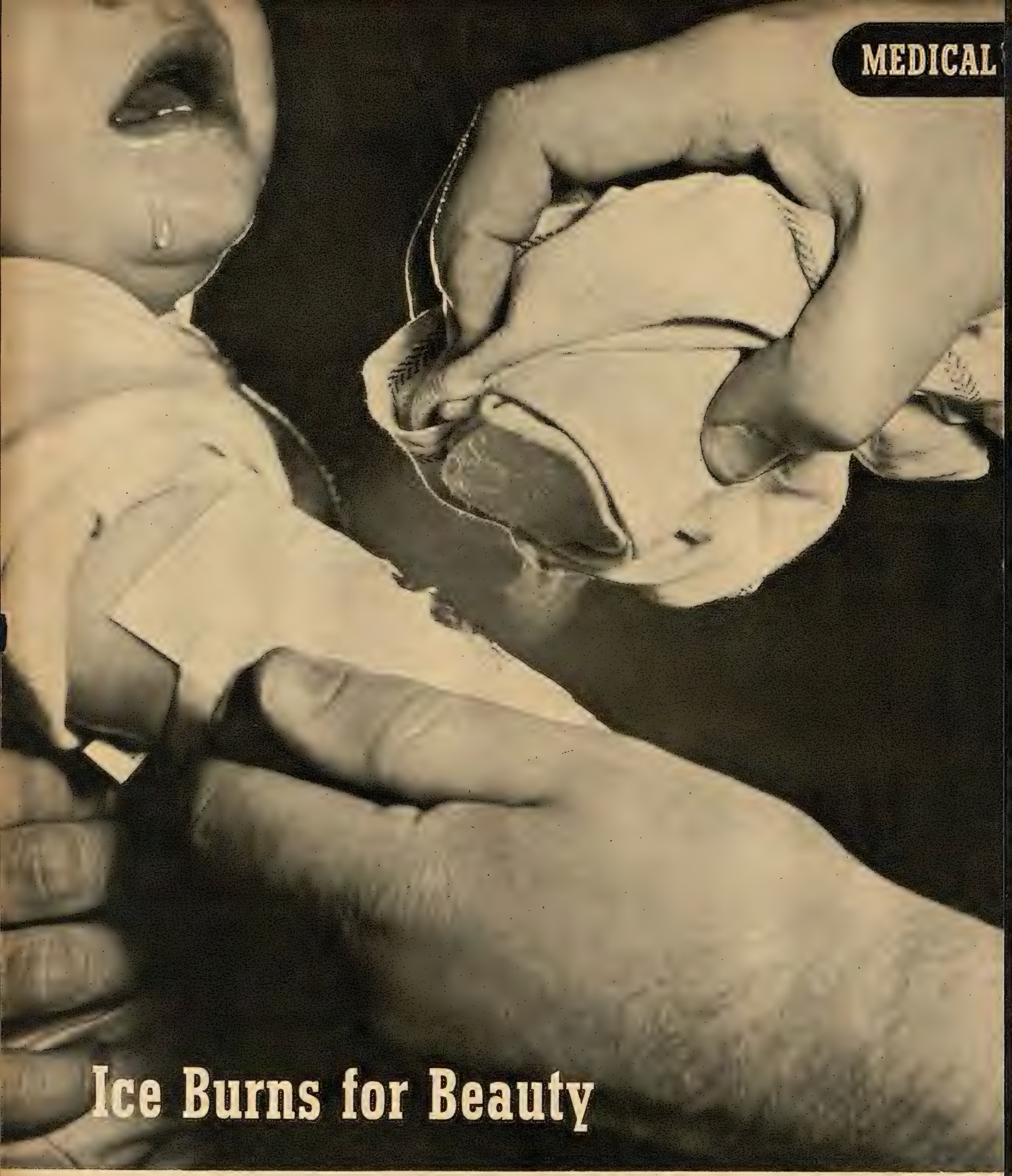
Marc Platt is the Hayworth partner, and their dancing to the Roberts and Fischer score is superb.



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At Manhattan's city-owned Bellevue Hospital, which dispenses free medical care to over 100,000 patients annually, New York University College of Medicine specialists are using dry ice to remove skin blemishes. First employed in skin therapy in 1907, solid carbon dioxide has long since graduated from the experimental stage. A strawberry birthmark is shown just before application of dry ice which, wrapped in a towel to protect doctor's fingers, is held firmly over the blemish for a half minute. In spite of baby's tears, pain is only slight. The ice burn may be used to treat excessive scars and other skin conditions. The dry ice, which also destroys common moles and warts, forms a black blood crust which later falls away, as new unmarred skin forms. Slush made from dry ice successfully removes post-acne scarring. N.Y.U. physicians caution against self-treatment and application of uncontrollable acid used by some quack "beauty institutes."

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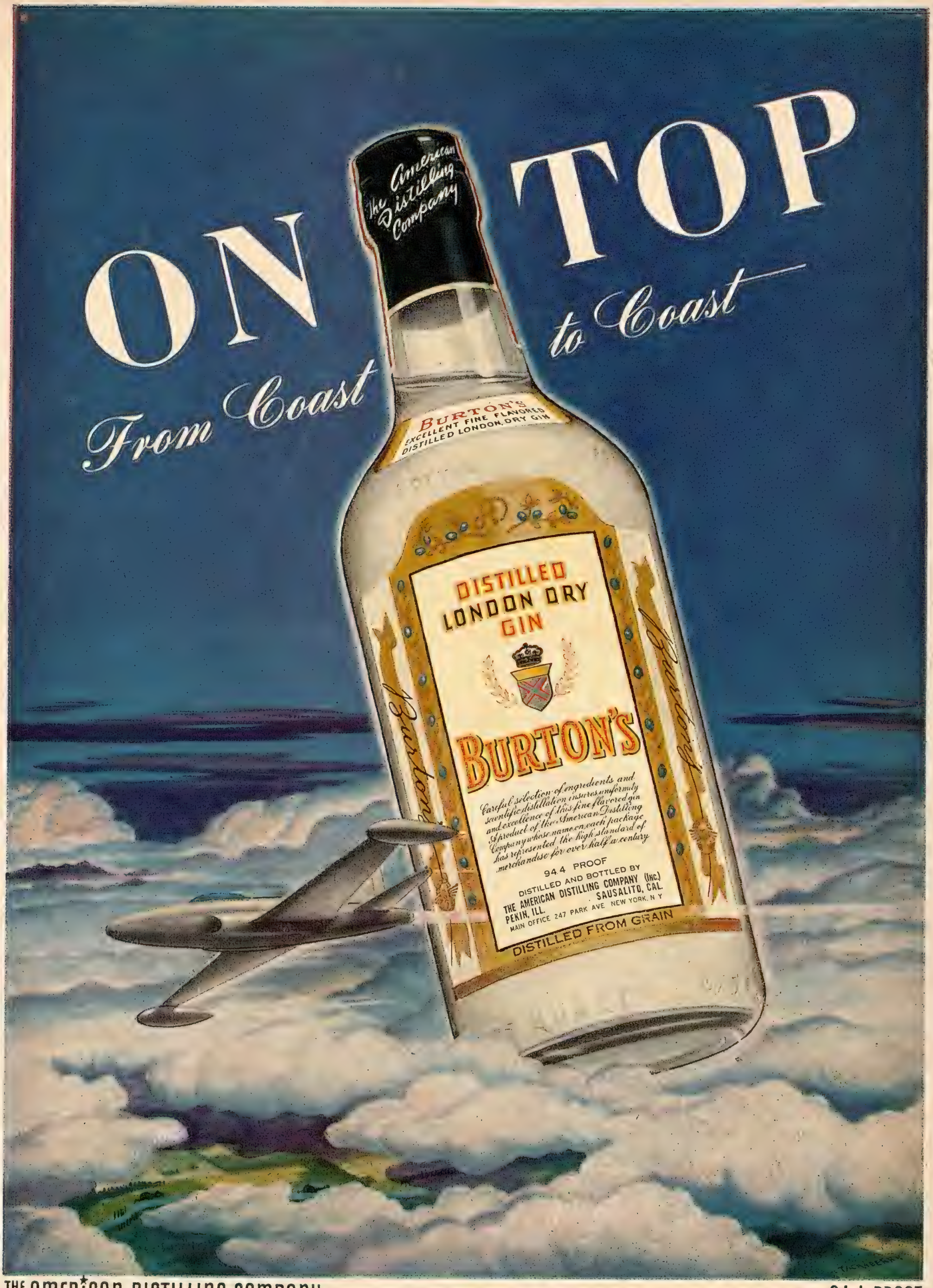
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THE BLACK PIANO

Continued from Page 17

wanted to. They got me a job, Kelly. I'm going to sell shirts in a department store."

Kelly said, "What about the band?"

"Band?" A muscle twitched in the corner of his mouth. "That would be Johnny Mall's band, wouldn't it?"

"But the boys—" Kelly began.

"Johnny's boys now." His voice broke harshly. "Let's get it said and done. They cleaned me and left me, to play for Johnny Mall. Right?"

"Don, they were in Seattle the night you met Johnny Mall in the hotel. They were in Tacoma when you appeared in court. They didn't know. They—"

"And cared a damned sight less," Don cut in again. "For me, that band is done—finished! I won't talk about it. Not to you, Kelly. But to Johnny Mall, yes. He took my arrangements, my bookings, my band. He took Thelma—or maybe it was the other way around. The two of them sold my piano. They peddled that beautiful box of mine—"

"Don, please—" Helen Kelly said.

She knew what was coming, she saw it alive and dangerous in his eyes. But he wouldn't be stopped.

"I'll collect from Johnny Mall. I'll take plenty this time." His fingers made a hard fist on the table. "That guy—"

"Don!" Kelly said sharply.

Their eyes met across the table, held through a long moment. Kelly's face was white. Don Fielding's was ugly and furious. It was Don's gaze that broke first. He stared at his hands, opened his fingers deliberately and with an effort. He waited a little longer before he said, "Sorry, Kelly. Sorry I did that to you."

Kelly did not answer.

Don Fielding lifted his eyes, his face controlled now. "Kelly," he said, "I'm through with music. That's what you wanted to know, isn't it? That's why you came here to meet me."

"We'll say it is," Kelly answered.

"Well, now you know," he told her. "I wasted too many years fooling with music. I'm glad I'm out of it."

"That's plain enough," she said.

He dropped a crumpled bill on the table. "I want it to be," he said. "You understand you had nothing to do with it, Kelly. You're one of the few decent people I've ever met."

"Nice of you," Kelly said, and her voice held bitterness. "We must have lunch together again sometime."

"Sure," he said. "Some—Tuesday."

SHE came out of the station into the rain. She turned west. A stocky little man was waiting at the corner. His hands were thrust into the pockets of a sodden topcoat, water dripped from the brim of his hat. He fell in step with her.

They walked a block in silence. The stocky man watched her from the corners of his eyes. His face was as round as a full moon, his mustache was small and blond. He began a search of his pockets, and after a moment Helen Kelly opened her purse and gave him a cigarette.

GEORGE WOLFE

"The warden's wife insisted I take Fifi along!"

LIBERTY

"Thanks," he said. "What made?"

"A lot," she answered. "All bad."

"There's coffee at my place," he said.

"All right," she said.

They waited for the light, then crossed a wide thoroughfare. They turned away from the shops for a shabbier district.

The stairway was long and steep. Mac opened a door, touched a switch. Light spilled over a coffee table and a nest of worn chairs, an island of light that lent vastness to the shadowed corners of a huge room.

"Back in a minute," he said.

His heels struck cool, hollow echoes from the floor. He was busy for a time in a far corner. A set of drums stood against the near wall, an expensive set, hard used and far from new. A workman's tool, Kelly thought. Dust was thick on the snare drum's head, on the orchestrations piled beside a folded music rack.

MAC brought a tray to the low table. When he'd poured coffee into outsize cups, he said, "Now tell me about Don."

She told him about Don—the way he looked, the words he'd said, the things of which she was afraid. She asked quietly, "Do you think he will? Hurt Johnny Mall, I mean."

Mac shrugged round shoulders.

"But, Mac," Kelly said, "he knows—he must know—what they would do to him next time. It would be a lot more than a year and a day."

"I hear they pinned a medal on him in the army," Mac said. "He crawled up to a pillbox and blew hell out of it. He couldn't have been much worried about what would happen if they caught him then."

"This is different," Kelly said.

Mac said, "Remember that trailer?"

"Yes," Kelly answered.

"Two thousand miles—you ought to." He rubbed his palm along the table edge. "It wasn't the same after you left. Thelma was a sweater girl; she worked at it. You were one of the bunch."

Kelly bent her head. One of the bunch, she thought. The girl who scrambled the eggs. Then she smiled at Mac.

"Thelma could sing," she said. "I made noises. I knocked down music stands."

"Your pipes were O.K.," Mac said, "but you wore your heart on your sleeve. Don looked twice at Thelma and you went back to punching a typewriter. You left Don with nobody to look at but Thelma. She made sure he saw plenty."

"People are funny," Kelly said.

A RESTLESSNESS possessed Mac now.

"This place really used to jump," he said. "We could knock ourselves out and nobody cared." He rubbed his chin. "That's why I hung onto it, hoping Don and the boys'd be back. It's too big for me. I kind of camp around in the corners."

"Are you working?" Kelly asked.

"Only casuals," he said. "Pick-up jobs out of the hall. Mostly I stick to teaching. Iggy's pumpin' gas in a service station. Little Joe and Sammy are workin' in a Greek joint across the bay."

Kelly said, "They could do better."

"Maybe they will, now Don's quit music. Like me, they were hopin'. Remember the Dutchman?" he asked.

"Always," Kelly said.

The yesterdays crowded in on her. Across the years she saw the Dutchman's sign swing, creaking on the wind. "Pianos"—The Dutchman, a thin dried-up little man, had peered at Don and Kelly.

"You should not have brought her."

"I want her to worry too."

They had gone into the back of the Dutchman's shop, where pianos and the naked bones of others were stacked along the walls. A grand stood under a droplight in the center of the room. Heat blisters scarred the curving flank. The keyboard was warped and black.

"There it is," Don told Kelly. "Every cent I could lay my hands on is sunk in that box. I get it cheap because of the fire. There's no better piano made. The Dutchman says it isn't hurt."

The Dutchman had smiled. "Wait and see."

The band had gone on the road for a month that had lengthened into two. The piano had been waiting in Mac's barnlike place when they'd returned—big and black and beautiful. Don had uncovered the keyboard. He'd hit one chord—just one—and the sound had filled the room.

"Those first notes he hit," Mac said, "those big beautiful notes—

there was never another piano with a tone like that. Sometimes I think I can hear those notes yet, echoing around here in the corners."

"And Thelma sold it."

Mac shook his head. "That's what got him. Losing Thelma and the band was tough. Sure. But that box was his heart. You know the way a kid'll dream. Don worked for that piano from the time he was a kid in knee pants." He looked at Kelly.

"Mac, he's through with music," Kelly said. "He's going to sell shirts."

"Shirts," Mac said with soft disgust. He took a set of drumsticks from an open case. He came to sit at Kelly's side and turn them in his hands.

"I see where Johnny Mall is booked to play at the Pavilion here a week from tomorrow."

"I know," Kelly said.

"You gonna let it happen?" Mac asked.

"What can I do?" Kelly said. "He's through with me, too. I can't—I don't even know where he's staying."

"Mama Sack's," Mac said. "Where else?"

His hands were moving now, a workman's wise and knowing hands. He was drumming very quietly on the tabletop. "That Tinsel thing Don wrote." And the heartbeat of the tune was there, the bright and shining lift of it. Mac's eyes were veiled, his head bent, listening to music Kelly could not hear. The things he did with the sticks were wonderfully soft and intricate. He was still playing when Kelly took her coat and went away.

KELLY walked through another evening wet with rain. Her arms were loaded with two paper bags of groceries. She hurried down a block of apartment houses. A small boy in a black slicker fell in beside her. He watched the paper bags with interest. "Pretty soon they're goin' to bust," he said, and the prospect seemed to please him.

"You're a little ghoul," Kelly told him.

The boy grinned. "I bet that ain't good."

They crossed another street, and halfway down the block Kelly found the apartment house. The boy trotted up the stairs beside her, stood impatiently while she hunted a name on the wall register. Kelly wondered where she'd find the courage to push the button. The door clicked and the boy said, "C'm'on, lady. I opened it."

Kelly was hesitant. "You wouldn't push a guy in before he had his nerve up, would you?"

"Who's pushin'?" the boy asked.

"Never mind," Kelly said. "Apartment twenty-three."

"Hey"—the boy grinned—"I know the guy. He lives next door. C'm'on." He led the way upstairs, and stopped in front of a door.

"Want me to knock?"

Kelly said, "Wait'll I get—"

She never finished. A bottle of port pushed through the bottom of a sodden paper bag and hit the floor with a thump. The tomatoes followed. Kelly tried to save them, and the effort cost her the eggs. French bread, onions that bounced like golf balls, a bewitched head of lettuce—Kelly juggled them all and lost.

"Yippee!" the small boy said.

Kelly found herself on her knees, trying to gather the shambles. The boy's laughter broke on a high note.

The apartment door opened. Don was there, tall against the light, lean. His tie was loose, his collar open. He had a book in one hand, a cigarette in the other.

"The commotion," he said slowly, "had the touch of a familiar hand."

"Hey!" There was concern in the small boy's voice. "This lady is a friend of mine, Mr. Fielding. She came up to see you, an' the bags busted, and now you just stand there, with stuff all over—"

Don swung the door open. "A friend of Johnny's is always welcome. Come in."

"I'm going back," Kelly said.

"Back?" Don asked.

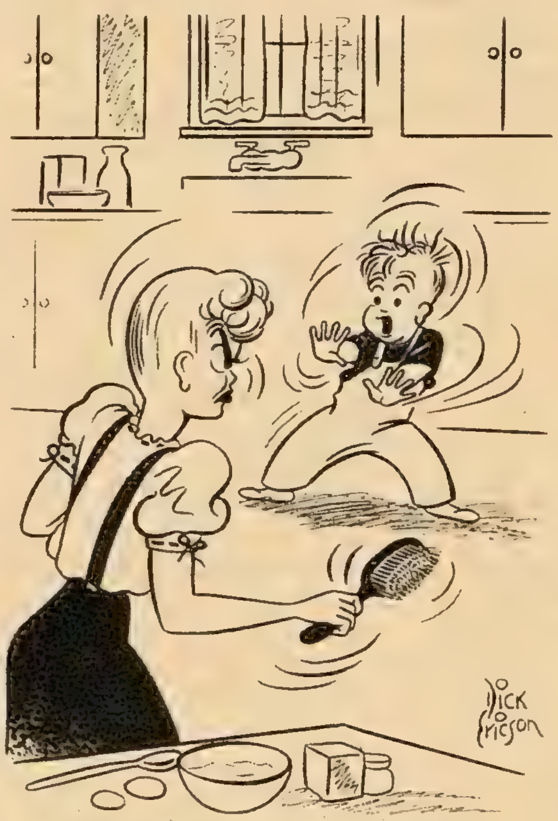
"Yes," said Kelly. "I'll get some more groceries and try it again."

Soberly Don said, "Not in my hall." He helped her to her feet. "Go dry your face and comb your hair. I'll clean up the mess."

Kelly found the bathroom and a mirror. "All right," she told her face, "you can stop burning now." She took off her coat and hat, dried the red hair the rain had curled into ringlets. Later she found a hot drink waiting for her on the table in the kitchenette. Don was drinking something that held ice. He nodded his head. "For you," he said. "You need it."

Kelly sipped her drink and made a face. "Atta girl," Don said. He went past her to the living room.

Suddenly her mind was tired, all her bounce was gone. The perfect host—cool, distant, reserved. He had not smiled once. His face still wore the deep-cut lines. "Oh, damn!" Kelly whispered.



"Whoa, hold it, hold it—give psychology one more chance!"
LIBERTY

Don came back. He said, casually, "Why did you come?"

"This is Tuesday," Kelly said.

"I see." Don began turning back his sleeves. "You'll eat, of course," he said slowly. "But that's not why you came. The real reason has to do with a guy named Johnny Mall."

"He's booked at the Pavilion," Kelly said. "I wondered if you'd noticed."

"Kelly," Don said, "I talked too much the other day. Do me a favor and forget it."

"Then you're not—"

"I collect my debts," Don said.

"A very expensive pastime," Kelly murmured, "for you, at least. This time it will cost like mad."

"I won't be caught. I—" Don broke off angrily. He bent forward, his voice turning rough. "Stay out of this, Kelly. It's my business, not yours. Nothing I do concerns you."

Kelly looked at him. Her face lost color. "I—I guess that's plain enough," she said finally. "Strike three for Kelly." She looked away. After another silent moment, her face grew stubborn. "But there are other people involved," she said. "Besides me, besides you. Mac, for instance. You're letting him down."

"I'm letting *him* down!" Don made a harsh sound. "What did he do to me? Where was he when I needed him? Pounding the skins for Johnny Mall!"

"He's not working now."

"That's jake with me," Don said. "He can starve to death. They can all starve to death. All they ever did for me was cut my throat. I'm through with them. Shall I have it sky-written for you? Would you believe it then?"

"I believe it now," Kelly said.

DON FIELDING turned to place a skillet on the stove. "How do you like your eggs?"

"Scrambled," Kelly answered.

He said, "I should have remembered."

"Yes," Kelly said to herself. "There are a lot of things you should have remembered." She pressed shaking fingers against her temples. "So all they ever did was cut your throat. Some lousy memory."

She stood up and left the kitchenette. When she returned, she was wearing her coat.

"Well?" Don asked.

"I can't eat with you," Kelly said.

"You can leave with only that," Don said, "or you can tell me why."

"I'll tell you why."

She looked at Don and wished this wasn't going to happen. So much easier to turn and leave. She was tired, beaten, and all the things she had to say were ghosts.

"So all they ever did was cut your throat," Kelly said. "You and your lousy memory! You live in a hole where you can't remember. I'm going to pull you out for just this once. I owe it to you—yes, and to Iggy and Mac and Sammy and Little Joe. Maybe to me. I couldn't sing, but I could turn the collar on a shirt."

"Kelly—"

"No." Kelly's eyes were dark. "You came back to find the girl's head was where her heart should have been. Thelma was money-wise and man-foolish. She took the chips. She sold the piano. I know how you felt. It happened to me—all but the piano."

Don's lips were set. "Go on."

"So you blame everybody—show business and music, Iggy, Mac, Sammy—all of us. All we ever did was cut your throat. But there's a year you don't remember. A year of scrambled eggs and small-town bookings, of playing in dives that turned your stomach. Holes in their shoes, no seats in their pants. Two thousand miles in a trailer. They didn't have to do it. You knew that, didn't you?"

Don said, "I knew."

"But you've forgotten," Kelly said, and her lips turned down. "Those men were good, fella. Any one of them, alone, was top-flight. But they didn't want to play alone. They knew it would take all of them, playing together, to get what they wanted—if they ever got it. Time didn't matter. Money didn't. They had a handful of smoke to make into something solid and beautiful. Eating and sleeping just got in the way. You can't buy that kind of help."

"I didn't try," Don said.

"You didn't have to," Kelly said. "They gave what they had for free. You were the guy with lovely music in your head. All they wanted was to play one tune the way they knew you heard it. They did, finally. The tune was Tinsel. Remember? The place was a joint with lousy murals and dirty washrooms. Half the tables stacked—a party of drunks who wouldn't go home. Then, Tinsel—soft and whispering and perfect. I heard it and my head got full of crazy things like the taste of tears and the sparkle of snow and the smell of rain. Crazy-beautiful things that didn't make sense. The kids knew they had it. They just sat and looked at one another afterward."

SLOWLY Don said, "They had it."

"Yes," said Kelly. "And so did you after that. Bookings, and plenty of them. Network shows. Recording dates. Success like crazy, and money too. You got Thelma—you needed a good voice. I went back to shorthand and a typewriter. But you—went places." She stopped.

"Is that all?" Don asked.

"They gave you that," Kelly said. "A year money couldn't buy. You say they cut your throat—that they took your band, your girl, and sold your piano. You've decided to hell with them; you'll cut a throat or two of your own. So O.K." Kelly turned. "I can't change that," she said, "but I don't have to eat with you."

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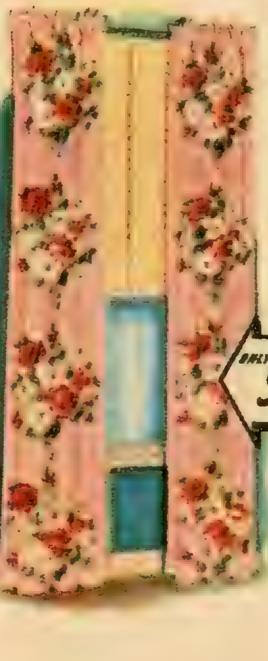

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She walked away from his apartment. She found a drugstore and a telephone and called the drummer named Mac.

"I'm sorry as the dickens," she said, "but I loused the show."

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"I'm sure," she said. "I couldn't change his mind. I couldn't touch him. He's through with us, Mac. He's still going to square things with Johnny Mall."

"What now, Kelly?"

"Kelly's taking a trip," she answered. "She owes her folks a visit. Spring's the best time to be on a ranch." Her laugh had an odd catch to it. "Mac, how long's it been since you climbed a cherry tree to eat a cherry?"

"I haven't ever," Mac said. "Kelly, you can't leave until after Saturday."

"Do you want me to go nuts?" Kelly asked.

"A little nuts won't hurt," he told her. "I'll come up to your apartment Saturday night. We'll sweat it out together."

"I don't know if I'll be there," Kelly said.

But she was, when Mac came to her door at ten o'clock Saturday night. The living room was dark. The light from the hall fell on the dim shapes of her luggage. Mac touched a suitcase with his foot.

"All set to go," he said.

"In the morning," she told him. "Quick like a bunny. I'm not up to another court scene like the last one. This time it'll be much worse."

"You don't think there's much chance," Mac said.

"Do you?"

"I saw him get on a bus for the Pavilion at nine. He didn't look too friendly."

Kelly said, "There's coffee here."

They sat in the small kitchenette and drank coffee and tried to think of things to say. Their attention was all for the soft music that came from the radio in the outer room, ". . . the lilting music of Johnny Mall." They did not know exactly what they expected to hear.

"Not a shot," Mac said. "He's too smart for that."

"But you jumped," Kelly pointed out, "when that car backfired."

An hour went by, then two. The shadows in their faces deepened. They told each other this wait was a silly, fruitless thing—but still they waited. Once Mac stood for a long time by the big black shadow which filled one corner, and came back to say, "It's still a beautiful gadget."

Kelly bent her head.

"I'm like the little girl with the anvil," she said. "Remember the story? She was kissed while standing on an anvil, so she carried the anvil around after the boy, hoping to be kissed again. That gadget is even bigger and sillier than an anvil."

"Maybe you should have told him," Mac said.

She shook her head. "I couldn't, Mac. I—"

ANNIE LOVES BI|
SAXON

"She'll be an old maid before she's twelve!"

LIBERTY

Downstairs, in the entryway, someone pushed the button beside the card that held her name. The buzzer startled them both. Mac moved first. "I'll get it," he said, and hurried into the darkened living room. Kelly heard the murmur of his voice.

"Who was it?" she asked.

Mac's voice was oddly muffled: "Don—he's coming up."

"Don!"

Kelly's attention went to the radio. The trumpet close to the microphone was unmistakably the trumpet of Johnny Mall.

Kelly said, "What are you doing, Mac?"

"Dusting," Mac said.

"Oh, lordy, lordy!" Kelly whispered.

Her hands went nervously to her hair. She smoothed her frock. She managed, somehow, to answer the knock at the door.

"Don," she said.

"Kelly!"

His long arms went around her in a rib-cracking squeeze. He pulled her head up and kissed her. It was a quick kiss—the kiss of a man who has something else on his mind.

"Where is it?" he asked.

"Where is what?" she said.

"You know what," he answered. He fumbled for the light switch beside the door. "I met Iggy out at the Pavilion—he told me." Light flooded the room. "Man alive!" Don Fielding whispered.

His eyes were on the piano in the far corner. A black grand piano. Mac was standing beside it. He said, "Hyah, boy."

Don's smile was wide, "Hello, Mac." He went to stand in front of the piano. His hand caressed the closed cover of the keyboard. Softly, to Mac, he said, "She bought it."

"That's right," Mac said. "Thelma sold it to some joker. When Kelly heard about it, she hocked everything but her inlays to buy it back. It's been here ever since. She wouldn't let anybody touch it. But the Dutchman came up to keep it tuned."

"Why didn't she tell me?"

"Women are nuts," Mac said. "But not me. I staked Iggy out at the Pavilion to tell you before you went in."

"He missed me. I was on my way out."

"You didn't need this to change your mind?"

Don shook his head. "Kelly gave me a long lecture that started me thinking. Then I heard them play." He nodded toward the radio. "Just another band. Whatever that guy swiped from me he lost a long time ago. I didn't hear one decent tune."

"He couldn't play your music forever."

"Where are the boys?"

"Around town," Mac said. "Waiting for you."

Don said, almost angrily, "Don't stand there! Get them up to your place. Kelly and I will be there in half an hour."

"I was just leaving," Mac said, and left.

"Kelly and I?" Kelly said from the davenport. "How do you know I'll go with you?"

Don threw back his head and smiled at her. He was tall and happy. The strain was gone from his face and his hair needed cutting again.

"You'll go," he said. "But first I want to know why you didn't tell me about this box of mine."

"Like Mac said—women are nuts."

"Come again," Don told her.

But Kelly was silent. Don went to her. He cupped her chin in his palm and tried to look in her eyes. She closed them.

"I think I know why," Don said. "You wanted to know if I could remember how it was with us before we went to the Dutchman's and bought the piano. Kelly, I do remember."

Kelly's eyes remained closed. Don kissed her. It was a long kiss, a sober kiss, and it meant something, everything a man could want a kiss to mean to a girl.

Don said, "Now are you convinced?"

Kelly kept her eyes shut, her face lifted. "Not yet."

Don kissed her again, and a number of times after that. They finally broke away, bubbling with laughter. Don went to sit at the piano.

"God bless you, Kelly," he whispered.

Kelly's voice held protest: "But I still don't know! Is it me or that blasted piano? I'll never know!"

Cheerfully Don said, "That's right. There we'll be"—his hands lifted and fell, and notes that were big and wonderful filled the room—"our golden-wedding anniversary, and you still wondering! . . ."

THE END

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

Continued from Page 21

Aiken ranch, often remaining for meals, and eliciting an occasional smile, even laughter, from Ellen. Felton treated Ellen with an easy casualness which sprang, Aiken supposed, from the fact that Felton had somehow kept the appearance of youth.

He had a shock of black unruly hair, a quick smile, and a rangy graceful body.

As Aiken swung down from his horse, Felton said with an exaggerated humorous gesture, "Light and rest—and let me turn your horse into the corral. I expect we're both late for supper."

This almost insolent gaiety aroused a faint irritation in Aiken's mind as, a moment later, he crossed the graveled yard. Ellen lifted her eyes but did not speak as he came into the long dining room where, he noted, places for three had already been laid. Perhaps she had been expecting Felton for supper, he thought, and for the first time in his life was conscious of jealousy.

IT was long past his usual hour of departure when Vance Felton reached for his stetson and remarked that he had best be getting on. His glance caught Ellen's as he passed her chair, and Jud Aiken saw a faint flush come into her cheeks.

As he walked with Felton to the corral, Aiken remembered the burden of their conversation during the evening and said, "You ought to get a good bull or two to head your herd, Vance. You need to bring up the grade. I could let you have the use of a few of mine."

Vance glanced with faint derision at Aiken. "Hell, I been usin' your bulls for more'n a year. They wander around."

Aiken stood quite still, feeling anger rise to his head like vapor. Without a word he turned and went back to the house. A moment later he spoke to Ellen harshly for the first time: "Ellen, it will please me if you do not ask Felton again to this house."

Her eyes flew wide. "Why?" she demanded sharply.

"Because I ask you not to. I'll not be made a fool of by any Johnny-come-lately."

"Has Vance made a fool of you?" she asked.

"No," Aiken said evenly, "he hasn't made a fool of me, and I don't intend that he shall."

In the days that followed he met Felton occasionally in a store or saloon in Buffalo Pass, and the other man's easy affability was reassuring. Standing next him at the bar, Aiken could not, however, fail to observe the curt nods given his companion by other ranchers, who drank their whisky almost hurriedly and left. It was not until Luke Brotherton, whose ranch lay west of the High Prairie, rode into Aiken's yard late one afternoon and remained for supper that Aiken understood the reason for their coolness toward Felton. "It ain't that we're plumb sure," Brotherton said cautiously, as they sat on the east veranda and watched the first stars come out, "but quite a few of us have noticed the way his brand's growin' in the hills. Sure, he buys a few now and then—but he's got more good white-faces now than he had dogies a year ago. Some of the boys are goin' to ride over to his place and talk to him, and we figured maybe you'd want to know about it, even if you didn't care to come along."

"Would you mind telling me why the hell I shouldn't go with you?"

Brotherton stirred uneasily. "No reason," he said, "only, some of us have heard it mentioned that Felton is friendly with you folks."

"That's no answer to give me. I'd ride to bring in my own brother if I thought he was putting his rope on other people's stock. When do you aim to call on Felton?"

"Why, I'd say day after tomorrow, along about sundown, when he's most likely to be home."

EX-PARATROOPER JUMPS INTO TROUBLE... And Then
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GERONIMO!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
HE'S A HOLD-UP MAN!
A HALF-HOUR PASSES
THE "CHRONICLE" IS SENDING A CAMERAMAN FOR PICTURES
GOOD PUBLICITY FOR YOU, MICHAELS
YES, IF I CAN ONLY CLEAN UP FIRST. I DIDN'T SHAVE TODAY
HERE'S MY RAZOR
THIS BLADE REALLY PERFORMS! WHAT A FAST, SMOOTH SHAVE!
THIN GILLETTES MAKE SHAVING A CINCH FOR ME, TOO
THEN, AS THEY SAY IN BOOKS, I OVERPOWERED HIM
SAVING ME A SIZABLE SUM IN NEGOTIABLE SECURITIES
HE'S SO CLEAN-CUT
I INTEND TO BRANCH OUT INTO BUILDING MAINTENANCE
H-M-M, YOU KNOW, MICHAELS, I MANAGE ALL THE TEAWELL PROPERTIES...
YOU ENJOY QUICK, REFRESHING SHAVES AND LOOK YOUR BEST WHEN YOU USE THIN GILLETTES. KEENEST OF ALL BLADES IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD, THIN GILLETTES ARE PRECISION-MADE TO FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR. THAT MEANS YOU ARE PROTECTED FROM THE SCRAPE AND IRRITATION CAUSED BY MISFIT BLADES. ALWAYS ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
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"Stop here on your way. I'll be waiting."

The next day Aiken was conferring with the ranch foreman when Ellen approached dressed in her black riding habit. "I'll go with you today, Jud," she said. "Will you have my horse saddled?"

As they rode out of the gate together he glanced at her appreciatively. Her long skirt streamed backward in the wind, and a strand of hair escaped her small hat and whipped about her face. She's so beautiful, Aiken thought. It seems strange that she's mine.

At the end of a mile they pulled their horses to a walk. Just as he was about to speak, she turned and faced him. She said, "I heard you and Mr. Brotherton talking last night. What are you going to do?"

He stared at her. "You listened?"

A flush ran up her cheeks and she replied with a little rush of words, "How could I help hearing? The window was open and Mr. Brotherton didn't bother to lower his voice. What are you going to do to Vance?"

"Why is this so important to you, Ellen?"

"Because he's the only person who comes to our house that can talk about something besides cows and weather."

"If he's been tampering with cattle belonging to other people, what he talks about hasn't very much to do with the matter," Aiken said. Suddenly he added in a harsh voice, "This is as far as we need ride. I'll go back with you to the house and you will stay there until after we've left for Felton's place tomorrow afternoon."

Her head flew back and Aiken saw that her eyes were blazing. "Do you think you can shut me up in that place like—like a heifer in a pen?" she demanded in a shaking voice.

Without another word she wheeled and started back at a tearing gallop. Aiken followed more slowly, his eyes never leaving the erect figure that drew farther and farther away.

THE following evening Jud Aiken waited in the still, enveloping heat. It had been a day of intolerable tension. Ellen had remained in her room, refusing even to come to the table for the meals which the old camp cook prepared. Only when he started for the stable that evening, there was a rush of footsteps and Ellen ran to him and laid her hand on his arm. "What—what are you going to do with him, Jud?" she asked pleadingly.

He stared down at her for a long moment. "Are you in love with Felton?" he asked at last.

She raised her eyes slowly. "I don't know for certain, but I don't believe I am," she whispered. "That is as honest as I can say it. But I'll tell you this, Jud: if you do to him what I believe you intend doing, I shall hate you for the rest of my life."

He nodded, as if to confirm a fact which his own mind had acknowledged. Without replying, he moved toward the gate where the little group of men were waiting. Lincoln Majors, a heavy-bodied man who, next to Aiken, ran the largest number of cattle in the sand hills, raised his hand in brief salute. There were mumbled greetings from the others and presently the small band of horsemen strung out along the trail which led to the low hills marking the limit of Aiken's northern range. Majors glanced at Aiken. "Maybe seven, eight miles to the hills?"

Aiken nodded and Majors leaned forward in his stirrups and gathered his reins. "Then we'd best shack along. I'd like to get there before dark."

IT seemed natural to Aiken that Majors, more than any other, should assume leadership in this matter. He had fought against the thieves in Wyoming before coming to the sand hills. He would, Aiken knew, be ruthless in his judgment of Felton, but he would be just. Luke Brotherton, riding at Aiken's side, spoke suddenly: "I had a drink with Felton a month ago in town. He seemed a fair sort of feller."

"How long have you and Majors suspected him?" Aiken asked.

"I can't rightly say," Brotherton replied. "Them things get around gradual like. I reckon Majors has been ridin' pretty close herd on Felton. Thinks he was in Wyoming before he come here."

A half hour later they reached the top of the treeless hills. Majors held up his hand and brought the group to a halt. Below them, on a flat surrounded on three sides by low sand hills, lay Felton's ranch, a huddle of low buildings, dun colored and almost indiscernible in the colorless light of late afternoon. Majors took charge. "Brotherton, take Nelson and Spayde and swing around to come in on Felton's place from the other side at the same time we come up from this direction. We'll take it slow. You'll have to push your horses."

Eric Peters

"I don't know nuttin' about art, but I knows wot I like."
LIBERTY

MAJORS had timed the arrival of the two groups accurately. They came into Felton's unkempt ranch yard simultaneously just as Felton himself, hearing hoofbeats on the hard-packed earth, appeared in the door, surprise widening his eyes. Majors said at once, "Came to talk, Felton."

Jud Aiken saw the almost involuntary motion that Felton made toward his hidden shoulder holster. Majors had seen it too. "Leave your gun alone," he said. "You won't need it—yet."

A small feeling of admiration crept into Aiken's mind as he saw Felton's complete composure. He smiled at Majors. "I know you ain't so fond of me that you'd all come visitin' at one time and so late in the day."

Majors swung down from his horse and walked slowly over to where Felton was standing. "Been quite a while since you headed out of the Wind River country, hasn't it?"

The muscles along Felton's jaw tightened but the fixed smile did not leave his lips. He dusted some tobacco into a cigarette paper and said, "I'd like to ask you now if this play's just between us two. Looks like it ain't." His glance swung around to Aiken. "You backin' his hand, Jud?"

Aiken nodded. "Yes, till we find out what we're after."

"That's plain enough."

Inside the house Majors detailed four of the group to search the premises. Then he began his questioning.

From the first it was clear to Aiken that Majors felt himself on sure ground. He began by remarking in a friendly voice, "You made your big mistake, Vance, when you sold that beef to the commandant at Fort Robinson. You sold him so much and at such a low price that he didn't have to depend on his regular sources—some of the boys here. You did the same thing in Wyoming with the commandant at Fort Washakie. I thought you'd be too smart to repeat like that."

Felton grinned. "Sure, I sold some of my own beef. I never been in Wyoming."

Majors waved a negligent hand. "All right. We'll let that go for awhile. Take off your boots."

Felton's hand flew back and wildness came into his face. "What for?" he asked in a grating voice.

"Want to look at your heels. You wear a certain kind of metal scuff plates on 'em. Leastwise the feller we're lookin' for did."

Felton started to rise from his chair, a twisted smile on his lips. "To hell with you!" His hand started toward the shoulder holster, and Majors said mildly, "No sense in losing your head, Felton. It was just a request. We can let that go, too, I reckon. But keep that gun holstered till you think you need it. At that, you wouldn't have much of a chance. Just look around."

Felton's eyes swung around the circle of faces ranged along the walls of the bleak little room and his lips tightened to a bitter line. "Ten against one."

"We don't want any mistakes," Majors said seriously. "These are all men you know. They're here to see you get a fair deal."

Listening to Majors' quiet voice and Felton's jerky, abrupt replies, Aiken became conscious of a feeling of unreality. It could have been a grotesque dream at the end of a long and sleepless night. Felton was sitting with his chair tipped back against the wall in an attitude of composure. Only his fingers, as he twisted paper around tobacco, betrayed emotion. They trembled ever so faintly. The room grew thick with dusk and Majors said, "You got a lamp here, Vance?"

Felton nodded. "Sure. In the bedroom. Want me to get it for you?" He grinned when Majors motioned to Brotherton, and murmured, "Hell, I couldn't get far on foot, Majors."

In the yellow light of the smoke-blackened lamp the questioning was resumed. It halted only briefly when Spayde came in and whispered something to Majors. Aiken saw Felton's glance leap wildly toward them. A few moments later he said abruptly, "I got some chores to look after. You can send one of the boys with me, if you want."

Majors said, "We'll look after the chores. You didn't bury those hides very well, Felton. I'm sure surprised at you."

IT was near midnight when Brotherton interrupted the monotonous questioning to say roughly, "Majors, what's the use of all this? He's guilty as hell and we all know it. The hides was enough if there wasn't anything else."

Majors' glance roved over the still faces of the men sitting on the floor or lounging in the few chairs which the room afforded. Spayde, who had found the buried hides, spoke first: "We're wasting time. Let's get it over and go home."

"Nothing will be done until morning, whatever we decide on here," Majors said. "Felton has a right to speak for himself. He hasn't done much talkin' yet."

"How about it, Vance?" Brotherton asked almost gently. "You got anything to say?"

Felton moistened his dry lips. "You boys all through?"

Majors' glance swept the circle and came back to Felton. "Looks like it, Vance," he murmured.

Felton made a cigarette with fingers that shook plainly now. Grayness had come into his face. "Them hides," he said in a voice just above a whisper—"sure I killed the beef and sold some to the commandant. Not much, though, because I par-

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celed a good deal of it out among nesters that ain't got money enough to pay or guts to take what they have to have. What I done ain't so unusual in this country. You jaspers sittin' there judgin' me have all been just as guilty as I am—maybe a hell of a lot worse.

"As for provin' I run a hot iron over some of your brands, you can't do it. You can just guess, and guessin' ain't grounds enough to do to a man what you're goin' to do to me. That's all I got to say."

Majors said, "I'll take that gun now, Vance."

Savage wildness came into Felton's face and, a moment later, vanished. "All right, Majors. I'd take a chance, but ten's too many." His hand went to the shoulder holster beneath his armpit and he held out the weapon butt first. Majors said, "Jud, take Vance in the other room while we talk a little."

Sitting in the starshine that came through a window, Felton said, "Sure a pretty night. Awful dry, though."

"Yes," Aiken said, "it's sure dry."

"I got me a little patch of clover," Felton went on musingly. "Looks like it ain't goin' to pull through. I been worried about it."

The sense of unreality gripped Aiken more strongly. Through the thin partition he could hear the subdued voices of the others, and once Spayde's feverish cursing. When the door opened and Brotherton came into the room, he said, "They want you now, Jud. I'll stay with Vance."

JUD AIKEN stood the first watch. He counted the moments until one of the others would come in from the stable to relieve him. From the littered table where he was idly riffling through a soiled deck of cards, Felton spoke abruptly, his voice sounding loud in the room's stillness: "You was to blame, Jud, not Ellen. She was a kid married to a man twice her age. It wasn't a thing she was responsible for; her mother and you fixed that up. But she was the one that had to pay. You'd ought to have had more sense."

"All right, Vance, all right," Aiken said wearily. He didn't want to talk to Vance about Ellen. It was as if Vance were already dead and speaking from beyond the grave.

"You did the best you knew how by her, Jud, but it wasn't enough," Felton said.

"Shut up, Vance," Jud said. "I don't want to talk about it."

Felton ran the cards together with a soft sound. He said, "I guess you wouldn't want to play a hand or two of cassino?"

Aiken shook his head numbly and Vance murmured, "I figured you wouldn't." Then he added, anxiety in his voice, "Sure hope they milked that little heifer in the barn. She lost her calf and her bag'll cake if she ain't milked."

"Brotherton milked her," Aiken said and saw relief in Felton's face.

"That's good," he said. "Hope you get her when—when they split up my stuff. They'll have to do something with it. I ain't got no kinfolks to leave property to."

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SCHOOL ZONE
25 MILE LIMIT
CURVE
DETOUR
SLOW! CATTLE CROSSING
JEFF KEATE

"You might take a look for one of those 'dangerous curve' signs, Ed."
LIBERTY

Aiken said hoarsely, "What the hell's the use in talking about it?"

"No use, I reckon," Felton said.

Aiken said, "Vance, why don't you try to get a little sleep? I could sit in your bedroom just as well."

Felton shook his head humorously. "If I miss a little sleep it ain't goin' to make much difference."

Silence again. Vance continued his slow and methodical laying out of the cards. Once Aiken spoke abruptly: "I got a cigar here, Vance. But I guess you wouldn't smoke a cigar. I never saw you smoke one."

"No," Felton said, "I never liked ceegars. You reckon they'll send Spayde to relieve you? I never got along good with Spayde."

He was building another cigarette a few moments later when the door opened and Nelson came in. He glanced at Felton and smiled awkwardly. Felton grinned and said with satisfaction, "Hell, I'm glad it's you and not that damned Spayde."

Aiken rose and moved toward the door. Just as he was closing it behind him he heard Vance ask, "Henry, you play cassino?"

AIKEN swam up with difficulty out of the deep sleep into which he had been plunged. Suddenly he heard Majors speak clearly: "You might as well fire a pistol into the air hoping to hit him as to expect you'd pick up his trail in this pitch dark. Don't be a fool, Spayde. We'll wait till morning."

Spayde's angry reply came back: "Then it'll be too late. He'll have more'n three hours' start. Even if he left a plain trail, we'd never catch him then."

"No," Majors said, "you're probably right."

Aiken called out, "What happened?"

"Felton got away—that's what happened," Spayde's voice replied.

Majors said, "He got Nelson into a cassino game. There was a beer bottle on the table with a candle stuck in its neck. He got his hands on it and laid Nelson's head open. Looks like one of us would have heard him getting his horse out of the corral, but no one did. He's clean away."

"Yes," Aiken said, "he wanted me to play with him too. You going to ride after him, Majors?"

"No," the big man said impatiently. "How could you pick up his tracks? A good many horses have been in and out of this place."

Spayde was swearing monotonously. "That Nelson. That damned fool of a Nelson!"

"Shut up, Spayde," Majors said sharply. "It could have been you just as well."

DAWN grayed the eastern sky when they rode southward. Aiken broke the silence by saying, "Nelson must have got careless."

"Vance only needed one chance," Majors said. "Nelson dropped a card, and when he went to straighten up, it was too late."

They rode for an hour in easy companionship, each intent on his own thoughts. When they came to the trail which turned off toward Majors' place, he said simply, "Maybe I shouldn't feel this way, but I'm a little bit glad that Vance got away. He wasn't all bad."

Aiken impulsively held out his hand. "So long, Majors. Looks like we think a good deal alike."

It was midmorning when Aiken turned into his own ranch yard. The collie he'd given Ellen ran out to meet him, leaping upward at the horse's nose and whining eagerly. A curious silence brooded over the yard.

He shoved open the kitchen door and walked heavily across the bare floor. He thought of calling to Ellen, but decided against it and started toward her room. As he passed the table his eye fell upon a piece of paper with scrawled lines running across it in Ellen's unformed childish hand. He picked it up, conscious of a prickling in his scalp. "Vance came here in the night," the lines ran. "You tried to kill him, Jud, so we are going away where no one will ever find us. Good-by. ELLEN."

Without being aware of it, Aiken folded the note carefully and placed it in an inside pocket of his vest. Then he went to a chair and dropped into it. Outside, the collie set up a tentative scratching at the door, his eager whine coming through the thin panels. Aiken did not move or change his eyes from their fixed position on the floor.

After awhile the collie trotted away toward the stable.

The conclusion of this story will appear in the next issue.

PARADISE WITH SERPENT

Continued from Page 32

"Yes. He is not very clear as to precisely what was said."

"Oh, I think I can give a pretty clear—"

The missionary held up a finger. "That won't be necessary. Feeling that I knew the points you were trying to make, I wrote an account of—the sense of the conversation. Possibly not the exact exchanges." He gathered up the written sheets and shook them into neatness. "That gives us five affidavits with regard to yourself. Of course the charges against your other officers are palpably untrue and will be easy to refute." He folded the papers and handed them to Bill. "Best, I suppose, to have all these typed in proper form. If you will get that done and designate witnesses, I'll see to the signatures."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am, sir."

"My plain duty, as I said before. Do you think these statements will cover the situation?"

"I hope so, sir. I don't see where we could get any more."

"Nor I."

"THEY may send a board here to investigate. We'll see." Bill crammed the papers into a breast pocket of his sun-tan shirt.

"How is Miss Forrester?" he asked.

The missionary frowned. "She seems rather miserable. She believes it's the climate. She's decided to return to the States."

"Yes," Bill said. "I wanted to talk to her about accommodations."

Mr. Edgett rose. "Just a minute. I'll ask whether she can see you."

"Oh, I don't want to bother her."

The missionary went through the swing door into the kitchen. In a moment Mrs. Edgett came in with her husband.

"Good morning, captain. So sorry to hear you're having all this ridiculous trouble. I'll see if Diana can come down."

"Thank you."

Mr. Edgett half sat on the table. "By the way, I have a suggestion."

"Yes, sir?"

"About Rozouila. You remember I told you I'd learned that Toami had been a former suitor of hers."

Bill smiled. "Yes. I've watched them ever since, and he's certainly devoted."

"Yes. Well—why don't you clear yourself of this whole involvement by giving her to Toami? She's your property. You can't refuse to accept her from the king, but once you've accepted her, you can make any disposition of her you like."

"You mean I can just make Toami a present—"

"Yes. Here's Toami, devoted to her. But she is bound to you—as

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strongly as if she were your wife. If you give her to him—"

"He'd marry her, wouldn't he?"

"Oh, yes. I feel certain of it."

"Would you help me with that, too, sir? Help me explain?"

"Gladly."

"Well, great! Swell! I'll come by for you late this afternoon."

Bill heard a sound from the hall above, then on the uncarpeted stairs. He half turned toward the staircase.

"Yes," the missionary boomed. "We'll make short work of these charges. Of course I had the advantage of everyone else, knowing how things stood from the start. Still, it seems to me that anyone who knows you ought to realize that you're not the kind of young man to have an affair with a native girl, even as pretty a one as— Oh!" he interrupted himself as Diana appeared on the stairs.

She did look miserable. There were dark circles under her eyes. She stopped at the foot of the stairway.

Bill Willoby took two steps toward her. "Look here—I hope I'm not being a nuisance. It can wait till tomorrow, I suppose. I wanted to talk to you about your transportation. Sergeant McNish brought me a request for plane space, and I thought—" She looked so queer that he stopped babbling.

She said: "Hello, captain."

"You'd better sit down, Diana," Paul Edgett said. "I'll just see what the kids are up to."

DIANA FORRESTER sat on the sofa at the end of the room. From a hip pocket Bill produced the papers McNish had given him.

He said, "Honestly, this can wait, if you don't feel up to it. I thought, if you were in a hurry to get away—"

"Oh, I'm all right. I will be, I mean. All I need is a good hard kick in the right place."

He did not understand. He said, "I'm terribly sorry you're not well. And sorrier still that you've decided to leave, I guess, even if— Well, now, here we are. A request for plane space. It needs my signature, and we're supposed to give an approximate date. Once it goes through and they give you a reservation, they'll be annoyed if you cancel. So I wanted to make sure, you see."

He handed her the filled-out form. "Oh," she said, looking vaguely at it. "Well—that would depend on accommodations to California, wouldn't it?"

"Yes. Unless you're willing to take a chance on waiting. That's the other thing. McNish has prepared a radio request to SPIC for a steamer reservation. He thinks we really ought to send that first and make the plane request after we see how chances are. That's for you to decide, of course. I'll O.K. 'em both, if you like, and—"

Her eyes were enormous and shiny. He pushed the papers into her hands.

"I'll leave 'em with you," he said. "Keep 'em till you feel up to it. You—you'd better—" He backed away. "Shall I call Mrs. Edgett?"

She shook her head violently. "I'm s-sorry," she said, and pressed her lips together.

He said, "I'm so sorry you're feeling this way. You see, I—I—well, when I heard you were going away, that—sort of tied up the whole thing—in a big blue bowknot. I mean I—hate to see you—sick and unhappy. You're such a—" He didn't find the word. He backed away again.

Near the door he stopped. He said, "You won't hesitate to call me, will you, if you want—anything at all? I mean, if there's anything in the world I can do for you, you must know you— G'by."

He strode down the path.

DIANA made a miraculous recovery. She telephoned Lieutenant Schmidt in the morning, and he called for her and drove her to the post.

Bill Willoby asked, "Do you feel well enough to take a rotten long piece of dictation? I've got to do a report on— Did you happen to see all that red-bordered stuff the other day, before you got sick? The stuff about Angela Toland's article?"

She fiddled with the shift key on her typewriter. "Yes. I saw some of it. Enough."

"Well, I've got to do a report in answer to it. I'm going to have to tell the whole story, and that means it'll be a mile long. If you don't feel well enough, I'll type it out myself."

"I'm perfectly well. Really."

He scratched the back of his neck. "There's another thing. I don't want to yell it all over here, with people coming in and out." He thought for a moment. "I wonder if we can borrow Mike Sloan's room. I'll go and see."

The room down the hall was empty. They moved, Diana with a handful of pencils and two notebooks, Bill with a sheaf of notes.

"Let's head it 'Report on Allegations Made in Newspaper Article by Miss Angela Toland,'" he said. "On your mark—get set."

They stuck at it brutally. He kept suggesting that she rest, and she kept insisting that she was not tired. They were getting close to the end when Lieutenant Schmidt brought in the letter from Colonel Power in an envelope marked PERSONAL.

"Thought it might have something to do with what you're working on," Schmitty said, and withdrew.

"Mmm. Yes," Bill said. "Will you excuse me while I have a look at it?"

THE letter showed signs of amateur typing. It said:

Dear Willoby:

Got your radio message a few minutes ago and I'm writing this for the morning plane. Glad you're not guilty and can support your case. Could be an awful mess.

Here's something new. There's a Senate investigation coming up on U. S. occupation all over the world. Some of the boys got hold of this Toland piece and saw what nice headlines it would make, so they plan to investigate you and the concubines as soon as possible. They asked the W. D. for you, and we have an order to ship you back "soon as practicable." That gives us a day or two to find a replacement for you and send him out, but we'll be cutting your orders very soon. Nothing against your record, of course. You'd better knock out that report just the same, and take copies of it and the affidavits with you. You never know.

I'm mighty sorry about this because I'd hate to see you become a political football. I accept your statement that you're being libeled, and we could brush it off if we could keep it in military channels, but heaven only knows what happens when one of our legislators tucks the ball under his arm and gallops off in all directions. (You could hang me under the Articles of War for that, and for a lot of my other opinions of the United States Senate.)

Well, this is (*a*) a warning order to be ready to move, and (*b*) an expression of good will. I hope nobody's planning to smear you. And I assure you I thought I was landing you in a bed of roses when I sent you to Midi.

Regards!

G. H. P.

Bill lowered the letter and raised his eyes to look out the window. You could have achieved the same effect on him by hitting him over the back of the neck with a baseball bat and then slapping him with a wet halibut.

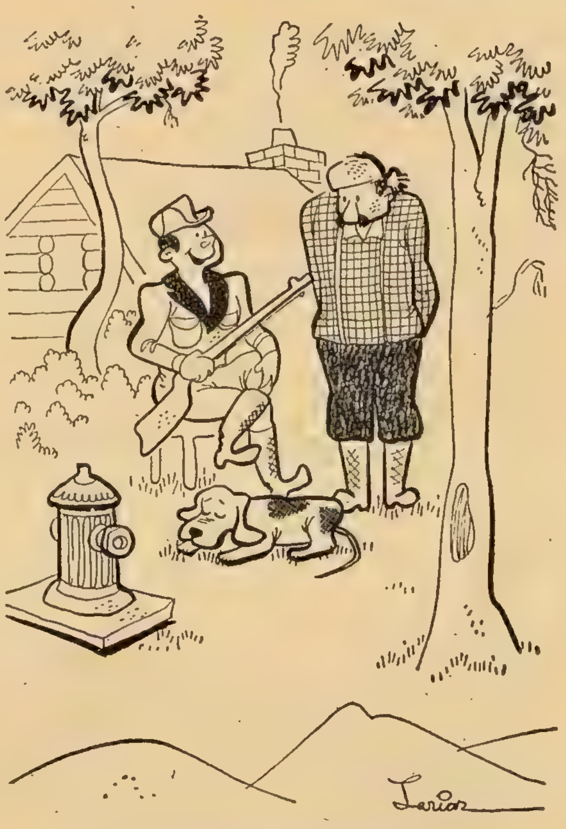
Diana Forrester was sitting in Mike Sloan's chair beside the desk, so that he saw her lovely profile. Her eyes were lowered and the long lashes lay in repose.

Bill Willoby walked over and laid the letter before her. He started to speak, felt his throat contract oddly, and turned away.

Diana said, "Did you mean me to read this?"

"Please," he said, without moving.

Silence. The paper whispered in Diana's hand.



"He was city bred!"

LIBERTY

After a very long while, she said, "Oh, Bill!"

"Yuh," he said. "Isn't that great?"

"It's filthy!"

He moved his lips.

"Bill, all this—this you've been dictating—is it true?"

"Every word of it." He spun sharply on his heel and took the four strides that brought him to the corner of the desk before her. "Embarrassing," he said. "Makes me the big round-eyed nincompoop. Is my face magenta! Hung for a lamb, by heaven!"

"It's so unfair!" Her gentle understanding eyes came up at last and met his.

He said, "It's what I get for being serious-minded. I knew there was a penalty attached to it. Oh, yes, *rigor brasshatis* was setting in. I'm saved from that, anyhow."

He was close to her. One of her hands came up unexpectedly and took one of his.

Watching his fingers spread a little to envelop hers, he said, "You work at something. You try to do it right, so that you can have the satisfaction of seeing it develop as it ought to. You discipline yourself. You take a lot of trouble. You take pride in it. Yuh. That's it. Pride." He laughed, a peculiar snort in the back of his nose.

He released her hand and retreated hastily to the window. He did not hear her follow him, but she was there beside him suddenly, touching his arm. He turned his face away.

She said, "I know it's not much help, but I'm terribly sorry."

He got his features rearranged and faced her again. He said, "It's a great deal of help. I hope you'll excuse me for going all choky on you."

She pressed his arm.

HE said, very calmly now, "There's a lot mixed up in it, you see. I want to go home, all right, but I don't want to go home in chains. I don't want to go home and be a feature in the papers." He wrinkled his nose at her. "And that's not really what's on my mind at all."

"How do you mean?"

"Remember the other night, when I blithered at you about going on after the war, and all that?"

"Of course I remember."

"Well—I'd like to—feel free to say some more on that subject. With this thing hanging over me—"

"What thing? A Senate investigation of something you didn't do?"

"A good chance of being made a—well, a joke at the best."

"Pooh! You've got a fine chance of making your Miss Toland apologize in public."

He took hold of both her shoulders. "Diana—"

"Sir?" she said, smiling queerly.

"Do you still want to go home?"

"If you go, I do."

"Di-*an*-a!"

She nodded her head quickly.

He said, "'Damn' if I'm not going to curl up and have a good cry after all, if you're not careful."

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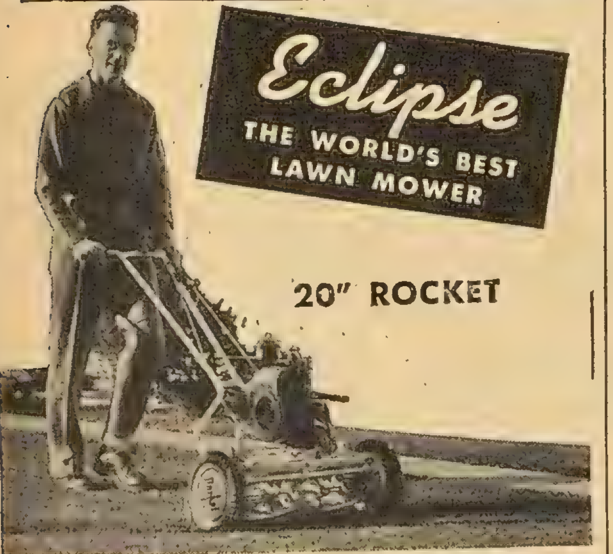

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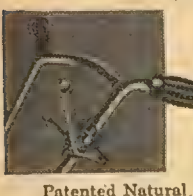

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HAND AND POWER MODELS

"Let's," she said, and there were tears in the eyes she raised to him.

"Let's not. I've got a better idea."

Even in his arms, however, even with his lips on hers, she did cry. The two tears that had been poised on her lids ran down her cheeks, and she sniffed once. Then her arm went up to his shoulder and held him. . . .

The door opened sharply. Somebody said, "Oop!"

The door closed. There was a discreet knock.

"Come in," Bill said.

Schmitty's normally pink round face was crimson. He said, "Gee, I'm sorry."

Bill raised his eyebrows. "I want you to meet my fiancée," he said. "This is Lieutenant Schmidt, dear."

Schmitty gaped. "Well—congratu-la-tions." Schmitty held out an air-mail envelope. "There was this, too. Might be of interest. Dunno. Here." He dropped it on the desk and fled.

Bill looked at Diana. He said, "That was right, wasn't it? I mean, you are going to marry me, aren't you? You are my fiancée?"

"Unless one of your other women grabs you," she said, and took the letter from the desk. "This is what's-her-name, the picture girl, isn't it?"

"Yes. Hey, wait!" he cried. "Wait! This may be of interest, at that." He tore off the end of the envelope.

Bill dear:
I've just received the whole story from Uncle George and it looks pretty gruesome until you realize what a smooth operator the old boy is. No use my copying it all over or trying to put it in my own words so I pass his letter on to you. Hope you can read his writing!

Love,
LEILA.

Uncle George's penmanship did leave something to be desired in legibility, but together—Bill leaning over Diana's shoulder, one arm around her—they figured it out.

Dear Leila:
About this young man of yours in the Pacific. I nearly made a tremendous *faux pas,* but I think it will be all right. Trust me.

When I heard there was going to be an investigation of occupation officers fraternizing with native girls in the South Sea Islands, I remembered that your captain was in an occupation force and saw an ideal chance to get him ordered home. I looked up his name and spoke to the chairman of the investigating committee and set the wheels in motion to call him as a witness. That was when I wrote you my previous note.

The next day I saw the article by Angela Toland that started all the trouble, and—lo and behold—the leading villain in the piece is a Captain William W. Willoby of West Bay, L. I. I saw at once that it must be your captain. The request for him to appear before the committee had already gone forward, and it looked as if I had done the boy a tremendous disservice.

Yesterday, however, Hunneford was taken sick and was dropped from the committee. I got myself appointed in his place. So I shall be on hand to look out for Willoby's best interests, come what may.

Tell him to be sure to call on me the minute he arrives in Washington. He can tell the whole story, and if he's got a leg to stand on, I'll bring him through looking pure as the driven snow. If he's obviously guilty, I may be able to avoid having his case brought up. Anyway, I'll do my best for him.

Your loving
UNCLE GEORGE.

Diana said, "Who is Uncle George?"

"Senator George Something Rollinson."

"Senator Rollinson? Why, he's—why, with *him* on your side—"

"Yes, ma'am. The situation seems to be well in hand. The morale of our forces is greatly improved. Have I told you that I love you so much more than anybody else ever loved anybody else that there ought to be a law?"

"You haven't even mentioned love at all. The word hasn't come up."

"Very well. I love you. What do you say to that?"

"I love you. That's what."

"Well, then . . ."

"Bill, *no!* No. Please! We've got to finish this report, and I've got to type the affidavits and—Bill! You're mmmmm . . ."

HE released her after a little.

She said, "Now sir, that's enough of that."

"For now," he corrected her.

"For now and here," she agreed. "Let's for heaven's sake, get the report finished, and the endorsement, and I'll try to have them typed by this afternoon."

He said, "Listen. I've been thinking. If they're going to order me to Washington—"

"Yes?"

"Well, if I have a wife here, they can send her home with me."

She stared. "Can they really?"

"Yep. Of course that would mean getting married pretty quickly. Maybe you wouldn't—"

"I'll bet I would."

"Darling!" She held him off with a determined elbow. He said, "Mr. Edgett could marry us."

"He's not sure of his standing. He's not a member of any church. The one that sent him out here folded up. Maybe it wouldn't be legal."

"He's converted Rozouila and Tommy and he's going to marry them next week. Anyway, his ceremony would do for army purposes."

"Army purposes!" she said. "You listen to me, Captain Willoby: We're going to have the chaplain make it official. When I marry you, I want a ceremony that's good for *all* purposes! . . . . Stop! Get over there on the other side of the desk. We've got to get on with this. Let's see. You were on Paragraph Nine. I'll read what you had said. . . . Bill, stop! Suppose somebody walks in!"

"Tell him you agree with Miss Toland—To err is human, to forgive divine."

THE END

LADY WHO HAS LIVED

Continued from Page 29

was crushed and the Nazis moved into Warsaw. Maryla's home was gone. Her husband and brothers had taken up arms and were somewhere with the retreating Polish forces. Her father's house still stood, but the Germans had requisitioned it. She and her parents drifted from one place to the next. Finally, in one of the Germans' periodic round-ups, they were hauled in.

They were questioned by the Gestapo. The man who cross-examined Maryla recalled that she had played in Germany. He turned agreeable and persuasive. "Why don't you go to Berlin?" he suggested. "We'll send you there in style. There you can play—and eat."

Maryla shook her head—and was locked up. She remained under arrest for many weeks. One day a high German officer who had heard her in Germany had her released. He was genuinely helpful. He advised her to make for Berlin and apply at the Brazilian Embassy for aid.

Maryla started for Berlin—on foot. She walked the several hundred miles from Warsaw to Cracow. From Cracow she walked to Katowice, near the German border. Somehow she got to Berlin. It took weeks and weeks; she doesn't remember how many. She seldom ate. She slept in barns, under trees by the roadside.

The Brazilian Embassy in Berlin gave her asylum and fixed up a false passport that made her out to be the wife of the Ambassador's son. With him she flew to Lisbon, whence from Lisbon she made her way by ship to Rio de Janeiro and her sister.

ONCE safely in the Brazilian capital, late in 1940, her nerves broke from the strain. She spent months in sanatoriums. When she seemed to be mending, she received word that one of her brothers had been killed. This was followed by the news that her husband and parents had perished.

Her sister, searching for some way to reach through the haze of misery, urged Maryla to resume playing the piano, which she had not touched since the attack on Poland. She could not bring herself even to sit down before a keyboard. Her mind was numb, her fingers were stiff.

About this time Artur Rubinstein, another illustrious Polish Pianist, came to Rio in the course of a tour of South America. He had known Maryla in Warsaw, and called on her. He urged her eloquently to resume playing. He told her she was now a representative of Poland. It was her duty, he said, to keep reminding the world that her country had stood for something, and to work and earn money to help rescue other Poles from their Nazi-dominated homeland. She agreed with every word. But she could not play.

Rubinstein is a man of character. One morning he phoned and asked her to come over to the Municipal Theater to hear him rehearse his program for that evening. She didn't want to go, but her sister argued that she could not insult Rubinstein by ignoring his invitation.

She went. Rubinstein played with more fervor than a great pianist needs to expand in a practice session. She listened. Vague memories brushed her mind, but they did not rouse her from her apathy. When she finished, Rubinstein asked her to try out the piano while he went to the back of the hall to test the acoustics. Miss Jonas recalls that she was too inert to remember that Rubinstein had often played in that theater and knew everything there was to know about it.

SHE shook her head. He insisted, made a great show of being offended. So at last she went indifferently to the piano. She recalls that it was 2.30 P.M. when she sat down at the keyboard. Her fingers drew out of the hazy past precise recollections of Mozart and Beethoven and Chopin and Paderewski. She didn't notice the minutes and hours slipping by, nor was she conscious that the hall was filling with the audience for Rubinstein's concert, which was to start at 8. It was 7.30 P.M. when she arose from the piano. There were tears in her sister's eyes. Rubinstein was still there, too. He had barely time to dress, and he had not eaten. But Maryla had played. The spell was broken.

A few days later Rubinstein arranged for her to play at a private gathering of musicians and critics. This introduction led to a recital in Rio. She was now awake, determined to build her career anew. But building a career takes time and money. In those days she knew want. She lived in one small room, hardly large enough for a piano.

Ernesto de Quesada, a manager, began to book her, and in the next three years she played all over South and Central America. She did well, but her fees were small. Quesada kept telling her she must brave New York and click there; otherwise she would not command any real money in the rest of the Americas.

Maryla figured she would need $2,000 to pay for the trip and the recital. Finally she induced a Mexican friend to hire her for eight radio concerts for that sum. Her estimate was correct. She spent $1,400 on the debut recital, and the rest on traveling expenses.

For three days and nights before the Carnegie recital she could not sleep. That did not alarm her; she thought it was nerves. She had known more sleepless nights than most people.

After the debut she took time to see a doctor. It turned out that she had a badly infected tooth.

And on the morning after her de-

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but a cable from Poland informed her that one of her two surviving brothers had been found dead—another Nazi victim.

Miss Jonas has a distaste for making herself out a tragic figure. When I saw her in her small hotel room shortly after her first New York recital, she refused at first to tell her own story. She insisted on talking about the difficulties that face other young musicians. She herself did not reveal that dozens of fellow Poles were thronging to her, seeking help and advice. I got that story from those she had helped.

Several months ago she managed to bring her last surviving brother, George Jonas, to this country. The once successful physician arrived here a broken man. He had spent five years in a concentration camp; the Nazis had forced him to watch as his mother and nine-year-old daughter were murdered. His wife, also in America at last, had been interned for three years.

THERE were, of course, many details to take care of before Miss Jonas was able to arrange for her brother's passage. Last October, after they had spent a long evening signing papers and ironing out problems, her lawyer, Joseph Sharfsin, suggested that they go to a night club for a relaxing hour.

"I don't like night clubs," Maryla protested.

Sharfsin told her he would take her to a small, quiet club. Too tired to argue, she went. They met some friends of his—another couple and their friend, Dr. Ernest G. Abraham, a distinguished endocrinologist. As Maryla tells it, they sat at the same table for three hours, and she and Dr. Abraham did not exchange a word.

The next morning he phoned and said he had to see her. She was leaving that evening to start her concert tour, and answered truthfully that she had not a moment to spare. He insisted, and she finally let him call. They talked. As an amateur cellist, he understood music and appreciated her art. Somehow, he understood her, too. She was deeply touched.

While she was on tour, Dr. Abraham wrote to her and proposed marriage. In December she was married to him. Her husband puts her career first, she says gratefully.

"I think sometimes," she says, "he loves artist first, woman in me second. He says he knows I must travel. He will be happy if I am home a few weeks a year. And look at the apartment he brings me to! Ten rooms! I feel like Cinderella, and I worry—comes midnight, *phfftt* Cinderella."

She needn't worry. Dr. Abraham understands the temperament of an artist. Before a concert, as she puts it, "I become monster." After a concert she wants good food and good company and doesn't fret about tomorrow's reviews.

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

HERE'S OIL IN YOUR EYE!—Check this homespun remedy with your doctor before using. (I've checked it with mine, and he says O.K.) When unbridled spring breezes propel a cinder, steel ingot, or other foreign matter into your eye, head for the nearest bottle of castor oil or any other pure oil, and with an eye dropper pop a drop into the irritated lamp, and you are very likely to get relief. The oil is soothing, so even though you may not be lucky enough to wash the cinder out, you will be more comfortable while en route to your doctor. My Good Samaritan neighbor, Dorothy Kelly, tried this remedy on my five-year-old, and out came the cinder. . . . Another simple remedy for a common scourge was recommended by hairdresser Henri Ertz, who declares that the most indomitable snorers may be brought under control by getting them to put a little vaseline into the nostrils before going to bed. Says he, "It may take two or three nights of faithful application before any results are noticeable, but then the snoring will either cease or at least diminish."

FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN: Landers, Frary & Clark of New Britain, Connecticut, makers of electrical appliances for the home, recently entertained the press at New York's Waldorf-Astoria with a preview of the new postwar refrigerators, ranges, washers, toasters, irons, pressure cookers, coffee makers, and electric blankets. A new pop-up electric toaster has a contraption that enables the operator to examine the toast without interrupting the toasting. Most fascinating new electric range was the "Bantam," which bakes, broils, roasts, etc., and whose over-all size is a gnomelike 22½ inches wide by 14 inches deep by 42 inches high. Weight, 98 pounds. . . . Another unusual fashion show was that staged at the Hampshire House Cottage by the Gilbert Hall of Science. Lovely designer Anne Farrell was present, along with her "Toys for Tiny Tots." Among the many constructive toys were Anne's "Village," "Big Town," and "Skyscraper" blocks. Dark-blue doors and windows on the blocks approximate the shadows that real doors and windows make. A church steeple is finished in a realistic metallic bronze; water towers in metallic aluminum. The "Village" consists of 12 blocks; "Big Town," 20; "Skyscraper," 40.

MOMMA'S DAY: It is impossible to do justice to the welter of enchanting gifts offered dutiful descendants by insistent merchants and manufacturers in connection with that sure-fire come-on, Mother's Day. Among the many books that would interest a mature mother is the large volume—As We Were—of old prints and facts relating to family life in America from 1850 to 1900, collected by Bellamy Partridge and Otto Bettman. . . . In the field of cosmetics, Ma is due to have a field day, come Sunday, May 11. To suggest a few of the newest and nicest: There's Helena Rubinstein's package containing her new "Crackerjack" lipstick, face powder, and nail lacquer, all for $2.25 plus tax. Fabergé's new perfume ensemble involves perfume, sachet, and cologne for $5 plus tax. Hudnut's dainty "Bathasweet" line runs the gamut from perfumed water softener to bubbling bath oil to soapy shower mitts and plump, pink, round bath soap topped with a sculptured soap rose. Prices range from 50 cents to $1.50 plus tax. Sara Cooley's "Avocado Night Oil" ($5 plus tax) and "Avovita" ($2.50 and $3.75 plus tax) are only two of this Hollywood cosmetician's many products which will make Mom *feel* glamorous while struggling to *be* glamorous. Yardley's Bond Street fragrance is now available in silky-smooth sachet at $2.50 plus tax for the new old-fashioned pouch container. . . . which reminds me, Grandma is a mother too, and would consider it a delicate gesture to be on the receiving end of a few of these alluring cosmetic parcels.

REMEMBER
MOTHER'S
DAY
MAY 11

THE MAN WHO HATED SPRING

Continued from Page 37

The springs of a seventy-two-dollar chintz-covered day bed squeaked as Andy Cady bestirred himself. His blue eyes under a shock of turbulent hair peered over the top of the flowered divan.

"So!" stuttered Mr. Grumper. "So! Just as I thought. Get up!"

Mr. Cady dutifully arose.

"I want to talk to you later," said Mr. Grumper. "In my office after lunch."

"Yes, sir," said Cady.

HE watched his employer disappear. Then he strolled to the elevator.

"Miss Crabtree," he said, when the doors slid open, "riddle me this: What is so rare as a day in June? I'm forcing the season, I admit, but spring comes late in the Isles."

Miss Crabtree looked a little frightened.

"If you'll have lunch with me," said Andy, "I'll pluck you a flower from my private gardens in Radio City. We'll toss coins to a street troubadour and waltz on the cobblestones. Whatcha say, Crabtree?"

"It would start talk," said Miss Crabtree. "But maybe after work I could meet you for a beer over on Third Avenue, some place nobody would see us."

"My dear Miss Crabtree," Cady said sadly, "when you are sixty and a spinster bedeviled by loneliness, remember this: Opportunity isn't a night crawler but a creature of daylight whose gentle knock is often drowned by the clatter of a typewriter, the hum of an elevator, or the heavy tread of commerce."

Andy bowed, went to the stairway and walked the flight to First. In the employees' entrance, Miss Meeker of Rumpus Room Accessories was using the dusty face of the time clock as a mirror.

Andy took both their time cards from the rack and punched them. The bell of the clock echoed leadenly through the plaster corridor.

"It tolls for me and thee," Andy said. "But if you'll laugh, right here and now, before we step out into God's green world, I'll take you to lunch."

"I don't need you to take me to lunch," Miss Meeker said and hurried past.

"Ah me," sighed Mr. Cady, "I am unloved. But perhaps away from the hampering influence of Grumper's—" He hastened to the street and turned west toward Fifth Avenue.

"Through this canyon," he mused, "float the fairest females in this fair land. They are also the loneliest. I am only one, true, but I, Andy Cady, will do all that one man can do. The first girl with red hair and a turned-up nose . . ."

Blonde, brunette, red-hair, long nose, blonde, purple!!, brunette, blonde, brunette, blonde—ug!—brunette, brunette—ah!

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. I just arrived from Des Moines. Could you tell me how to get to Grant's Tomb?"

"Ask that policeman," red-hair said.

"I did," replied Andy, "but he just arrived from Des Moines, too."

Her high heels beat out a timpani in temper. She was gone, and on the rebound, Andy turned to another.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I just arrived from Grant's Tomb. Could you tell me how to get to Des Moines?"

Almost she smiled; not quite but almost, and then she too melted into the high tide of the noontime traffic. The parade moved on, Andy with it, inquiring directions, asking the time, and deciding at Fifty-ninth Street that he wasn't worthy company even to lunch with himself. He slumped on a Central Park bench.

"Could you tell me what time it is?" inquired a voice from the far end of the bench.

Mr. Cady looked at the speaker. She had red hair and a turned-up nose, and her eyes were the merry green of April. Andy gazed deep into her green eyes and the world swam before him. Never had eyes produced in Andy such a giddy, breath-catching, exciting, tingling, goose-pimples-in-the-stomach, chills-up-the-spine, wine-in-the-blood, wheeish, and generally pleasing sensation.

"I asked you the time," said the girl.

"And I can't give it to you," replied Andy. "For time just ceased to exist. Is your name Cecilia?"

"No," said the girl.

"Then I shall call you Cecilia. My name is Andy. Cecilia—"

"Mabel."

"Have you ever thought, Mabel, how small the world is? Just fancy —I, Andy Cady, born in Bayfield and brought by a whim to New York, should at this precise day and hour come to the park, and you, born in Des Moines—"

"Pittsburgh."

"—Pittsburgh, should also come to the park at the same hour." The sentence ended in a sigh.

"Sometimes," the girl said, "the world becomes too small. It frightens me. You can have this world—I'll find a new one." She collected purse and gloves and rose from the bench.

"Wait!" called Andy. "Don't think me impertinent. All I want to do is borrow a pencil and paper."

THE girl stopped and regarded Andy indecisively.

"A stub of a pencil and the back of an envelope will do," he said. The girl fished in her handbag and brought out pencil and paper.

"Thank you," said Andy. "I won't detain you further—unless you know how one draws up a will."

"What did you say?" asked the girl.

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TO THE OTHER
NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

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"My will," said Andy. "I intend to die the moment you leave."

"Look here," said the girl. "I hope you are joking. And if you are, it's not in the best of taste."

"When you leave," explained Andy, "my heart will break. 'Death came through cleavage of the left ventricle'—I imagine that's how the coroner will explain my demise."

"Give me back that pencil and paper," said the girl.

"Certainly," agreed Andy, "in just one moment. I'm writing you a poem, Miss Coolidge."

"And what makes you think my name is Coolidge?"

"I'm psychic," said Andy. "And besides, it says right here on this envelope—Miss Mabel Coolidge—82 Jones Street. I'm glad it isn't Mrs."

Miss Coolidge smiled.

SPRING, who had been observing the scene, yawned and went in search of harder prey. Spring was gone an hour. On her return she heard Andy saying:

"Time? Why, we're just becoming acquainted. What is time, after all?"

"Apparently nothing to you," Miss Coolidge said. "But you don't have to work for a living."

"You're speaking of me?"

"Didn't you say you were a poet?" inquired Miss Coolidge.

"Oh, yes," said Andy. "I'd forgotten. So I am. But when I did work, I always had an understanding with my employers that I could take three hours off for lunch."

"Then you never worked for an employer like mine," said Miss Coolidge. "I'd better be getting back."

"Tush," Andy said. "It's only two thirty."

"Two thirty!" Miss Coolidge grabbed purse and hat. Spring followed the pair, listening to Andy cajole, entreat, and tempt.

"At least," Andy said at last, "you might tell me where you work. I'll meet you when you finish."

"You are very good for my ego," said Miss Coolidge. "Ergo, please do survive and meet me at five thirty. I work at Grumper's."

"Pastafazoole!" muttered Andy. "Seventh son of a seventh son! Grumper's—the world is no bigger than a pea!"

"At five thirty," said Miss Coolidge. "I work in Complaints and Exchanges. But I guess you'd better meet me outside."

"Done," said Andy. "But in the interim there is something which the military would call top secret—a secret of such importance that it could only be shared by two people under the influence of liquor."

"If I listened to you, I would probably come to a bad end," said Miss Coolidge. "So I shall probably come to a bad end. But not till five thirty. Do you know where Grumper's is?"

"I'll find it," Andy told her.

Andy bowed low, and after Miss Coolidge's trim figure had disappeared in the hurrying crowd, he entered a bar.

"Medicine for the nerves," he called, "or maybe medicine for the heart. At any rate, a double order."

At four forty-nine, Andy entered Grumper's wearing three whisky sours exceedingly well. Word was relayed to Mr. Grumper, who had been waiting three hours for Mr. Cady. Mr. Grumper hastened to Second, arriving just in time to hear Mr. Cady saying to a customer:

"Certainly these beds are guaranteed, madam. Why, T. Graham Grumper himself stands behind every bed we sell." Andy saw Mr. Grumper and added, "Isn't that right, sir?"

"Why—uh—yes, in a manner of speaking," said Mr. Grumper.

"This is Mr. Grumper before you," Andy told the customer. "He is an example to us here in the firm. Mr. Grumper started life with only a crib, and now he owns this entire furniture store, as well as a membership in the Brotherhood of Boosters. Isn't that so, sir?"

"Why—uh—yes," said Mr. Grumper.

"My goodness!" said the woman.

Mr. Grumper went back to his office until three minutes after five, when he had a chance to talk to Mr. Cady in private. Actually there was nothing very private in what Mr. Grumper said, for his tone was loud enough to be heard throughout most of the store.

Miss Coolidge was too preoccupied to hear, and she counted the long minutes. At five thirty she saw Andy striding toward her desk, and tried to hide her smile of pleasure.

ANDY leaned one elbow on the counter of Complaints and Exchanges.

"I have a complaint to make," Mr. Cady said. "I've just been fired."

Miss Coolidge started to speak, but then, because she saw Mr. Grumper steaming down the aisle, held her tongue.

"I would also like to make an exchange," Andy continued. "I would like to exchange the impression I planted of being a poet for the truth. But love makes a liar of a man. Maybe it's spring."

"I thought I told you to get out," Mr. Grumper said. "You're fired."

Miss Coolidge was looking at Mr. Cady. "Do you work here?" she asked.

"No," said Andy, "but I did."

"But a little while ago in the park you said—"

"Were you in the park with this man?" demanded Mr. Grumper. "Is that where you were for two hours?"

"It was my fault," said Andy. But Mr. Grumper was remembering the dreadful spring of 1934. And here was the work of spring again.

"You're fired too," he said to Miss Coolidge.

"It was all my fault," Andy said. "You can't fire her. She just came to New York and hasn't any money."

"Get out!" said Mr. Grumper. "Get out! Get out! Get out!"

"Miss Coolidge—Mabel—" said Andy.

"Get out!" said Miss Coolidge. "Get out! Get out! Get out!" She ducked through an opening in the counter and fled down the aisle.

Andy looked at Mr. Grumper with murderous eyes, then at the fleeing girl. He ran in pursuit of the girl. Mr. Grumper, suddenly feeling himself the center of several stares, hastened back to his office. He put on his hat and left by way of the executive entrance.

Outside, he sniffed the soft April atmosphere and raged anew. He hastened home.

Mr. Grumper slept in a bed from his own store—the expensive Morpheus Master—and usually he slept very soundly, but now he tossed and turned. At last he slipped into a fitful slumber. He began dreaming at once, and it was the strangest dream he had ever had.

Mr. Grumper dreamed he arose, dressed, and tiptoed out of the house. The night was warm and moist, and everywhere Mr. Grumper looked, someone was holding someone else's hand.

Mr. Grumper felt pretty much left out of things, and in the middle of loneliness he heard a long, low whistle. Mr. Grumper turned his head and saw, as through a mist, a young lady leaning insolently against a tree. There was laughter in her eyes. Mr. Grumper had a fleeting impression of having met the girl once, in the long, long ago. He felt very uncomfortable and hastened past, remembering something he wanted to do at the store.

All the way to the store Mr. Grumper had the uneasy feeling that he was being followed, but only when he'd switched on the lights in his office did he turn around.

He felt terror. The young lady was behind him, silently laughing.

"Look here," said Mr. Grumper. "Leave, this moment, or I shall call an officer."

"Go ahead," said the girl. "I know every cop in town."

Mr. Grumper tried a different approach. He thought perhaps if he ignored her, she would go away. He opened the bottle of red ink, took a pen, and turned to a back page in his gray ledger. Fifty dollars. The week's discharge pay he had given both Cady and that Miss Coolidge in Complaints and Exchanges.

MR. GRUMPER kept his head down a long while, and when he at last looked up, he uttered a cry of protest. The girl was sitting on one corner of the desk, calmly looking through the regular ledger.

Mr. Grumper snatched it from her hands. "That's private," he snapped.

"No, it isn't," said the girl. "I know every line of it." And to his amazement, she began quoting figures from the book. She told Mr. Grumper how many tables and beds and stoves he'd sold during 1945. Then, to his astonishment, she gave the names and addresses of many of his customers.

"Look here," said Mr. Grumper, "you're not a spy for Sloan's, are you?"

"No," she smiled, "but I am Mr. Sloan's best friend. And yours, too. If you care to follow me, I'll prove it."

Mr. Grumper thought of ringing for a policeman, but he remembered this was only a dream, and so, smiling a little smugly because he knew the girl didn't know it was a dream, he gallantly offered her his arm.

They went down the back stairs, and on First, Mr. Grumper heard a voice he instantly recognized.

"I shall stay here," the voice was saying, "forever and a day. Perhaps in the meanwhile I will learn to be a poet."

Mr. Grumper bristled and strained forward, but his companion halted him with a gentle arm.

"You are not fair," the voice Mr. Grumper knew continued. "I waited outside for three hours, and you knew I was waiting, or why else would you stay in this mausoleum? And when at last I bribed my way past the night watchman, you take refuge behind a hand-lettered phrase."

Mr. Cady was sitting in a chair before the Ladies' Room.

"If you don't come out," resumed Mr. Cady, "I shall go join the Foreign Legion and drink hair tonic. Or is that the American Legion?"

"Go away," said the muffled voice of Miss Coolidge. "Leave me alone."

There was a very long silence.

"Very well," said Mr. Cady, and his voice was as toneless as the echo from a dropping shoe. "I will go away. I guess the whole thing has been a mistake. I apologize. Perhaps I am a poet singing to a tone-deaf audience. Good-by, Miss Coolidge. I think you belong at Grumper's, and if you ask on bended knees tomorrow, Mr. Grumper might rehire you. And if you never listen to your heart again, there's no reason why you shouldn't be in Complaints and Exchanges till you are sixty and can retire with a gold lorgnette. I wish you all success. Good-by."

Mr. Cady stalked off. His footsteps grew fainter and fainter.

The door of the Ladies' Room opened. Miss Coolidge peeked out the door, then gingerly took a few steps, paused, and, more bold, abandoned caution. She called Mr. Cady's name, timidly at first, and then in a sort of outraged demand. She ran toward the door. Andy's voice stopped her.

"This," he said from a sofa, "is our most popular love seat. It is comfortable, durable, conveniently intimate, and recommended for reconciliations between two people who want to make up but don't quite know how," Mr. Cady reached up and drew Miss Coolidge down beside him.

Mr. Grumper's dream became a

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little confused at this point. It became a great frustration—he wanted to roar his feelings about the violation of his property, and yet the girl at his side somehow kept him silent. When he looked again, they were no longer in the love seat. He looked all over the store for them.

And finally his pretty companion led him to the bargain basement. There, sprawled side by side before one of the $6.87 imitation brick fireplaces, were Miss Coolidge and Mr. Cady.

"I would have found you," Miss Coolidge was saying. "I would have joined the Red Cross and brought you doughnuts to go with whatever they drink in the Legion."

"I have decided not to join the Legion," said Andy. "Instead, I am going to devote my life to making you happy. First, I shall build you a home. What kind of a home do you want?"

"It has to be on a hill," said Miss Coolidge, "with lots of huge windows. And I want a fireplace with a white rug in front of it. And curved sofas to fit around the fire."

"Done," said Andy. "In winter we will sit looking in our fire, drinking hot buttered rum."

"First," said the girl, "I will dress for you. I want a big dressing table with a white upholstered chair. Do you like to dream?" the girl finished abruptly.

"Dreams are very practical," said Andy. "They are blueprints for real things."

"But I dream such big dreams," sighed Miss Coolidge.

"If you didn't, you'd never get big things," said Andy. "But let's not let dreaming interfere with the present. Look—right now we have a fireplace—there is a dining room on Third—we can eat from any of a dozen tables, all courtesy of T. Graham Grumper. And on Second—"

"I won't have it!" Mr. Grumper shouted.

"Let's have a drink in front of this fire," said Andy. "How about champagne? It is the servants' day off—so, if you'll pardon me." He bowed and disappeared up the steps to First with long strides. When he returned he carried two bottles of beer in a paper bag.

Miss Coolidge took the bottle of beer. "May our dreams come true," she said.

MR. GRUMPER'S own dream turned into a nightmare. He shouted and harangued, but neither Miss Coolidge or Mr. Cady paid any attention. Mr. Grumper's companion led him back to his office.

"I'm going to hire them back tomorrow," yelled Mr. Grumper, "just so I can fire them again!"

"Be quiet," said the girl, "and sit down."

Mr. Grumper dreamed he sat down. The girl began talking, and though Mr. Grumper couldn't remember all she said, he was astounded by the bits he did remember. It was the cleverest sales talk he'd ever heard.

"Those two kids you watched—they are making plans for a houseful of furniture. You would have stopped them—and lost five thousand dollars' worth of business. A wise farmer plants in the spring and harvests in the fall. People need a chance to fall in love—man will yet so regiment himself that there will be no time for love. God help everyone with anything to sell when that happens. The order of life is love, marriage, and the installment plan."

There was more to the sales talk which Mr. Grumper carefully noted.

"Look," he said. "This is terrific! And to show you how I appreciate it, how about a job in our Promotion Department? Seventy-five a week to start?"

"No, thank you," the girl smiled. "I'm just stopping in the city a few days. I have business farther north."

THE girl vanished and Mr. Grumper's dream ended. He went over and over it next morning while shaving. Suddenly he grew very excited, and rushed off to work without stopping for breakfast.

"Morning, Miss Crabtree," said Mr. Grumper on entering the elevator. "By the way, may I make a suggestion? It's a little drab in here. Maybe, if you wore brighter colors—"

Miss Crabtree overshot the fifth floor some two feet.

"Morning, Miss White," said Mr. Grumper to his secretary. "Say, could you call Personnel and get me the addresses of that Miss Coolidge and Mr. Cady? Find out if they can have dinner with me tonight."

"Y-yes," said Miss White.

"And I want you to call a meeting of all employees. I've got the greatest promotion idea you ever heard of. Dreamed it up last night. We've needed some changes around here."

"Y-yes, sir," said Miss White.

Mr. Grumper glanced up to see Miss White staring at him.

"You want to see me about anything?"

"Well," said Miss White, "something very odd has been reported."

"What?" asked Mr. Grumper.

"Two beer bottles were found in front of one of the bargain fireplaces this morning."

"*What?*" demanded Mr. Grumper.

"Beer bottles. And Mr. Collins in Dining-Room Suites also found two paper plates on one of the tables."

Mr. Grumper's hands trembled. He looked out the window. On a roof across the street a girl sat sunning herself. She looked vaguely familiar, and as Mr. Grumper stared, the girl waved an indolent arm.

"And on Second—" began Miss White.

"Enough," interrupted Mr. Grumper sternly. "How often have I told you never to bother me with trivials?" But as Mr. Grumper turned again to the window, his face was pale and puzzled.

THE END

GYP CONTRACTORS ARE ON THE LOOSE

Continued from Page 34

to five different subcontractors. After the job was completed, the sum he paid the cruising contractor (who did no work at all) was 25 per cent lower all right; but the sums he was obliged to pay the five subcontractors pyramided his cost to more than three times the over-all contract price originally quoted by the highest reputable contractor.

Many cruising contractors are using the "demonstration home" gimmick. A salesman representing X Company calls, indicates the need for a new roof, and with suave eloquence expatiates on the "amazing extra-heavy composition shingles available through my firm." He has a sample and blowtorch handy, and dramatically demonstrates the astonishing fire-resistant qualities of his product. Then the gimmick. X's shingles will not be available to everyone for a year or more. However, if the home owner will let X Company fix his roof and use it for demonstration purposes (X Company, you see, is looking toward the future when it will be able to supply one and all), he will be able to assure prompt delivery.

A day or so later the home owner is greeted by another salesman, who says he represents Y Company. This worthy gravely measures the roof, bites his pencil, quotes a price. As the second salesman does not represent Y at all, but is employed by X, his price is considerably higher than X.'s. After expressing regret that he can't hope to compete with X's product, he decamps. When X's salesman returns, the home owner is "ready for the twirl," signs a contract. Now one of two things happens. X either does the job, substituting shoddy shingles for the "amazing extra-heavy composition" sample shingle he used for demonstration purposes; or X remains forever an unknown quantity, and the salesman departs with his "down payment."

In another vicious gag, the gyp persuades his victim that by paying cash in the black market he can get scarce materials. He is, however, unable to furnish all the necessary cash himself. "If you'll just sign this completion certificate," he says, "I'll be able to get enough money from a finance company to do the job."

A Los Angeles woman signed a "completion certificate" not long ago under such circumstances. Her version of the story went this way: The man told her, "Normally I would get the materials on credit and then pay for them when my job was completed. Now, however, the only firm that will sell me materials asks for cash. Frankly, I don't have that much cash on hand. If you'll sign this paper, I can get the materials in less than a week and can start work almost immediately."

She signed. Several days later she received a note from her bank, asking for a "first payment on your debt." As she couldn't meet it immediately, the bank promptly slapped a lien on her property. The gyp? After using the "completion certificate" to get his money (the woman's property and the signed certificate were sufficient collateral for the bank), he disappeared.

If you're planning remodeling or repairs, it might be a good idea first to con the B.B.B.'s six-point precautionary program for Home Owners Who Plan to Remodel:

"1. Be sure you are dealing with a contractor of good reputation and sound financial responsibility.

"2. Don't sign papers in blank. Insist that they be filled out in their entirety before you affix your signature. Read them carefully and be sure you understand all provisions. Don't accept a salesman's word for any representations not contained in the written contract. Obtain a copy of the contract. If you don't understand every provision in the papers you are asked to sign, don't sign until you find out about it. Take the time to get information and advice, and get it from an outside, impartial and competent source.

"3. Obtain a signed Release of Liens before you permit the contractor to begin the work. If you don't take this precaution, you may find that you have paid money to a contractor who fails to pay his subcontractors or employes. Men who work on the job, and who have not been paid, can file liens against your home even though you have already paid the contractor. This would involve you in legal complications which may result in your having to pay twice for the job in order to release your home from such liens.

"4. See that the contractor gets the necessary permit from the Bureau of Building Inspection before he begins any work involving structural changes, removal or change of stairs and partitions.

"5. DO NOT SIGN A 'COMPLETION NOTE' before the work is actually completed. A contractor may tell you that he has to have money to do the work, and that if you sign such a note, he can get the money from a finance company. He can. He can also neglect to finish the work after he has obtained the money, for he has your signature on a paper showing the work has been finished.

"Sometimes a contractor will ask you to sign a completion note, telling you that it is only an authorization for him to go ahead with the work. Many people have been deceived by this and similarly bland explanations.

"6. Don't pay cash to a salesman. Pay by check or money order made out to the firm."

Above all, admonishes the B.B.B., *read all papers before you sign them.* If you don't, later you'll read 'em—and weep.

THE END

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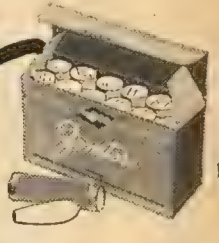

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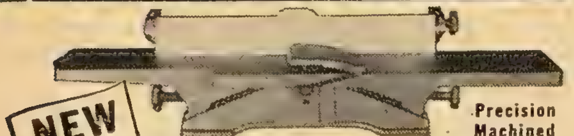

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1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	■	9	10	11	12	13
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78					■	79								

HORIZONTAL

1 Jaws wagged, there was a sudden inflation, and then this burst (two words)
9 Little donkey
14 What the Arabian is, in two words
15 Interior of the secretary of the interior
16 Careful, it will snap at you, if you're too foxy
17 They don't come wiser than this guy
18 Warmly agitate the H_2O
19 Dazzle denim
20 Stanky's stinky when he commits this
22 Anybody's fool
24 Nineteenth-century ham (sharp, eh?)
25 Tuck's friend
27 What Beethoven's Fifth sounds like to a banshee
29 Boston Tea Party bridge-playing implement; Gloucester turkey
32 Strike-breaking implement
34 Town criers; wet-eyed Willies
37 Things miners rest on
39 Most cheerful part of a dog
41 Things farm girls have trouble getting a leg over
42 Orange with the belly button
44 Confederate side in the War of the Unions (abbr.)
46 Hunk of the Union
47 What Goliath got
49 Poof!
51 *Oats* on Greek porch (anag.)
52 Literary dirt spotters and removers
54 Hidden sticker
56 Elephants Want Nurses (abbr.)
57 Growing out
59 Dome didie
61 *Mile* man (anag.)
64 Early thing that gets the bird from its companions when the bird gets it; (active in the underworld)

D	E	N	A	Z	I	F	I	E	D	■	D	O	L	L
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G	I	R	L	■	C	E	A	S	E	■	B	A	K	U
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W	T	■	S	L	E	E	T	■	R	I	O	T	■	M
R	A	P	■	A	S	T	O	R	■	L	O	U	S	E
I	L	L	S	■	S	U	G	A	R	■	T	R	O	T
S	C	A	L	P	■	P	A	G	A	N	■	F	O	E
T	■	Y	E	A	H	■	S	E	D	A	N	■	T	R
W	E	■	D	I	E	S	■	S	I	M	O	N	■	■
A	X	E	■	R	A	N	T	■	S	E	N	A	T	E
T	I	D	E	■	R	O	A	C	H	■	A	V	E	R
C	L	E	M	■	T	R	I	P	E	■	G	A	L	L
H	E	N	S	■	H	E	L	L	S	B	E	L	L	S

April 26 Answer

66 A big feather in anybody's cap
70 Church parts
72 Kind of man who looks whether he's in the Mirror
74 Troublesome Minor
75 Kind of cross
76 Italian super burper
77 The army sure got wind of things here
78 2B
79 They lead a sweet existence even if they fizz out constantly (two words)

VERTICAL

1 One thing America doesn't expect to be caught off of in the Pacific
2 Employer's *ruse* (anag.)
3 Burp water
4 Continental knight
5 What flowers do at the shore
6 Be, oh, maid, this, if you can't be careful
7 It's no collective bargain, the boss says
8 What ale fellows well met get after three or four
9 Tibet toter
10 Literary booby hatches that make you squirm (two words)
11 Too many *teas* do (anag.)
12 My first is hesitant, my second first-rate, my all a silkworm, or what the nervous rookie said when he was asked his draft class
13 What Jackson, Hull, and TVA are
21 Chest protector
23 These are easily spotted by souphounds
26 An extension of Lassie
28 Theatrical backgrounds
29 This causes men to tell their wives, before others do
30 Beat the gums violently without thinking
31 Shire
33 Redden the background of the youth of today
35 What legacies and blondes do
36 *Tower* pulls again (anag.)
38 Ye sticks, ye stones, ye worse than —— things!
40 Jaw joy (fem.)
43 Man who is Christmas backward
45 Worldly thing due for alterations
48 Fast jerk with a Colt
50 Escape of bottled gas; liquor commercial
53 Hot spots in the farm world; crossroad grocery town meetin's places
55 Dreamy moment
58 Poetic inspiration
60 This is emptied rapidly in orphan asylums
62 First Red man
63 Five among three
65 Clearinghouse, situated upstairs, usually empty
67 2 Vert.'s twin
68 Rich man's cat fur
69 Yummies
71 Shane Strikes Thumpheads (abbr.)
73 Nuts Advertise Asininely (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

WHAT SCIENCE DOESN'T KNOW

Continued from Page 15

added up unanimously to the same opinion, "There's work to be done—and lots of it!" In fact, they pulled a few "challenges" of their own out of the hat, with the statement that solution of any one of them would be a major milestone in scientific progress. The complete list would probably run into volumes, but here are a number off the top of the list that scientists and engineers would like to see licked just as a starter.

What makes the grass green? A seemingly simple question, but its answer may provide the means for wiping famine from the face of the earth. For if man can unlock the process by which plants drink in sunlight, combine it with carbon dioxide, and produce sugars, starches, and oils, then he will have captured the power of making his own food in whatever quantity he desires.

THE secret is bound up in chlorophyll, the stuff that makes plants green. Without chlorophyll, the energy of the sun would be dissipated in heat. All organic matter—plants, animals, human beings—would oxidize itself out of existence in a matter of twenty years were it not for chlorophyll. It is estimated that almost a billion tons of organic material is destroyed daily by oxidation, but fortunately the energy-storing abilities of green plants more than offset this loss. One authority calculates that about one thousand billion tons of carbon are stored up by green plants in a single year. The energy potential of this storehouse is about 100 times the heat of combustion produced by all the coal mined in the world during one year. Scientists would like very much to unlock the secret of this amazing life-producing substance.

This fascinating goal has been pursued for years. Back in 1929, C. F. Kettering, research chief of General Motors, put a group of young chemists to work on this problem. Just recently they took what may be the first successful step in harnessing the green chlorophyll of leaves to the manufacture of food. Bits of talc were dipped in an acetone bath containing dissolved chlorophyll, which clung to the talc when removed.

Not a world-shaking discovery, you'd say. But the significant fact is that this piece of isolated chlorophyll will absorb the same amount of energy from the sun that the living plant does. This is the first step in the production of food. Now, if the same process can be reproduced on a large scale, it might be put to work in factories, making food and other materials we now get from plants. It could even be used to store energy from the sun, providing substitutes for the coal and oil that have come from millions of years of absorbing the sun's energy.

Mark Twain's witticism to the contrary, scientists and engineers have done just about everything to indoor weather to make it comfortable and healthy. One big challenge remains: how to make it as fresh and invigorating as the air atop a mountain or in the Maine woods.

Until recently, the favorite theory was that freshness was locked up in electric ions, those invisible charged particles that are everywhere in the air about us. One German scientist put a willing subject into a specially built room and saturated the air with billions of ions. When the ions were negatively charged, the subject became exhilarated, rarin' to go. When they were positively charged, however, vim and vigor disappeared and the subject became apathetic, sleepy, and irritable.

It seemed like a wonderful solution, until other scientists tried the same experiments and got no such results. Their guess is that certain unsuspected factors in the tests—not the ions—were responsible. Maybe it was the ozone—a "heavy" form of oxygen that appears in the air during ionization. Thunderstorms, for example, because of their electrical nature, produce a lot of ionization in the atmosphere, and that tangy, pungent smell of the air after such a storm is caused by larger than usual concentrations of ozone.

But ozone is a tricky substance. Too much of it is poisonous, makes you feel dopey and ill. Some experiments have shown that the life span of animals is considerably shortened by exposure to large doses of ozone. Just the right amount, though, is likely to put you right on the beam. Could it be the concentration of ozone in the air that makes the difference between dash and dullness? Scientists are trying to find out. Or could it be sudden changes in barometric pressure, of the kind that make grandpa's rheumatic leg ache like a sore tooth? That possibility, too, is being tracked down. If and when the answer is found, your future air-conditioning system will certainly be "wired" for freshness.

AND while we're on the subject of the difference between dash and dullness, remember the old electric automobile? Well, don't relegate it to the Smithsonian Institution just yet. For as long as the opportunity exists for the development of a super-storage battery, the "electromobile" stands a good chance of returning.

The first electric autos were characterized by limited range (about 25 miles at a clip before recharging the battery) and a suitability for sweet old ladies who liked to zip along at 15 miles an hour. They stopped right there, while the gasoline-driven auto sped by in a whirl of dust.

What stopped them, of course,

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were the inherent limitations of the electric storage battery. Although a highly efficient machine for some purposes, the storage battery is literally sunk by its own weight. One pound of ordinary lead storage battery fully charged, contains less than 1/20th as much energy as a pound of gasoline. In short, an electric auto comparable in power and range to the gasoline-driven type would require a battery as large as the car it powered.

Why — scientists and inventors have been asking themselves for years—is it that lead and nickel iron, the very heavy among the elements, seem to be the only ones suitable for storing electricity? Why not lithium or beryllium, weighing 1/30th as much? So far, the lighter elements have been tried without success.

But the problem is far from being pigeonholed, as long as this formidable challenge remains: If the weight of storage batteries could be cut to 1/10th of their present heft—then the electromobile would loom as a serious threat to the gasoline-driven auto. What's more, the usefulness of batteries in present-day applications aboard ships, trains, submarines, and airplanes would be increased beyond measure.

TAKE the ordinary incandescent lamp used in the home. When you flip the wall switch, electric current surges into a filament that turns white hot and gives off light. The light may be as bright as you want it, but actually it represents only 7 per cent of the radiation from the heated filament. The other 93 per cent is lost in the form of infra-red radiation (which you can't see) and just plain heat. Your electric bill, of course, charges you for that wasted 93 per cent. Lighting research engineers won't rest easily as long as that 93-per-cent wastage stands around to haunt them.

But for all its 7-per-cent efficiency, the incandescent lamp was far ahead of its predecessors like whale oil, with an efficiency of around 1 per cent, or candles, with less than that. And so it remained tops in lighting until the fluorescent lamp came along in the 1930s. In this lamp the electric current, instead of heating up a filament, spurts out in the form of a glow that produces ultraviolet radiation. This in itself is not visible, but when it comes into contact with the phosphorus coating, it produces visible light. By this means lighting engineers are able to convert 30 per cent of the electrical energy into visible light, a fourfold increase over the incandescent.

What new light sources are scientists now working on? The best bet seems to be the cesium vapor lamp. Cesium is a very active metal that melts at about room temperature. Because it throws off electrons at a rapid rate when struck by a beam of light, it has become a valuable part of electric-eye devices. Now lighting scientists have found that when they heat cesium to an incandescent vapor, it converts up to 84 per cent of the energy into visible, white light. But the hitch here is to develop something in which to heat the cesium vapor, for even the toughest transparent material now available—high-temperature quartz —corrodes in the presence of red-hot cesium.

Efficient lighting is only one of the problems whose solution waits on the development of super-heat-resistant substances. The sleek steam turbine that drives the electric generator in modern power plants is a superb piece of engineering and design. But if you mention steam-turbine efficiencies to an engineer, he is likely to mutter under his breath about "thermodynamic laws" —and with good cause, too. The reason is that the efficiency of the steam turbine is hog-tied by a law that says, in effect, that you can't do any better until you raise the temperature of your steam. The highest temperature reached in any installation to date is around 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. That's capable of producing efficiencies of around only 50 per cent, and this is still further pared down by other losses to around 33 per cent.

Here the road ahead seems pretty clearly marked out—but that doesn't make it any easier to travel. If steam temperatures of 1,500 degrees were possible, then about 60 per cent of the coal would be put to work. But new metals would then be needed, because the kind now used in turbine blading would melt under such terrific heat. At this point the up-and-coming gas turbine comes to the aid of its older brother by sponsoring the development of new alloys capable of withstanding temperatures around 1,500 degrees. If such alloys were made practicable for steam-turbine blading—and other losses were reduced appreciably—this stubborn problem would be close to solution.

The atomic age is just in its infancy, and already scientists in that field are posing themselves problems of the most challenging sort. One of the most portentous of these involves a complete reversal of the process that brought such fame to nuclear physicists. Instead of smashing atoms into fragments, why not join them together into larger wholes? Fusion versus fission. The end result would be even more terrific: the release of enormous amounts of energy.

THE idea has fascinating possibilities. Suppose scientists could take two of the lighter elements, such as carbon and nitrogen, and "burn" them in a nuclear furnace at such temperatures that the inner cores of the two atoms were fused to form a third element, like oxygen, with consequent release of tremendous energy. It would mean that elements present everywhere in a superabundance would be made

TAX
Stan Fine

"There must be some mistake. I didn't phone for a cab."

LIBERTY

available for the production of atomic energy: hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, nitrogen, and perhaps a score of others. It would lay the field of atomic power wide open.

Actually, such "fusion" takes place before our very eyes every day. For, according to the accepted theory, the sun is just such a nuclear furnace, working with atomic fusion rather than fission. Here hydrogen is converted into the heavier helium, with the help of carbon and nitrogen nuclei, to produce terrific heat in an endless-chain reaction that will persist for billions of years.

The sun, however has a cozy little "fire" burning at its center with an estimated temperature of 20,000,000 degrees Centigrade, more than enough to start and keep the nuclear furnace going. While scientists are far from shooting at the sun, they have their sights aimed at producing temperatures capable of initiating fusion. At present, the whole problem is still in the realm of theory, but the challenge and its potentialities are too inviting for it to remain there long.

These are just a few pages from the dockets of science's unfinished business. Hundreds of others, equally important, are being scrutinized daily by workers in all fields. The spirit in which they tackle these problems was probably best illustrated years ago by the late famed chemist, Dr. Arthur D. Little. Claiming that there was no such word as "can't" in the scientific dictionary, Dr. Little ordered a barrel of sows' ears from a Chicago packing house, transformed them by some chemical magic into long silken threads, and wove them into a silk purse. In the same way thousands of scientists and engineers are weaving their own kind of "silken purses" the world over.

THE END

HOW TO FIGHT NEXT WAR: DON'T SINK OUR NAVY, SAYS HENSEL

Continued from Page 18

list of 25,000,000 men, women, and children in the first twenty-four hours," he told them.

A few weeks earlier, General Eaker predicted that any of the principal industrial nations "can, by 1950, develop a super-rocket with a range of from 3,000 to 5,000 miles which can travel at a speed of 1,000 to 3,000 miles an hour . . . and deliver ten to twenty tons of explosives with great accuracy."

Many of these aerial wonders may come to pass some day. But that day is still beyond the ability of practical scientists to predict. As a matter of fact, the secret of how to guide missiles even 1,000 miles has not yet been discovered. Dr. Vannevar Bush, the distinguished scientist who heads the Joint Research and Development Board, publicly deplored not long ago that sort of exaggeration of push-button warfare. He declared that it warped public thinking about present problems. Some of it is "a lot of hooey," he said.

WE might think the AAF had already invented a plane that would fly over a jungle-infested Pacific island, drop its landing field from the sky (thereby automatically destroying all the enemy in the area), land, and then pull its bombs and supplies down from the skies. Unfortunately, the self-operating air strip and the floating gas drum have not yet been invented. In the meantime it doesn't make sense to drop the bone we have for the reflection of one in the water.

Intemperate AAF enthusiasts, forgetting the job the Navy did, heap ridicule on its ships, its aviators, and its marines. The Marine Corps was inelegantly described by an AAF general at a public dinner in Norfolk a few weeks ago as "a small bitched-up army talking Navy lingo." His remarks, as quoted to me by half a dozen auditors, were unusually frank. He continued, "We're going to put those marines into the Regular Army and make soldiers of them."

The Navy has never claimed it won the war unassisted, and never will. Its function is to dominate the seas by excluding all enemy transportation, maintaining our own lines of supply and communication, and carrying—and keeping—the war in the enemy's own area. This function will remain vital as long as sea transportation is important, and there are no planes on the field or on the drawing boards at present capable of taking over the job. Another Navy function is to help both the air forces and the ground forces establish bases. Furthermore, the Navy has no mean offensive power of its own.

The President's plan for unification, announced on January 16 with the approval of the Secretaries of War and the Navy, recognized that the Navy and ground forces have important roles in our defense, and will have until and unless they are outmoded by inventions of the future.

As for the past, some of the AAF's advocates tend to oversell the excellent job it did in Europe. Take "pinpoint bombing," for instance. The impartial civilians of the U. S. Strategic Bombing Survey had difficulty in telling "precision" from "area" raids. In the AAF's bombing of German oil plants, the survey found that only 12.6 per cent of the bombs landed within the plant fences.

The score chalked up for the Pacific by the Strategic Bombing Survey wasn't very high. During the first three months that the B-29s bombed Japan from the Marianas, less than 10 per cent of the bombs hit the target areas. They were dropped from about 30,000 feet. Later, the survey notes, accuracy increased "and averaged 35 to 40 per cent within 1,000 feet of the aiming point in daylight attacks from 20,000 feet or lower." By contrast, the low-level attacks by carrier planes got at least 50 per cent hits within 250 feet of the aiming point.

Iwo Jima, less than twenty square miles in area, was bombed heavily for two and a half months, but the Japs were still using its airfield at the end of that time. And despite the Seventh Army Air Force's ten-week attack, it took twenty-six days at a cost of 20,000 lives for the marines to conquer the island.

If the AAF's record against land targets is not flattering, its score against shipping is even less so. In the Battle of Midway, the B-17s made sixty-two sorties and, according to Japanese survivors, made no hits at all.

The classic example of AAF optimism was the reported sinking of the Japanese battleship Haruna off Luzon in the first week of the war. According to Japanese naval officers, she was not in that area and none of the Jap ships attacked suffered any damage. The Haruna was actually sunk by naval carrier aircraft in July, 1945, in the anchorage at Kure.

AAF spokesmen take it for granted that in the event of future war, coastal aerial antisubmarine forces will be provided from their own land-based units. This summary dismissal of the intricacies of antisubmarine warfare may be contrasted with the record in World War II: Naval aircraft sank 83 German submarines to the Army's 14, and 20 Japanese submarines to none for the Army.

General Kenney told a Senate committee that the AAF under his command in the Southwest Pacific alone sank, probably sank or heavily damaged about 3,000,000 tons of shipping. The Bombing Survey credits the entire AAF with 907,800 tons (10.2 per cent) of Japanese merchant shipping sunk or seriously damaged, and with the sinking of 55,000 tons (4.2 per cent) of warships in the carrier, battleship, cruiser, and destroyer classes. As only 444,000 tons of smaller military vessels were sunk by all arms, General Kenney seems to have used a multiplier of at least two.

Navy and Marine aircraft accounted for eleven times as many tons in the major warship class as did the AAF, and more than twice the merchant tonnage. Navy mines (mostly dropped by Navy-trained AAF B-29s) took 9.3 per cent of the merchant tonnage, or 827,700 tons. The submarine was of course the greatest killer, being credited with more than half the Jap navy and merchant shipping losses.

High officials of the War Department, civilian and military, show plainly by their public statements that they do not understand the functions of sea power—on, under, and above the sea. The keynote was struck by former Lieutenant General James H. Doolittle in testimony before a Senate committee that "the battleship has been obsolescent for the last twenty years and obsolete for the last ten. . . . The carrier is going into obsolescence." He forgot that without the submarine, the carrier, and even the battleship and the marines, the B-29s could not have come within a thousand miles of Hiroshima.

General Spaatz is quoted as having said at a dinner last year that "to talk of fighting the next war on oceans is ridiculous."

No navy opposed ours at Okinawa, in the longest and bloodiest battle of the maritime war. The Fifth Fleet was there to support the ground and air forces. It concentrated 1,450 ships, under incessant attack by Japanese land-based planes. We lost 36 ships, and naval gunfire and fighter planes brought down 4,500 enemy aircraft. Most of the Navy's job in the war was putting enemy ground installations out of business, putting troops ashore and protecting them there.

Major General Leslie R. Groves, former head of Manhattan Project, said recently that with the advent of the atomic bomb the need for a navy has passed. Maybe times have changed, but the B-29 which dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima flew from a base in the Marianas captured by sea power, flew on gasoline delivered in a Navy tanker, and parts of the bomb it dropped had been transported by the Navy.

At the Norfolk dinner attended by high officers of the armed services, the general was outspoken about the AAF's intentions. In substance, according to his auditors, he said, "The AAF no longer is going to be a subordinate outfit. It was a predominant force during the war and it is going to be a predominant force during the peace whether you like it or not.

"The AAF is going to run the show. The Navy is going to end up by only supplying the requirements of the Army air and ground forces."

The more generous of these spokesmen would keep certain ships for heavy freight, and perhaps would allow some armament to protect that freight. But the less generous would apparently be not at all more reluctant to sink the whole fleet.

Many of the uninitiated who listen to the aerophiles must believe that in the event of another war it will merely be necessary for a few AAF planes to take off from the United States with atomic bombs and obliterate the enemy cities, after which other AAF planes will ferry paratroopers over to effect occupation.

UNFORTUNATELY it won't be as simple as that. We shall need the integration of all our defensive agencies—Army, Navy, Air, industry, manpower, natural resources, and diplomacy. And the integration can't be brought about merely by having the AAF take everything over.

By the President's plan, the Navy would retain its Marine Corps and its own aviation, which are vital to it. The AAF would get the autonomy which it has been demanding, and parity with the ground forces and Navy under a Secretary of National Defense. But if the views of some of its generals prevail, we may doubt that the AAF will long be content with mere parity.

The AAF's worship of the heavy bomber blinds it to certain facts. It likes to think of Japan as having sur-

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rendered without an invasion. "The Navy had the transport to make invasion possible," said General Doolittle. "The ground forces had the power to make it successful, and the B-29 made it unnecessary."

But Japan *was* invaded, in the sense that even Japanese inland waters were completely dominated by our surface fleet and naval air. Iwo Jima was invaded by the Navy and Marines. Okinawa was invaded by the Navy, Marines, and Army. We might as well deny, if an enemy took Seattle and San Diego, that the United States was invaded, just because these cities are so far from Washington.

Ours is an island continent. We must have warships to gain and hold control of the oceans and to protect convoys. We must have cargo ships to carry troops and their supplies and to transport short-range aircraft, with fuels and spare parts, to distant bases or beachheads, if we are to keep war at arm's length from us. The length of that arm is the radius of the Navy's ships and airplanes.

The public is beguiled by such statements as that of Major General F. L. Anderson, made recently before a veterans' group, that "it may well be that the next war will be fought by air forces alone." General Jacob L. Devers, commanding the Army ground forces, recently spoke of plans to fly every infantry division to future battles, and of planes being developed so large that 300 of them could transport a division. He even envisioned flying 60-ton tanks to battle. To realize this dream we should need to build and protect greater airfields at home and near the scene of battle than exist anywhere in the world today. And we should need an aircraft industry on a scale far greater than we had in World War II.

Within the foreseeable future, we need the fleet. To defend itself against hostile submarines, aircraft, and warships, our fleet must be armed with all the types of airplanes that experts in sea power deem necessary. It must be protected by land-based search and patrol planes under its own control. And it must be able to man its aircraft with pilots and crews who know not only aerial fighting but the tactics of surface ships and submarines.

The pilot of a naval plane must understand what he is attacking, what counterattack to expect, the points of greatest vulnerability on his target, the speed and turning radius of, say, an enemy destroyer, and the diving angle of an enemy submarine. In short, he has to be a naval officer in the air, not merely an air officer flying over water. Naval aviation is not just a small bitched-up air force, and its men must know more than Navy lingo.

If future attacks, as predicted, come across the polar icecap by air, I think all will agree that the way to dispose of the transpolar rocket is to destroy it at the factory or the launching platform in the enemy country. Here the Navy can help by carrying the war to the aggressor. Its battleships and submarines will be equipped as launching platforms for V-2-type guided missiles with their known range of hundreds of miles. Its carriers can send aloft medium bombers, using jets to help them get off the decks. These bombers need not even be piloted, as they can be directed and protected by fast fighters sent aloft with them.

Without any more antiaircraft protection than they had against the kamikazes at Okinawa, task forces equipped with these modern weapons could dominate all Europe and the Near East from locations in the North Sea, the Persian Gulf, and the Mediterranean. There would be a vast saving in fuel and time over attacks from more distant points.

Guided missiles will be increasingly potent weapons for the future, and at least in our time they will have to be guided from points not too far from the enemy. A 500-mile-an-hour jet fighter is itself a recoverable guided missile—guided by the pilot. Arm it with self-contained, radio-equipped shells having directional fuses, and what chance has a lumbering 350-m.p.h. bomber? There is, incidentally, no bomber that fast yet in existence.

The future of the heavy bomber is indeed uncertain. If the enemy has

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any aircraft, the bomber has to be protected by fighters. These must come at present from near-by airfields or from the movable bases which the carriers provide. Unless we can develop a fighter with normal range three times the bomber's (so as to allow for excess fuel consumed in combat), long-range operations may be impossible. At any rate the bomber's death knell is likely to be sounded by the ground-launched rocket fitted with directional fuse.

If another war comes, the man in the street and the housewife in the kitchen will be as much the target as the soldier and the sailor. To meet the danger, we need a true co-ordination of all our forces, military, civil, and private. We need friendly competition between the branches of the service to produce the most effective weapons. But more than that, we need mutual confidence and understanding. Army, Air, and Navy must know one another's capacities, appreciate one another's problems. And the wild assertions of intemperate spokesmen are of equal disservice to all branches, in delaying our equal task of achieving full co-operation.

THE END

HOW TO FIGHT NEXT WAR: AIR POWER IS VITAL, SAYS ALLEN

Continued from Page 19

how hard it is is demonstrated by the confusion and turmoil this issue is daily creating in the difficult and complex task of modernizing our military establishment. Men become profoundly attached to branches in which they have served. Also, some selfishly refuse to relinquish personal privileges they could not enjoy in other spheres.

But for the nation there is only one controlling consideration: What is best for the defense and security of the country. No other consideration can count.

Unfortunately, in the all-too-frequent heated discussions over our military plans, this basic consideration is often lost sight of. Spokesmen fiercely defend one armed service against another. Champions of the Navy assail the Army, and vice versa. And both train their guns furiously on the cocky and, at times, blatant Air. All are guilty of a lot of loose talk, stupidity, and provocation.

The simple fact of the matter is, there is need for the Army, Navy, and Air in our structure of national defense. The whole question is, in what proportion and in what relation?

The answers to these vital questions will not be found in futile and aimless wrangles over which branch won the war in the Pacific, whether pin-point bombing was 10- or 70-per-cent effective, or whether the B-36 has an operational range of 10,000 miles or of only 6,000 miles.

The Army, Navy, and Air together won the war in the Pacific, as they wrought victory in the other theaters. Each was vital to the others, and it was only because we had all three in the quantity and quality we possessed that we won World War II.

What difference will it make in the next war what the B-36's range is? This bomber is already obsolete. It was developed for a specific purpose and to meet a specific condition in the last war. The B-36 was initiated at a time when it seemed likely Britain would be knocked out of the war. As we lacked airfields in Europe, it appeared imperative for us to develop a plane that would have an extended flight range—that could take off from this side, hit a target in Fortress Europe, and return to the United States. In terms of speed, carrying power, and range, the B-36 is obsolete today as compared to secret planes already under way. So no purpose is served by ying-yanging over the B-36.

SIMILARLY, it makes no difference now how effective pin-point bombing was in World War II. Hiroshima ended that controversy for all time. It cost us thousands of the finest and bravest youth of our country and billions of dollars to batter the cities of Nazi Germany and Japan. Everyone who has seen them knows vividly what the Air did to those towns. Yet, despite the months of ceaseless pounding, they were not totally destroyed. But one small atomic bomb of the now-obsolete Hiroshima vintage could wipe out any major industrial center in the United States at one blow.

Pin-point bombing, therefore, is as extinct as the dodo bird.

Dr. Stafford L. Warren, dean of the Medical School of the University of California and chief radiological safety officer at the Bikini tests, told the whole story when he said recently, "Two atomic bombs dropped in the water on either side of the Statue of Liberty could turn the whole of Manhattan into a ghost town for fifty to one hundred years. Four or five bombs dropped along the water at Chicago would not only wipe out that city but make all the Great Lakes untenable."

That is the kind of cataclysmic menace we face and must arm ourselves to avert.

Why befog this problem with chatter over the merits of obsolete weapons, whether strategic bombing did all that was claimed for it in a particular area, whether this or that particular Jap battleship was or was not sunk by air attack, or whether this or that general or admiral said such-and-so about another service?

In this atomic age, of fearful weapons whose existence cannot even be breathed, such loose and uninformed talk and interservice controversies may make snappy reading, but at best they are only academic. Every argument advanced by one side can be countered just as strongly by the other. For example, what if the Haruna was not sunk by the Air? Many other Jap ships were, including the two mightiest in the world.

All the shouting and thundering back and forth adds up to. So what? Both sides are right and both are wrong, and neither is talking sense on the one question that matters now.

That all-important question is simply this: How best to protect our lives and our homes against the weapon whose world-shattering capabilities we still only dimly grasp?

Our only hope to find the answer to this fateful question, if there is an answer, is in the same field that produced it: Science. And science means greater and more effective air power.

Effective air power alone can give us any assurance of averting or withstanding the annihilatory impact of atomic warfare. Only by maintaining a powerful and ever-developing air strength can we hope to keep an enemy at bay and to destroy him.

This does not mean that the Army and Navy also are not vital to our national defense. They are, crucially. But not, as in the past, as the dominant arms.

And that is what all the yowling is about. The outcries of the two old services are not because they face extinction, but because air power is inexorably forcing them into a subordinate, auxiliary role.

FOR obvious reasons, very little can be revealed regarding the subzero maneuvers of the Army and Navy. But guarded official reports have made it clear that neither service proved very effective. Yet the Air, with equipment it considers obsolete, has easily spanned those frozen wastes with devastating bomb loads.

That single fact is the answer to all the pro-and-con arguments, because the polar region is our only remaining major defensive frontier. The Atlantic and Pacific oceans no longer are. They are still important natural obstacles, of course; but science has wiped them out as major defensive barriers.

It is this controlling distinction between *major* and *important* on these crucial barriers that must be the root basis of all our future military planning and preparation. In the past, the two great oceans dominated all our military thinking and strategy. They were, in effect, far-flung organized positions in great depth. To "man" them, we traditionally required a Navy second to none. Ours, or the British, or both. And as long as oceans exist on which to float ships, we will continue to need a strong Navy to man them.

But science has wiped out the Atlantic and Pacific as our major *defensive* barriers. Today, Europe, Africa, and Asia can be reached—and can reach us—in a matter of hours.

Tomorrow, they will be within range for bombing with guided missiles in a matter of minutes.

That is why the future belongs to air power, why the Army and Navy steadily are becoming auxiliary arms. Important and essential, yes; but subordinate to the Air.

Of course, sea admirals and ground generals don't like that prospect. From time immemorial they have been the top dogs. But whether they like it or not, science is overrunning and routing them.

The fateful choice we must make is to ensure that science, in the hands of an enemy, does not overwhelm us as a nation.

THE cataclysmic weapons of the air of tomorrow that are burgeoning in laboratories and research centers of science are numerous and secret. Some cannot be mentioned even by code name. But a graphic indication of what the immediate future holds can be revealed on the basis of what has been officially disclosed. For example:

1. *We are on the verge of flying at supersonic speeds.*

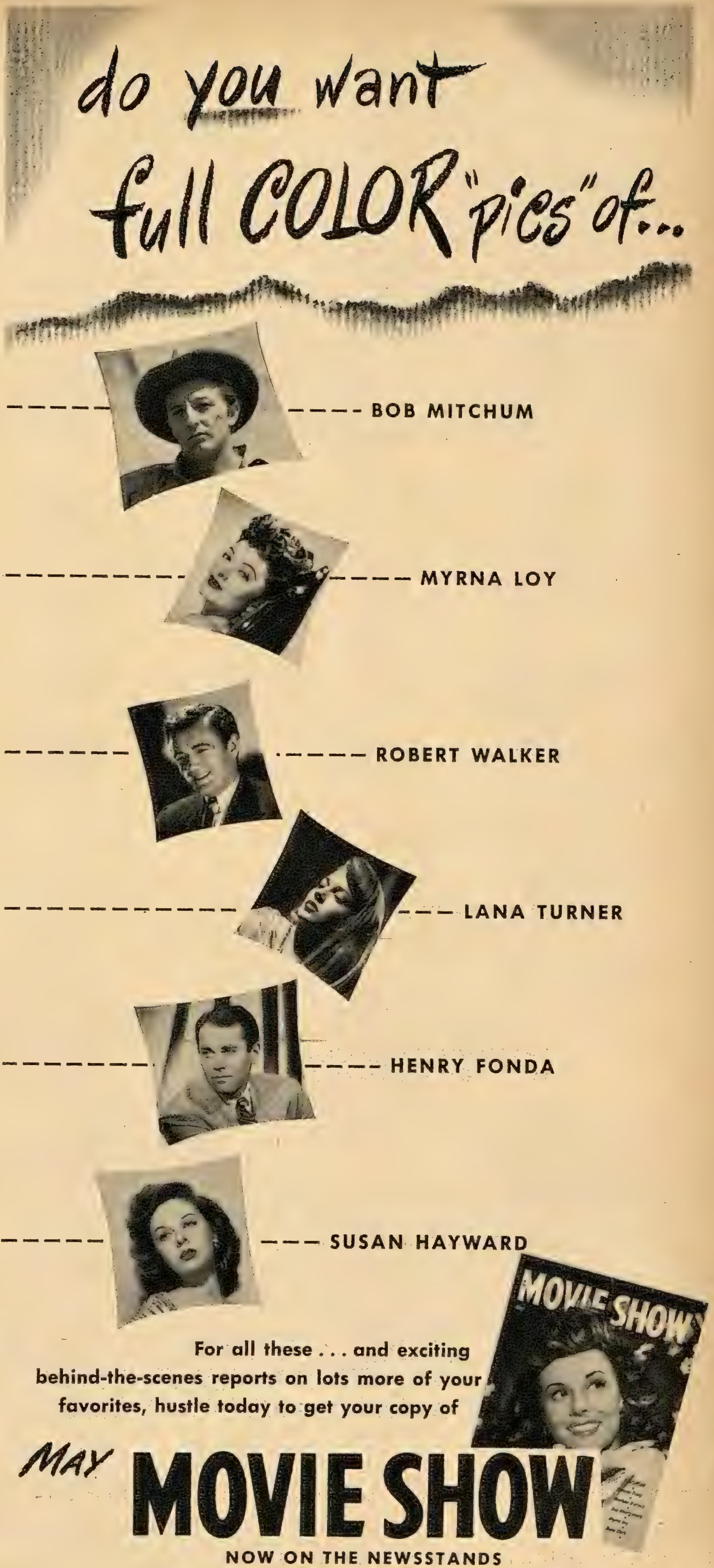
Aeronautical experts are confident this fabulous goal will be achieved before the year is out. That means just one thing: Annihilation of ordinary time and space. Our progress in this has been immeasurably accelerated by captured German data and personnel. The Germans were ten years ahead of the world in supersonics. We had concentrated on powerful conventional bombers and faster fighter planes. Under Hitler's spurring, the Luftwaffe concentrated on research in supersonics, rockets, and guided missiles. Hitler was convinced Nazi scientists would produce a miracle weapon that would make him ruler of the world. They failed, *but the margin was hair-raisingly close.*

2. *Revolutionary types of guided missiles of unbelievable destructive power and immense range.*

Here, too, German progress and know-how is proving of inestimable value. The Germans produced and employed a guided missile with an altitude of 70 miles, speed of 3,000 miles per hour, and range of 300 miles with fair accuracy. On their drawing boards they had plans for other missiles many times more powerful. Competent technicians predict the development, within five years, of guided missiles that will have a range of at least 3,000 miles and pin-point accuracy. Such a missile will carry an atomic war head.

3. *A revolutionary type of radar which will reveal the presence of a plane thousands of miles away.*

At present, radar is limited to line of sight. So-called search radar is a line-of-sight device with limited range. Extensive developments are well under way to revolutionize existing appliances. More than this cannot be revealed, but steady progress toward the goal sought is being made.



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4. The C-99; still experimental, the world's largest land-based plane.

A double-decked version of the B-36, the C-99 is 188½ feet long, has a wing span of 230 feet, and is powered by six conventional pusher-type engines, each developing 3,000 hp. This gigantic plane will carry 500 fully equipped troops or 100,000 pounds of cargo. The AAF estimates it is approaching the three-quarter mark in reaching the absolute in pilot-controlled aircraft with conventional reciprocating engines. Aeronautical experts explain that the size of planes is not limited by any consideration except power plant. A plane with a wing span of one half mile is entirely feasible. The problem is power plant. In the past, the conventional reciprocating engine placed definite limitations on the amount of power that could be developed. But with gas turbines and jet propulsion, it is now possible to power effectively planes of colossal size.

5. The B-49, also experimental, a jet-propelled version of the Flying Wing.

Like the latter, the B-49 dispenses with fuselage. Its over-all length is only 53 feet compared with a wing spread of 172 feet. Eight jet engines with a total thrust of 32,000 pounds provide the power and give it a service ceiling of over 30,000 feet.

These are a few of the revealable weapons of the air of tomorrow. There are others even more devastating that cannot be mentioned. We are a mighty nation with an inexorable responsibility to ourselves and the world. The fateful future belongs to science. And science today means air power.

We must go forward hand in hand with science and air power. Not all the brass in the hidebound lairs of tradition can stop us.

THE END

The Natural History of Nonsense

Continued from Page 42

gard of parental wisdom, but the prohibitions against the making of graven images, working on Sunday, and swearing were, apparently, too much for him, for he sneaked off at the end of the book without having alluded to them. It would have been hard, of course, to fit them into the daily life of the woodchuck and the wombat.

Termites would furnish matter for a score of editorials. Their workers are nearly blind, and hence can't strike (score one for capital); but the warriors can't feed themselves, and hence are wholly at the mercy of the workers (score one for labor); and the queen is reduced—or, rather, enlarged—to a vast reproductive organ (behind which cowers the timorous king), squeezing out sixty eggs a minute, year on end, and devoured by her subjects the moment she falls behind schedule (score one for management).

The frequent assertion that all animals are born with the skills and knowledge essential to their preservation is one whose falsity ought to be apparent to anyone who has ever watched newborn kittens or puppies. They are blind. They have no sense of direction. They don't know their own mother, and they can't tell a teat from a teaspoon.

Actually, all animals above the level of fish are incredibly helpless at first. Young birds and young bats must be taught to fly. Thousands of young seal and young sea lions are drowned every year. They never learn to swim "naturally"; the mother has to take them out under her flipper and show them how. Frank Buck says that the young elephant does not seem to know at first what his trunk is for; it gets in his way and seems more of a hindrance than a help until his parents show him what to do with it.

Men have a strange guilty habit of conferring their own impossible ideals upon animals and then goading themselves with shame at the thought of their inferiority to the brutes.

THE sentimentalist who is discouraged by the habits of insects may revive his faith in the "natural" sanctity of the domestic virtues by contemplating the birds. Granted, that is, that he doesn't contemplate them too closely.

That birds have no particular attachment to their own eggs is well known to every farm boy. China eggs, or even doorknobs, content the broody hen. Sometimes, it is true, a bird will eject a strange egg from her nest, and the sentimental have seized upon this as evidence of a sort of family loyalty. But Professor Johann Loeser's investigations convinced him that the sitter is disturbed not by a strange egg but by a break in the uniform color of the sitting. To test this, he took four eggs out of a nest containing five and substituted four others of the same size but of a different color. Whereupon the mother bird threw out her own remaining egg.

Yet that birds can foretell the weather is not "supported by any satisfactory evidence," says T. A. Coward, author of *The Migration of Birds;* and it is plainly challenged by the definitely established fact that masses of birds in long flights frequently fly directly into weather conditions that prove disastrous to them.

BIRDS do, plainly, possess a remarkable power of orientation, but there is little proof that it differs in anything but degree from the same power in other animals. Homing pigeons are usually cited as irrefutable proof of the existence of such an "instinct." Everybody "knows" that they can be taken in closed baskets for hundreds, even thousands, of miles, over territory completely unknown to them, and that upon release they will circle for a few moments, to let their mysterious sense get its bearings, and then head straight for home.

Everybody, that is, except those who work with homing pigeons. Such birds have to be released, on successive occasions, at longer and longer distances from the loft (beginning at ten feet!) and rewarded for each successful return—for there may be many failures at first—with a piece of food. Trainers say that a homing pigeon cannot be taken completely out of sight of any known landmark and expected to return—which would suggest that it is guided by visual memory, as are all other creatures that are able to find their way back to a given spot.

The power of the carrier pigeon to find its way back to the loft varies widely among members of the same species and has been steadily improved by selective breeding. The Signal Corps of the United States Army—by far the largest breeder and trainer of them—does not expect its best birds to return over any distance exceeding twenty-five miles, and then only over territory with which they have been familiarized by repeated training flights.

One of the minor news items of D-Day was that not one of the six carrier pigeons released on the Normandy beach by an American captain had returned to England. This bit of news was censored on the ground that casualties may not be disclosed until the next of kin have been notified, but it is more likely that a compassionate censor felt that the American public, already agitated, ought not to be further shocked by being told, at that moment, the facts about homing pigeons.

Another mystic link between birds and the Great Beyond is forged by those who insist that cocks crow with chronometric regularity. Some say they crow only on the hour; others maintain that they crow every twenty minutes. Formerly they were thought to observe sidereal time, each cock being an instinctive astronomer and knowing (as Chaucer says with a smile) the exact time for his own town. Today, if roosters crow by the clock, as they are said to, they must first reckon sidereal time for their locality and then make an adjustment to suit the local conformity to the national time zone. Of course railway time and war time and daylight-saving time wouldn't bother them, because they wouldn't have to care what hour it was so long as they crowed *on* the hour.

SNAKES have always exercised a powerful fascination over men's imaginations. In antiquity they were often regarded as divine agents, usually of evil or of retribution. By the end of the Middle Ages, their divinity had largely been forgotten, but it was "known" that they sucked cows at night (though the snake's lack of mobile lips would make it impossible), had the power to join themselves together after being cut asunder, swallowed their young when danger threatened and disgorged them at the all-clear, and carried a sting in their tails.

To these old beliefs, our more enlightened age has added a few more. Snakes are generally credited with a hypnotic stare that "paralyzes" their intended victims, yet nothing to support it has ever been observed in zoos where certain large snakes have to be fed live prey. The poor patient meal often has to wait around several days before the lordly serpent will deign to swallow it, and during that period the eater and the to-be-eaten usually seem completely unaware of each other's existence.

No popular representation of India would be accepted as authentic unless it contained a snake charmer fascinating his swaying cobras with the music of his pipe. Yet the evidence is against it. Raymond Ditmars, after an interesting investigation, came to the conclusion that music *as music* does not interest snakes at all, but that they seem to respond, as dogs do, with acute discomfort to certain pitches.

Most animals, as a matter of fact, seem to dislike music. Tommy Dorsey and his band contributed to the advancement of science in 1940 by giving a special concert for the monkeys in the Philadelphia Zoo, and trained observers noted that the response was definitely negative.

The ant, as Clarence Day has said, is a monkey's idea of industriousness. The furious aimlessness of an ant's activities, his busy and bossy inefficiency, is so strikingly similar to what frequently passes for "administrative talent" that we have naturally accepted him as the type of admirable energy.

Nothing, really, would be more likely to complete a sluggard's demoralization than for him to go to the ant and observe his ways. The small accomplishment for the great expenditure of energy that he would witness would surely reconcile him to his own indolence. When he observed how infatuated many species of ants are with the parasites that prey upon them, he would most likely choose the career of a parasite. The only thing he would really admire would be their thieving or their periodic orgies, the most wasteful saturnalias in nature.

Nothing is better "known" about the ant than that he labors all summer to lay up provisions for the winter. But, alas for morality, he doesn't. There are some harvester ants, but they are not common. Most live on food that could not be stored even if they needed it. But they do not need it, for they are generally torpid through the winter. The honey ants of Texas store food by the strange method of hanging certain members of their colony from the ceiling of their nests, heads down, and stuffing them with honey until they are swollen like balloons. Then, when food is no longer obtainable, they "milk" these living jugs of their contents. *That* would please the sluggard.

IN the summer of 1943, absenteeism among women war workers reached such proportions that sabotage was suspected and agents of the F.B.I. were called in to investigate. Their finding, confirmed by other government and private agencies, was that women were being driven from the lathes and benches by strange sexual fears. Some feared sterility from welding or from working with ultraviolet or infrared rays. Some feared that riveting caused cancer of the breast. A wholly new and fictitious female disorder—"riveter's ovaries"—had been invented. And scores of women engaged in filling fire extinguishers for airplanes had quit in panic when it was rumored that the material they were handling, carbon tetrachloride, caused pregnancy.

Such terrors, particularly the last one, constitute a striking comment on the general ignorance of biology and genetics. Sex has obviously been so surrounded by mystery as to have become a fertile field for misapprehension. That conception is possible

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without coition is apparently a deep and persistent fear with women, and one that has given rise to many myths.

In the summer of 1933-34 the story was widely current that an unfortunate girl had hatched out an octopus egg. The thought of a union with animals has always intrigued the popular mind. No theme is more common in mythology, though current sentiment prefers, as in Robinson Jeffers's *Roan Stallion,* that "some obscure human fidelity" should exercise a discretionary control over the affair.

Next to the horror of having to knit baby things with eight sleeves to clothe a little octopus, the most fearsome bogey that haunts the popular mind is that some unknown "taint" of Negro ancestry may result in a white woman's bearing a coal-black child. Stories of this having happened are a dime a dozen, though names and address are never furnished.

The apprehensions that they may give rise to, however, either in those who have "crossed the line" or in those who go on the gloomy assumption that "you never can tell," are groundless. A genuine black-skinned child can be borne only if both parents carry the genes that make for a black skin. So that any woman, regardless of her ancestry, who, confident of her own marital fidelity, bears a coal-black child to a man apparently white need waste no time in apologies, but can proceed at once to upbraid him for having concealed *his* Negro blood.

Theories regarding conception and heredity are for the most part harmless. They serve chiefly to diversify conversation. But such is not the case with the widely held belief that "sterilization" will "eliminate the unfit." Twenty-eight states now have laws that permit or direct sterilization for various causes, and since their enactment some twenty-seven thousand persons have been sterilized in the United States. If this should be an error, it is a pretty big one. And it must be confessed that there is much reason to think it is.

Most people who urge the sterilization of the unfit mean the socially unfit, yet the socially unfit and the biologically unfit are not necessarily the same. Consider the late, unlamented John Dillinger. He certainly gave society no reason to long for a lot of little Dillingers, and if he had been captured and if Illinois had had a sterilization law there would probably have been a strong demand for his sterilization as one eminently and obviously "unfit." Yet biologically it would have been a mistake, because the stuff of John Dillinger, for all the bad uses he put it to, was plainly superior human stuff. The man had intelligence, imagination, courage, strength, initiative, and remarkable powers of leadership. He turned these against society, and society liquidated him. But Dillinger was potentially an asset.

In actual practice, "unfitness" (as J. B. S. Haldane has shown in his studies of some American cases) may consist merely in poverty or in unwillingness to be respectful to a judge. Scheinfeld says that wholesale sterilizations were carried out in a Kansas institution for girls because some of the girls were obstreperous and fought their guards. Yet obstreperousness, however infuriating to people in power, is not in itself a vice. Under the name of "The Spirit of '76" there is a pretense, at least, of admiring it.

If sterilization is going to accomplish anything, *all* who *carry* the undesirable genes, must be eliminated. And, since they cannot be distinguished until after they have produced a defective child, all who *might* carry such genes must be eliminated. That is, not merely criminals, morons, epileptic, haemophiliacs, deaf-mutes, those having Huntington's chorea, and so on, but all who number any such undesirables among their relatives, which—particularly if you permit the relatives to decide—includes practically the entire human species.

THE most sensational scoop of the Russo-Finnish War, the story of Russians who "froze as they fell" and "stiffened into queer positions of death," could hardly have filled so many newspaper and magazine columns as it did had it not been for our general misconceptions regarding both Russians and death.

That wounded men should freeze instantly, as these were said to have done, like so many artificially frozen peas, is patently absurd to anyone who has ever killed even a chicken at sub-zero temperatures. A man has about a gallon of blood, and as long as he is living this remains at a temperature of approximately 98° Fahrenheit, and no degree of cold ever known, inside or outside a laboratory, would freeze that much liquid at that temperature instantaneously. It takes several seconds to congeal a small goldfish at minus 200 Centigrade, and a goldfish is chillier than a Russian to begin with. So that, however ill-clad or malnourished the cannon-fodder of the godless Bolsheviks may have been when the Finnish bullets struck them, they still had time to relax before they hit the ground.

The yarn seems to have been begotten by Russophobia out of Rigor Mortis, that mysterious and permanent stiffening which, in the popular mind, seizes instantaneously upon the unwary dead. True rigor mortis sets in gradually, from three to five hours after death, lasts (usually) from twelve to twenty-four hours, and then gradually fades away, leaving the body limp again. Sometimes, particularly at the moment of a violent death, there is a convulsive clutching of the hands, known as "cadaveric spasm" that does justify some of the stories one hears of "the death grip." But it does not occur in whole battalions.

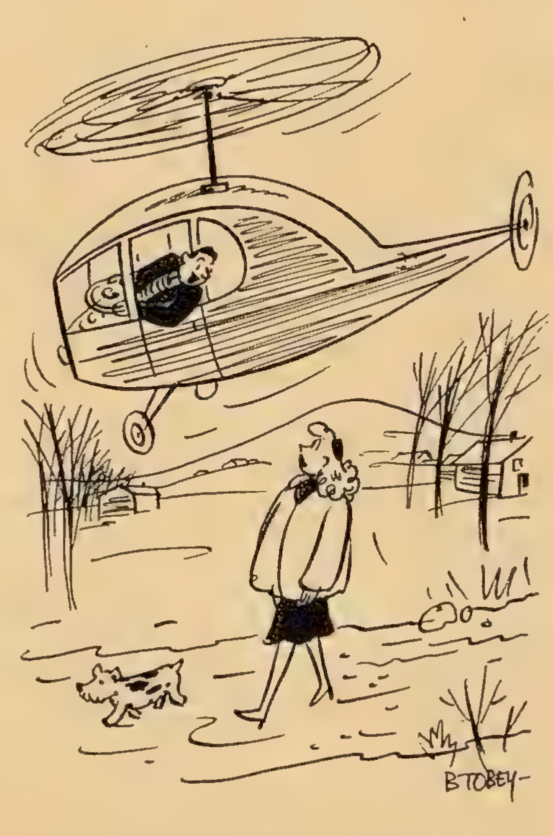
Of all forms of death, drowning, for some reason, seems to be focus of more vulgar errors than any other.

A curious belief that had considerable currency in the days of the temperance crusades and still lingers on is that alcoholics sometimes die of spontaneous combustion. Old Krook, the junk dealer in Dickens's *Bleak House,* after a lifetime of soaking himself in brandy, disappeared in this interesting manner, leaving merely "a small burnt patch of flooring, a smouldering suffocating vapour in the room, and a dark greasy coating on the walls and ceiling."

THAT the human body changes weight at the moment of death is believed by great numbers of people, who, however, divide themselves into opposing camps—the lighter-weights and the heavier-weights.

Those who believe that the body becomes lighter seem to think that the soul has weight, weight that must of necessity depart with it, and —with that brisk disregard of strict veracity which so frequently marks discussions of this nature—they have claimed that dying men, at the very moment of their decease, have been placed on delicate scales that have recorded their mortuary degravitation. But these persons have never been able to specify in just what ghoulish laboratory this took place, or what private home was so interestingly equipped, or the names and addresses of the relatives who so commendably placed scientific and religious curiosity before sentimental concern for the patient's comfort.

Suicide is a focus of popular fallacies. It is commonly assumed to be



"Can I drop you anywhere?"
LIBERTY

an escape from ill-health, poverty, disgrace, or unrequited love. And such it may be, but it is generally "the terminal act in a complicated psychic drama" whose true motives are more likely to be guilt, aggression, or a morbid thirst for notoriety. The old legal term "self-murder" had some wisdom in it; the vengeful nature of many suicides is plainly indicated in the spiteful tone of the "You'll be sorry" notes left behind. Overwork is often said to be a cause of suicide, but a study conducted by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company suggests that idleness is much more often a cause.

That "those who threaten to commit suicide seldom do" is a belief as widespread as it is erroneous and dangerous. Anyone who threatens to kill himself is a potential suicide, and few kill themselves without having first made threats and, often, faltering attempts. Dr. Edward Marten, Deputy Medical Examiner of the City of New York, says that when a man is found with his throat cut and the police must decide whether he has been murdered or has killed himself, the first thing they look for is shallow and harmless cuts—"hesitation marks" they call them—which the suicide usually makes while screwing up his courage for the fatal slash.

Murder, of course, has a fascinating lore all of its own. One of the most common beliefs, that "murder will out," is based on the idea that some supernatural force sees to it that murderers do not escape detection. But if such a force exists it has been of late singularly remiss, at least in the city of Chicago, where, according to the Chicago Crime Commission, less than one half of the more than five thousand murders committed between 1925 and 1943 have been solved. Nor is Chicago's record particularly black. Many other cities—to refute a world-wide fallacy—have worse ones. Even in the United States, there are twenty cities, mostly down in Dixie, that have higher rates of murder than Chicago, and New York has a higher number. Nor has any of these cities a better record of solutions than Chicago has.

That quicklime will "eat" a dead body is an old delusion that has brought several murderers to the noose, for, actually, it is a preservative that instead of removing the evidence keeps it fresh for the coroner's eye. A curious belief with surprising vitality is that a murdered person's eye retains on its retina a sort of photographic image of the murderer.

MAN has come to regard himself as a weakling among animals. As a matter of fact, he rather takes pride in it. It is one of his *most* cherished self-delusions. Mr. Arthur Brisbane never tired of reminding the readers of the Hearst papers of their physical inferiority to the great apes. Intellectually, he felt, they were superior to the apes. That was, indeed, the whole point of his comparison: it is by means of his BRAIN that man, weakest of creatures, overcomes BRUTE FORCE.

The facts, however, rob man of the flattering illusion of his own feebleness, for by actual measurement he is one of the largest and most formidable of the animals. Probably ninety-nine per cent of all living things are smaller than he is. Among living things, all seeking whom they may devour, none will attack him without provocation.

Even modern men have killed large beasts of prey with their bare hands. Carl Akeley and Stewart Edward White, at different times, were attacked by leopards and both managed to kill their assailants by strangling them. Both men, though vigorous, were past their youthful strength, and both were at the disadvantage of being taken by surprise. There are records of other such encounters.

MAN is also one of the swiftest of the animals. In December, 1936, Jesse Owens beat a race horse over a hundred-yard course, and in the following September, Forrest Towns, Olympic hurdler, beat a prize cavalry horse, trained as a running jumper, in the 120-yard hurdles, using only five hurdles in order to give the horse's longer stride a fair chance. In the middle distance the horse will win, but in the extreme distances man's superior powers of endurance again make him the victor.

The fabled eyesight of the eagle and the lynx is exaggerated. Man's stereoscopic vision is the best in nature, and he has the use of this and his other physical advantages, despite legends about elephants and whales, longer than any other of the mammals. He outlives almost everything but the tortoise. That he consumes the major part of his demonic energies in slaughtering his own kind must be a source of great satisfaction to the shattered remnants of creation.

Weak though he is popularly assumed to be, he is thought to be getting steadily weaker. That man is necessarily inferior, physically, to an animal was the Nazis' explanation of the defeat of Max Schmeling at the hands of Joe Louis.

Several theories are advanced to explain the assumed deterioration of the race, of which the most popular is that we have been "weakened by soft living."

This charge is invariably brought against the poor by people in comfortable circumstances. Our fathers were repeatedly warned by Theodore Roosevelt, a child of wealth, that "swollen, slothful ease and ignoble peace" would be their ruin, and in our own time no one has fulminated more roundly against that pampering which is "rotting" our "biological fiber" than a comfortably ensconced professor in our wealthiest university.

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The Natural History of Nonsense

"Soft living" is difficult to define. If it means lolling on cushions and eating a great deal of custard, it probably would produce a degree of flabbiness, but there is no great need to worry. There are not enough cushions to go around, and very few people, even in civilized countries, get what experts consider to be the basic minimum of food. Detailed studies have shown that every rise in the standard of living is accompanied by a rise in the general level of health. School children who were "pampered" in the city of Oslo with a daily meal consisting of a glass of milk, a piece of cheese, a rye biscuit, a piece of buttered whole-wheat bread, half an orange, and a spoonful of cod-liver oil were found to grow markedly taller than other children the same age who were not weakened by such delicacies.

The deterioration of the health of the American people so dramatically revealed by the army induction tests was, of course, ascribed to luxury. But the causes for rejection as listed, in the order of their importance, by the Office of the Surgeon General of the United States Army, were defective eyes, mental defects, bone defects, syphilis, hernia, diseases of the cardiovascular system, and tuberculosis. And these, whatever their causes, hardly indicate soft living. Major General George Lull, Deputy Surgeon General of the United States Army, told the American Medical Association that the deterioration of our natural health was in a large part due to a lack of proper medical care. But *that* did not make the headlines.

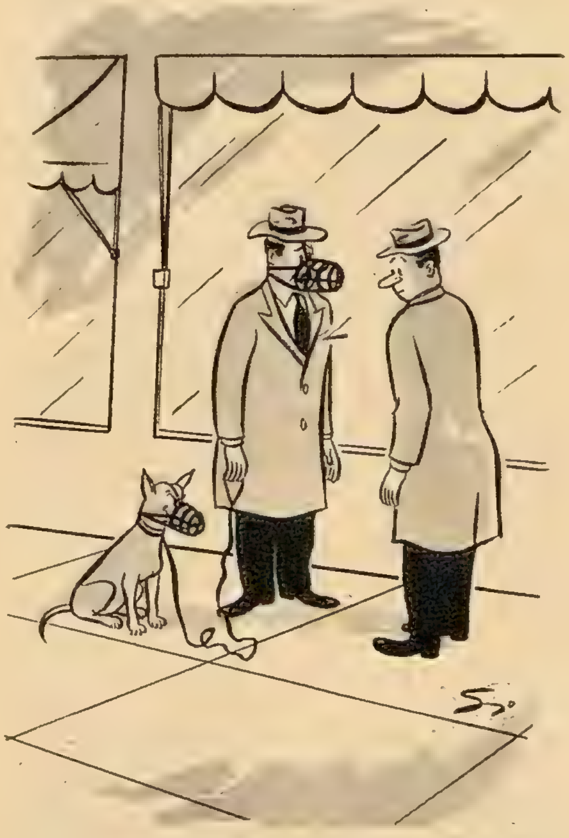
Confronted with such facts, the alarmists usually insist that it is the *moral* fiber that is weakened by soft living. But that is equally untenable. If courage and energy and willingness to endure privation indicate moral strength, then luxury again seems to strengthen rather than to weaken. Combat pilots and submarine crews, for instance, since they all volunteered for these arduous and dangerous services, could hardly be accused of moral weakness. Yet, to a man, they were selected from among the best-fed and most carefully reared of our young men, and during their rest periods were treated with special consideration and afforded every permissible comfort.

STEFANSSON found that "well brought up" young men were the best material for polar explorers *because they endured hardship* better than sailors or laboring men. They were more cheerful in adversity, willing to go hungry and to eat coarse food, better able to withstand cold and pain, and less given to complaining than those whom poverty had restricted and weakened. The same principle holds, he says, among dogs: the pampered, civilized dog will eat anything; the husky will almost starve to death before he will change a single article of diet.

Upon analysis the accusation of "soft living" often turns out to mean the doing of anything that detracts from the comfort of the accuser—such as accepting home relief, which raises the accuser's taxes, or demanding higher wages, which lowers his profits. "A wool merchant of Boston," just returned from a visit to Mexico, was said to have been "the envy of downtown Boston" because of his "tales of eating seven-course steak dinners for 50 cents, buying land at 67 cents an acre and hiring skilled labor at 40 cents to $1 a day." The Mexican people, he explained, "have not been softened by luxurious habits."

But what does he mean by "softened"? After all, who ate those dinners?

THE often-heard assurance that "You can't change human nature" seems to be the "rational" analogue of the old belief in the immortality of the soul. But time and circumstances have repeatedly effected changes in group values and responses to an extent that can hardly be described as anything but changes in human nature. What could be more fundamental to human nature than love, greed, and pugnacity? Yet whole civilizations have existed without romantic love, without the desire to own more than personal belongings, and without the desire to attack their neighbors. Delight in cruelty is often said to be a part of human nature, yet it is certainly affected by custom. Until about a century ago the torturing of animals for fun was universal in Christendom — though Mohammedans and other heathen frowned upon it.



"He won't wear one unless I do."
LIBERTY

What is education, in fact, but a means for changing human nature?

Even the soul, though immutable, was thought to be amenable to discipline. Millions of the devout sought out and endured humiliations in the hope of thereby acquiring humility, and by various other exercises, equally confused, tried to "strengthen" their spirits; and believers in the mind hold with equal tenacity that it can be "disciplined through study." And while it transcends impertinence to label as a vulgar error any idea that has been endorsed by Plato *and* Woodrow Wilson, yet the conviction that "there is no stond or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies" (to quote Bacon's statement of it) is refuted by common observation. Any member of a college faculty knows that scientists are no more skeptical, rhetoricians no more articulate, and logicians no more logical than other men; yet faculties go on basing curriculums on the assumption that there is a transfer of aptitude from special to general performance. In the lower schools it is often worse. The number of hours taken from the lives of American children in the past hundred years by the delusion that memorizing increases the power of memory (to cite a glaring example) probably exceeds, in the aggregate, all the time lost in battle during the same period.

THE soul, for all its divine nature, was thought to come sometimes under the control of malignant spirits who could thereby compel its owner to commit dreadful acts, even to the point of his own damnation. Similarly the mind is believed to be capable of being brought, through the malignant power of hypnotism, completely under the control of another person who can compel his victim to do anything merely by "willing" it. Charlie Chaplin was accused by Miss Joan Barry's lawyer of having exercised this baleful power over his susceptible client. Barbara Hutton accused her former husband, Count Haugwitz-Reventlow, of getting $1,200,000 from her by "an almost hypnotic influence"—causing speculation as to the sum he might have obtained if the spell had been complete.

Yet in so far as hypnosis is understood, it seems to be chiefly a process of suggestion, a conditioned reflex. The weak and submissive are not better subjects than the strong and intelligent. One cannot be hypnotized unaware; the subject has to take an active part in the process, and it is doubtful if any suggestion seriously detrimental to the subject would be carried out unless it happened to reinforce a latent self-destructive impulse.

That the mind, like the soul, is subject to some supernatural justice is embodied in the principle of compensation. This principle, dear to the popular heart, holds that every handicap is offset by an equivalent advantage, and every superiority humbled by some shortcoming. Silent men are universally held to be deep thinkers. The blind are thought to develop a "sixth" sense of guidance. Geniuses are "known" to be practically feeble-minded outside their special fields. And precocious children are believed to turn out to be stupid adults or to die prematurely.

The wisdom of silent men is beyond proof, though proverbial in every language. What basis it has seems to consist in our assumption that anyone who has not spoken to the contrary must agree with us and is, therefore, a man of infinite wisdom.

IN so far as repeated and careful experiments can prove, the blind seem merely to pay more attention to echoes, air currents, and the modifications of temperature caused by the proximity of large objects than do those who have their sight.

The thought of the general ineptitude of the man of genius is no doubt a consolation to those lacking genius, but it is wholly a figment of their imaginations. For the fact is that people talented in one field are usually talented in other fields as well and above the average in all. Einstein is a skillful violinist. Somerset Maugham paints very well. Winston Churchill is a successful writer, a competent bricklayer, an amateur artist, and has some standing as a statesman. Such a list could be continued indefinitely.

That precocious children come to no good is widely held, probably because unprecocious children are widely distributed and mother love is greater than mother logic. The failure of a prodigy is always news.

Most precocious children turn out well and do far better than the average. How much better is evidenced by the immense number of distinguished men who were child prodigies. John Stuart Mill began to learn Greek when he was three. Shelley and Pope wrote excellent poetry in their early 'teens. Einstein was only eighteen when he first proposed his theory of relativity. Mozart was playing and composing at four, and the compositions of Handel's eleventh year would not be discreditable to any man.

Nor do the talented pay for this by an early death. Keats and Chatterton and Schubert and Mozart are frequently mentioned as "typical" geniuses in that they died young. But they were exceptional; most men of genius have enjoyed more vigorous health and have lived longer than the average of their contemporaries.

One of the most cherished articles of popular faith is the belief that women are intellectually inferior to men; and here again the "mind" reflects the "soul," for the souls of women were generally believed to be inferior articles, and women morally weaker, less discreet, and more easily tempted than men.

Women, be it said first, being anatomically smaller than men, do have smaller brains than men. Relative to their size, however, they have slightly larger brains. But since the size of the brain, absolute or relative, has never been correlated with intelligence, such measurements prove nothing either way. Their lack of mechanical aptitude is undeniable, but the success of hundreds of thousands of women in factories in wartime has shown that it is not innate. Given the opportunity to learn, they seem to do as well as men on all tasks but those requiring great physical strength.

And rather than "going to pieces" under strain, they seem to bear up much better than men. At close, exacting, and monotonous work, the sort that "drives you nuts," they have shown much greater stability. The world over, wherever statistics have been compiled, more than three times as many men as women commit suicide. Stomach ulcers and stuttering—both now thought to be to some extent reflections of a bad nervous condition—are four to five times as common among men as among women. During the heavy bombing of London in 1940 many more men than women suffered from shock. A third more men than women die of diseases of the nervous system. There are more men than women in our insane asylums.

In matters of courtesy, such as sharing the road, not parking double, and signaling turns, American women may be worse drivers than American men—if that is possible; but so far as skill in driving may be judged by fatalities ensuing, they seem to be about twice as good as men. Surveys made in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and the District of Columbia found that men were responsible for two fatal accidents, per driver, for every one that women were responsible for.

That women are "purer" than men, that "in the thoughts and desires of that sex" (to use the stately diction of a recent report of a special commission appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury) "the natural is more easily made subordinate to the supernatural, the carnal to the spiritual, than is the case with men," is widely held. But it is hard to see how it could be demonstrated. The commission unfortunately failed to describe the experiments which brought them to their conclusion.

ESPECIALLY dear to amateur psychologists of pulpit and microphone is the belief that "the complexity of modern life" is endangering our sanity, and in their shrill warnings there is more than an echo of warnings that used formerly to be issued for the benefit of the soul. "God hath made man upright," said the Biblical Preacher in Ecclesiastes; "but they have sought out many inventions." And by "inventions," declared the Reverend Alexander Cruden, the preacher meant "New

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ways of making one's self more wise and happy than God has made him."

The difficulty, of course, is to decide at just what point God intended us to stop. Those who believe that the Mixmaster and the motor car are too much for us seem to think that the bowl and the buggy that preceded them were divinely ordained; whereas they, too, were once inventions.

"To civilize is to eliminate," states a scientific writer in a recent work; and he proceeds to illustrate by saying that if one of our ancestors, traveling by oxcart, relaxed for a moment, no harm was done, but that a similar relaxation by an airplane pilot would probably be calamitous.

IN other words, we have created an unnatural (sinful) world which is destroying our minds (souls). Our gadgets have us cornered and are closing in for the kill (our sins have found us out).

The weak spot in most of these warnings, however, is their fictionalizing of the past. One is tempted to suspect, for instance, that the writer just quoted has never ridden in a buckboard behind a skittish two-year-old. Or, for that matter, in an oxcart. Not all oxen are patient; many are swift and violent, full of brooding resentment and murderous thoughts such as never entered an airplane's mind. Horseflies, to which airplanes are notoriously indifferent, can move an ox or a horse to unexpected and disastrous violence. As recently as 1921-23 the mortality among horse drivers in England and Wales was more than sixty per cent higher than the mortality among motor-vehicle drivers.

And even if our ancestor in his putative oxcart did have a comparatively relaxed time of it, *his* ancestor, swinging from branch to branch, lived a life fuller of split-second decisions, millimeter co-ordinations, and imminent destruction than an aviator could dream of. Except for trapeze artists (who, after all, form a negligible fraction of the population), we are in a state of torpor compared with our simian forebears. Yet they survived, or we wouldn't be here to wring our hands.

The fallacy of gadget-gloom is that it assumes that a complex device is complicated to manipulate; whereas the reverse is nearer the truth. An alarm clock, for all its cogs and wheels, is easier to read than a sun dial. A harness is a simple device compared with an electric starter, but hitching a horse is more difficult than stepping on a starter. A gyrocompass, once installed, is easier to operate than a tiller.

One element in the complexity-of-modern-life theory is self-flattery. We love to think that we bear upon our shoulders a load that would have ruptured Atlas. "It is doubtful," says a modern writer, "if any Roman emperor needed the executive ability required to run General Electric"—a statement which, however flattering to our executives, is in actuality more doubtful than the doubt it poses.

"You're looking more like your father every day!"
LIBERTY

Of course a Roman emperor couldn't operate a comptometer or even a typewriter, but most modern executives can't either. He probably could operate an abacus, though, and it is doubtful if many executives of General Electric could do that. All that any executive can do is to make decisions and accept the responsibility for them, and the Praetorian Guard was somewhat stricter than the average Board of Directors when it came to the Annual Report. Very few Roman emperors retired on a pension after making a serious mistake.

Neuroses, which do seem to be increasing among us, result from frustrations rather than from complications, so that it is the emotional rather than the mechanical situation that calls for correction.

Animals have been driven mad in laboratories, but not by being made to take unusual risks or by being compelled to operate complicated mechanisms. Their neuroses have been induced by training them to respond to certain signals and then switching the signals on them, so that when they did what they had been taught was "right" they were punished instead of being rewarded.

Mice and men are alike in this respect, and modern society sometimes looks as if it were deliberately designed by some fiendish experimenter in order to drive us insane. We are brought up to expect rewards for certain kinds of behavior and thrown into a world in which none of the signals works. We are taught as children to be kind, self-sacrificing, and helpful, never to be greedy or aggressive. Then we must live in a ruthlessly competitive economy. We are taught to be honest, in preparation for a world in which honesty is often penalized and dishonesty, in a thousand forms, is often rewarded. Our ambition is stimulated and we are assured of success if we will only "apply ourselves," when actually, by the very nature of things, nine out of ten must be disappointed, and chance carries as much weight as merit.

The result is mass frustration and despair. Only the stoical and the cynical can preserve a measure of stability; yet stoicism is the wisdom of madness and cynicism the madness of wisdom. So none escapes.

THE danger latent in all vulgar errors finds its most dramatic illustration in "race," the belief that there are definite correlations between certain physical features and innate capacities, intelligence, and "character."

It is corollary to the even wider belief that the qualities of the mind are indicated in the conformations of the body. High brows and low brows are thought to indicate mental capacity. Unimaginative and unobservant authors speak continually of a "cruel" mouth, a "weak" chin, a "patrician" nose, and so on, as if these significances were beyond question, though in reality there is nothing more to support them than verbal parallels. A receding chin suggests a receding character and a protruding jaw an aggressive character, despite the fact that the most famous protruding jaw in history, that of the Hapsburgs, continued for centuries to distinguish a particularly weak and foolish family.

It would be absurd, of course, to insist that there is no correlation between appearance and character, but the connections are so minute and varied, so complex and delicate, so contingent upon custom, dress, and manners—for there are styles in expressions, just as there are in clothes—that no directions for establishing them can be laid down.

A misleading element in the situation is that men often play the role popularly assigned to them and do their best to resemble the common conception of that role. Lincoln's rugged backwoodsiness, Theodore Roosevelt's buoyancy, and Coolidge's "silence" (his official pronouncements were voluminous) are supreme examples of an art that shows itself in lesser statesmen in the flowing "mane" of hair, the string tie, the broad-brimmed hat, and the black frock coat.

Before the publication of *Mrs. Warren's Profession* had established him as a devil incarnate, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, as a few early photographs show, was far from being a sinister figure. His hair, parted in the middle, was plastered flat above a commonplace, beardless face, adorned with ordinary, functional eyebrows. But with the coming of remunerative ill-fame he strove to justify his reputation, grew a forked beard, brushed his hair into diabolical horns, and leered out from all pictures a happy Mephistopheles. The public, responding to his efforts, found ever new wickedness in his merry commonplaces and fresh confirmation of their opinions in the new face which he had assumed to oblige them.

Meanwhile his bank account became tremendous.

Fat people try earnestly to be comic. Dwarfs exaggerate their littleness and giants their bigness. And —pathetic and ominous—Negroes "play the nigger" lest they disappoint the white spectators at their eternal minstrel show. Richard Wright, in *Black Boy,* furnishes illustration of this.

Many tests have been devised to determine whether race and intelligence can be correlated, and those who believe that they can be, and that the white race is intellectually superior to all other races, have seized with triumph upon those results that support their belief, while rejecting with indignation those that do not. Thus much has been made of the fact that Negro children the country over have tested lower in intelligence than white children, but the fact that Negro children in certain sections tested higher than white children in other sections has been discreetly ignored.

WHILE white soldiers as a whole did better in the Army intelligence tests than black soldiers, literate Negroes from some Northern states did better than literate whites from many Southern states. Literate Negroes from Ohio, for example, achieved a higher median score than the literate whites from eight Southern states.

It could be insisted, of course, that since Northern whites did better than Northern Negroes and Southern whites did better than Southern Negroes, white superiority was clearly demonstrated. But those who so insist will find themselves in a dilemma. For the Northern whites did better than the Southern whites, so that if the tests demonstrate anything they show that either Southern whites are intellectually inferior to Northern whites *and* Northern blacks, or that a more favorable environment improves intelligence. The first of these alternatives would be unthinkable to a Southern racialist, and the second would be unacceptable.

What the Army tests seem really to establish is not that this race is more intelligent than that, or that this section is more intelligent than that, but that poverty is reflected in the intelligence quotient of a whole people.

The myth of race is the greatest single obstacle to world peace today. It is ridiculous to expect the nonwhite four-fifths of mankind to cooperate in establishing the dominance of the white fifth.

The conception of the innate superiority of the white peoples is probably unconsciously affected by the irrational association of white with goodness and black with evil. Actually "whites" are no more white than "blacks" are black or "Red Men" red or "Yellow men" yellow. A truly white person would be a ghastly spectacle, and even to be pale is now a reproach when wealth and leisure are identified with the ruddiness and tan that come from being out of doors. Among themselves Negroes refer to whites as "pinks."

THE Negro problem is *the* American problem. Until a white American decides whether the Negro is or is not potentially his equal, all his talk of "liberty," "equality," "free enterprise," and so on is meaningless verbiage.

The American Negro *is* physically different from the American white. His head is slightly longer and narrower, and its cranial capacity is less. His hair line is lower on his forehead. His eyes are set wider apart. His nose is broader and shorter and has a lower bridge. His jaws project farther and are accentuated by thicker lips. His torso is shorter, his arms longer, his chest shallower, his pelvis narrower and smaller, and his legs longer. He weighs more and is shorter than the white. His skin contains a greater amount of black pigment. His hair is wavy, curly, frizzy or woolly, and is less thickly distributed. And he has more sweat glands.

But these differences in no way support the popular belief in his inferiority. In some respects, in fact, they indicate his superiority. The large upper jaw, for example, is a distinct advantage, since the reduced size of the upper jaw of the whites causes a great deal of their dental and sinus trouble and gives them a higher incidence of cleft palate and harelip.

The belief that the Negro is "equipped" to endure heat better than the white man serves to distract attention from the fact that he is not. The pigmentation of his skin affords no great protection from sunburn or heat prostration. Because of their occupational exposure, particularly in the South, the death rate among

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Negroes from the effects of heat is from two to six times as high as the rate among whites.

The myth of the Negro's sexual athleticism seems to be in part functional and in part sheer salaciousness. It heightens the likelihood and the dangers of rape and hence justifies "keeping the niggers in their place." But it seems more a product of that itching interest, usually disguised as horror or moral indignation, which all peoples take in the sexual behavior of other groups. The Chinese, we are told, ascribe the most tremendous feats to white men. A recent writer, Emily Hahn, reports these flattering delusions.

The Negro brain *is* smaller than the white brain, but the difference is forty cubic centimeters. Of course this will do as well as any other quantity where there's a will to believe. But before the white chauvinist bases his superiority upon such a slight difference in brain size he ought to be informed that Kaffirs, Japanese, American Indians, Eskimos, and Polynesians all have brains larger than his.

The belief that the Negro's brain is undeveloped is one of those melancholy vulgar errors that breed their own confirmation. It is at puberty that most Negro children are withdrawn from school, to do manual labor or to rot in idleness. It is at puberty that most of them learn that they are outcasts. Their previous friendly associations with white children (formerly much more common than now) are usually terminated at the dawn of their sexual maturity. They are no longer "pickaninnies" and "cute," but are "niggers" and "dangerous." Little wonder that their subsequent development, restricted by poverty, ignorance, and lack of opportunity, embittered by discrimination and harassed by fear and uncertainty, very rarely shows an intellectual flowering. And less wonder still when one realizes that the very people who find them eternal children would be actively resentful of any indication that they were not.

THE blood of Negroes is in every respect the same as the blood of whites. There are differences in the distribution of the blood groups among all human groups, and the Negro has a somewhat higher frequency of certain blood groups than have whites. But he has all the blood groups the whites have, and every element of his blood, as far as science has been able to determine, is the same as theirs.

Many people who dread the contamination of Negro blood will receive into their veins serums derived from the blood of horses (such as those for typhoid and diphtheria) without the least fear of neighing or growing a tail.

NEXT to the Negro in the American's consciousness of "race" comes the Jew. He too is a member of a persecuted minority, though his afflictions, compared with those visited upon the Negro, are hardly more than annoyances, a fact which his greater volume of complaint sometimes obscures.

For the Jew is vocal. He has the talent, the inclination, and, in America, the security, to squawk—and squawk he does. And his squawking, though often exasperating, is a good thing. For he is intelligent enough, or at least his leaders are intelligent enough, to perceive that the best hope of a persecuted minority is equality and justice. So that in seeking his own welfare the Jew must first seek the common welfare. Protesting against privilege, he cannot ask for privilege but must demand fair play. Persecuted, he must plead for all the persecuted and speak in the name of common humanity.

It is not, for example, an accident that so much of what has been done for the Negro in America has been instigated by Jews. Their enemies sneer and say that the Jew uses the Negro "as a stalking horse." Since he is stalking injustice and oppression, in defense of what we profess, at least, to be our highest ideals, black and white alike have cause to be grateful to him.

THE accusation of reactionaries that all liberal movements are "Jewish" is untrue, but to the credit of the Jews—and the advantage of the nation—it can be said that educated Jews have supported such movements out of all proportion to their numbers. The Jew has become a great stimulator of the national conscience, a continual reminder—albeit sometimes a little raucous—of our failure to live up to our ideals. In the weak this sometimes takes the form of whining, and in the despairing, of cynicism and anarchy, but in the strong it becomes an impassioned defense of human dignity.

That those who believe in racial differences have selected the Jews for particular attention is an ironical refutation of their whole theory, for it would be hard to find any group on the face of the earth more thoroughly mixed, biologically, than they are.

Photographs for Liberty's Picture Section Taken By:

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45—INP
46—(top) Museum of Natural History; (lower left) Museum of Natural History; (lower right) Emil Herman
47—(top left) Museum of Natural History; (top center) Museum of Natural History; (top right) Emil Herman; (bottom) Harold Trudeau
48—(top) Museum of Natural History
49—(top left) Emil Herman; (top right) Museum of Natural History
48, 49—(bottom) Emil Herman
50, 51, 52, 53—Jack Albin
54, 55—Frank H. Bauer
56, 57—Jack Willett
58, 59—Nelson Morris
60, 61, 62—Nelson Morris
63—U. S. Navy
64, 65—Arthur Muray
68—Nelson Morris

The fact is that the Jews in their dispersion have intermarried so completely with the various ethnic groups among which they have found themselves that their characteristics are those of the group in which they live or have recently been living.

Jews look like other people. Spanish Jews are dark; English and German Jews are dark and light in the proportions that Englishmen and Germans are dark and light; and Baltic Jews are like the Balts. What's more, there are Chinese Jews that look like the Chinese, and New York has a synagogue of Negro Jews, a congregation of more than five thousand. Some of these may be migrants from Methodism, lured by the sound of the shofar, but most of them claim to be strictly kosher.

The most convinced anti-Semite will, of course, admit that there are blond Jews, will indeed insist that their blondness is a deliberate aggravation of their original offense in being Jews at all. But he will insist that the hooked nose is universally, invariably, and peculiarly theirs. So far as he is concerned, no Jew lacks it, no Gentile has it.

The late Dr. Maurice Fishberg, a mighty nose-measurer, measured the noses of over four thousand New York Jews and found that only fourteen per cent of them had the "typical" Jewish nose.

THAT Jews are naturally "cleverer than other people" is an invidious compliment frequently paid them. It is anti-Semitic because it supports the dangerous error that Jews are different from other men. It justifies discrimination, or at least dulls the edge of indignation against it, by implying that their superior abilities will enable them to overcome any handicaps that are laid on them. Yet many Jews, demonstrating by their very act the fallacy of the assertion, are gullible enough to be flattered by it, and boast of "Jewish intellect" or "Jewish art" or "Jewish culture" without any realization that they are playing their enemies' game.

The very traits, by the way, for which the Jew and other recent immigrants are hated—their unscrupulousness in driving a bargain, their equivocation, the fact that "you've got to watch them," their boastfulness, penuriousness, aggressiveness, energy, and willingness to endure privation and even insult for the sake of a dollar—all these are pioneer American "virtues." There is nothing in the whole sordid catalog that was not charged against us, before the Greeks and the Jews ever came, by European visitors and freely admitted by our grinning forebears.

The vagueness of the popular concept of race is shown by the frequency with which "racial characteristics" and "national characteristics" are used interchangeably, as though biological and geographical determinants were one and the same. Thus we hear that the Germans have "organizing" minds (though they were the last people of Europe to get organized as a nation), that Italians are temperamental (though they endured Mussolini cynically for twenty years), and that Swedes are phlegmatic (though two of our greatest tragic actresses, Greta Garbo and Ingrid Bergman, are Swedes). The folly of such generalizations is shown by the sweeping revisions that have had to be made in the popular conception of the Russian character.

Among these stereotypes none are more common than the gaiety of the Irish, the imitativeness of the Japanese, the honesty of the Chinese, and the amorousness of the "Latins." Everybody "knows" all Hindu girls are married before they are twelve.

SOME of the Irish are gay, but George Bernard Shaw—certainly one of the gayest—insists that good humor, wit, and above all, imaginativeness are if anything rarer among the Irish than among the English. The Irishman of common conception, Shaw says, is an illusion, invented by the English to embody their own weaker qualities.

The imitativeness of the Japs is usually illustrated by the story of a Japanese spy who was allowed to steal the plans for one of our battleships, blueprints in which a slight but significant alteration had been made. Gloating, the copycat Japs followed the false design faithfully, only to have the battleship turn turtle once it put out to sea. When, however, the sternposts of several of our own warships were found to be defective, or when Victory Ships broke in two, no one assumed that we had been deluded by faked blueprints stolen from the treacherous Japs. Nor, when seven of our destroyers were wrecked on the California coast off Arguello Light on September 9, 1923, was it assumed that the commanders of the last six, which were following the flotilla leader, were congenitally unable to make decisions for themselves.

Incidentally—though it is unreasonable to try to be reasonable about the story of the stolen plans—the blueprints for a battleship would have to be sneaked away in a fleet of trucks. The idea that they could be folded surreptitiously into the vest pocket is as absurd as the fiction in which it so often appears.

The Chinese, in contrast to the Japanese, are thought to be fantastically honest—so honest, in fact, that the wily Japs, rightly mistrusting each other, are said to employ only Chinese in their banks. But if they do—or did—it may well account for the shortage of honest men in China, where, judging from the incredible corruption and blackmail that seems to strangle the whole national life, gangsterism is the accepted order of business.

Orientals in general have, in popular fancy, besides their yellow skin and "slanting" eyes, certain common traits. They are inscrutably wise and fiendishly treacherous. The especially knowing will add, in a whisper, that their women have practically no breasts (Mrs. Trollope brought this same dastardly accusation against our own grandmothers), though this may be an unconscious effort to make up for the unusually heavy burden that current mythology has placed on the Balinese.

The most superficial observation ought to suffice to show that the eyes of the Chinese and Japanese do not slant. They are set in their heads exactly as all other human eyes are set. Their unusual appearance (since they outnumber us, we perhaps are the unusual ones) is due to the presence of a fold of skin, the epicanthis fold, at the inner end of each eye. In regard to breasts, yellow and brown women are physically and functionally on a par with their white sisters. What they lack is sweaters and brassières.

The average age of girls at marriage in India, according to the Indian Census Report for 1931, was 13.33, and this does indeed seem very young by our standards. But it is to be noted that about three years elapse, on the average, before the birth of the first child, which suggests (as Norman Douglas claims) that the child-marriages of India are often forms of betrothal and a means of insuring rather than of destroying innocence.

WHATEVER the customs of India are, the United States is hardly in a position to export indignation. Six of our states still allow girls of 12 to be legally married, one judiciously sets the limit at 13, and ten others at 14—a tolerance that has been taken advantage of by some 125,000 eager brides at the time of the 1930 census. The Turks place the minimum age of marriage for girls at 15.

Our record, indeed, is even worse (or better) than Italy's—an arresting fact, for the "Latins," as anyone knows who attends the movies or listens to the radio, are notoriously amorous and disposed to direct their attentions towards the young.

Now, as anyone knows who has spent any time in the countries inhabited by these peoples, the family life of the Latins is severely moral and even, compared with the free existence of American suburbia, drab. No decent French, Italian, or Spanish girl, for instance, would think of going alone in a car or to the movies with a young man, and no decent French, Italian, or Spanish young man would think of marrying a girl who would be willing to be alone with a young man. There is, to be sure, less hypocrisy among them

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than among us. The double standard is taken for granted and the existence of prostitution is not denied.

THE United States has been the scene of one of the most extensive mixing of races in modern times. This fact, any allusion to which is furiously resented by those who have been active in bringing it about, is concealed from the public consciousness by the trick of considering all people as blacks who have any black blood in them. Yet eighty per cent of American Negroes have some white or Indian blood, or both.

As to the attractiveness of the product, let the millions decide who pay their money to look at Lena Horne or Katherine Dunham. Or the even more millions who go to such expense and trouble to darken their skins by cosmetics and suntan and who swoon over movie stars whom their grandmothers would not have recognized as white men.

THE current popular conception of a savage (which colors all discussions of race, for savages are thought to represent the "lowest" of races) is that he is physically and morally dirty, hairy, inarticulate, irreligious, stupid, and (as his name plainly implies) savage or ferocious, his ferocity culminating in cannibalism.

On the credit side of the ledger, he is granted superiority in health and instincts, and—if he (or, rather, she) lives on a Pacific island—is endowed with a measure of voluptuous beauty. He is a muscular brute with perfect teeth, who can endure pain without flinching; and his mate bears children with as little effort as she squeezes pips out of an orange. He is familiar with natural remedies unknown to the white man, can foretell the seasons, and is possessed of a miraculous "sixth sense" of direction. The exact opposite would be nearer the truth in all these items, favorable and unfavorable.

In general build the savage is so much lighter than civilized man that anthropologists accept indications of heavy musculature in a skeleton as evidence that it did not belong to a member of some primitive group.

The common belief in the savage's "jungle lore" was expressed by an article in *Time* which, in discussing the problems facing our troops in the Pacific, remarked that "the white man, with his civilized stomach, his vulnerability to ringworm, malaria and leeches" was at a disadvantage compared with the natives, "who had learned through the centuries that the best clothing was no clothing; the best shoes, no shoes; the best rations, whatever grows in the jungles." The editors were answered in short order, however, by a naval lieutenant who had had the enlightening misfortune to spend a year in the jungle. "Compared to our 'unacclimated' American boys," he wrote, "the natives have proportionately much more malaria for lack of clothing after sundown; more ringworm and other foot diseases because they go barefoot; and are more susceptible to tuberculosis, pneumonia, and other diseases because of improper nutrition."

STAGE DOOR
HARRY & HIS TALKING DOG
JEFF KEATE

"He talked me into his getting all the gravy for this act!"
LIBERTY

That the savage bears his ills with stoicism may well be. Most people do.

Savages have long been thought to be almost devoid of language. The American Indian, in most popular representations, communicates entirely by means of grunts and a few verbs in the present indicative. The Greeks assumed that anyone who was not speaking Greek was merely making an idiotic repetition of the sound "bar-bar," and hence dismissed him from consideration as a bar-bar-ian. The name Hottentot is cognate with the Dutch word for stutterer, and reflects the conviction of the early Dutch travelers that the black people were not speaking but only trying to speak.

Pidgin English (a corruption of "business" English—and not too far removed, at that, from the gobbledygook of much commercial correspondence), composed mainly of debased English words following Chinese idiomatic usage, has done a great deal to encourage the delusion that primitive peoples talk like half-witted children with cleft palates. The gaiety of nations has been much enhanced by innumerable cartoons depicting a fuzzy savage speaking this outlandish gibberish to some stranded sailor or aviator. But it is rarely considered that of the two men pictured it is the savage who is the linguist. Poor English though pidgin may be, it is, after all, a form of the white man's language, and it is the savage who has had the intelligence and enterprise to master it. It probably seems silly to him, too, but since it is the only talk that white men comprehend, he has to use it. Among his own people, he is likely to speak an exceedingly complex language.

Primitive people are more likely to be precise than civilized people. Thus where a white man might say that he hears a dog barking, a Dakota Indian would be inclined to say that he hears a brown dog, which is about two hundred yards away and running in a northeasterly direction, barking loudly. The white man, would, no doubt, regard the Indian as tedious, but the Indian would regard the white man as vague.

The dirtiness of primitive people is usually reported by tourists who have an opportunity to see only those who have been torn from their proper environment and reduced to beggary in alien settlements. They are slum-dwellers, and if their culture is to be judged by them, ours must be judged by Chicago's West Madison Street, New York's lower East Side, and London's Bethnal Green. Hundreds of millions of "civilized" people live in worse dirt than does any savage community.

That the white man despises hairiness as a characteristic of the lesser breeds is unfortunate, for he himself is the hairiest of all human stocks. His famous burden definitely includes an extra ounce or two of wool.

Instead of being immoral and irreligious, savages are fanatically conventional and preposterously devout. One advantage of being civilized, in fact, is that one does not have to be so moral as a savage.

The savagery of savages, like the piggishness of pigs, is self-evident to all who accept words for facts. One writer who apparently has been spared the spectacle of civilized men in a traffic jam or of their wives at a bargain counter, refer complacently to "that wild frenzy to which the savage yields so easily."

BUT Stefansson, who walked into the Old Stone Age when he encountered the Union Straits Eskimos, found them gentle and amiable. It would be difficult, he says, to find their equal in kindness "in any grade of our own civilization." Another explorer, at the other end of the world, was delighted with the urbanity of the Trobriand Islanders. He found mutual consideration widely displayed and "seldom witnessed quarrels or heard bad language." As for blows between husbands and wives, he felt it would have been "unthinkable," and is forced to conclude, despite the popular conception of "cave-man stuff," that wife-beating is a civilized, not a savage, practice.

Such a generalization, of course, may have been based upon a limited experience, both at home and in the field, for there is evidence the kraal and the igloo are no more exempt from strife than the penthouse.

But when it comes to beating his

children, civilized man does seem to be definitely more active than the savage. "The Congolese," says W. E. Davis, an explorer, "are indulgent parents . . . I cannot remember ever having seen a native whip a child," and other explorers and missionaries, from all corners of the world, support his testimony. Not that little black bottoms go wholly unwarmed, but there does seem to be less of the atrocious brutality, often culminating in murder, that so many civilized parents visit upon their unhappy offspring. In our defense, it has been pointed out that children have a greater value to primitive people, but in some ways the defense is a heavier condemnation of civilization than the fault it seeks to extenuate.

The "obscenity" of the savage which so horrified missionaries in the nineteenth century was nine-tenths frankness, a quality so unknown in the missionaries' own culture as to be unrecognizable to them. Recreation and procreation were dissociated in our fathers' minds, and when the significance of the hula first burst upon them they had a bad moment. The sight of such dances convinced them that savages were obsessed with sex.

Further observation by less inhibited observers has, however, modified this hasty judgment. The savage does not think about sex incessantly. Hunting, warfare, trade, and religion take up a considerable part of his thoughts. All primitive peoples have dances that have to do with other things than sex; whereas ordinary civilized peoples have no dances that have to do with anything else whatever. As a matter of fact, the Dies Committee in 1943, in the case of one John Bovingdon, virtually ruled that any form of dancing except cheek-to-cheek constituted an un-American activity, participation in which automatically disqualified a man for public office.

FOR reasons the social historian can perhaps explain, the bathtub has become a special symbol not only of our material progress but of our spiritual progress as well. For we set great store by things of the spirit. Nothing is more warmly rejoiced in than our superiority to the grimy Europeans in the matter of bathtubs.

State that a man mistreats his bathtub and—as far as most well-to-do Americans are concerned—you have put him beyond the pale of consideration. No argument against public housing has been used more consistently and, one suspects, more effectively than the assertion that even if you give bathtubs to the poor they will only dump coal in them. To point out that most housing projects are centrally heated and supplied with gas and electricity, so that their occupants have no need of coal, is to earn the reproach of being frivolous. It is absolutely "known" that all occupants of housing projects put coal in their bathtubs. And their so doing indicates such depravity that to build houses for them is practically contributing to moral delinquency. The poor have been weighed in the bathtub and found wanting.

Whereas the trained mind accords belief to plausible evidence only and grants a possibility solely on the basis of a sound inference from established facts, the untrained mind insists that a proposition must be true if it cannot be *dis*proved. "You can't prove it *isn't* so!" is as good as Q.E.D. in folk logic.

THE common mind is intensely literal. The public loves rhetoric, yet is continually taking rhetoric for fact, often with far-reaching and unpleasant consequences. It would be impossible to estimate, for example, how many lives have been blighted and how much human misery has been augmented by the concept of "blood" as a transmitter of heredity. Yet the term has no reality.

We take our prejudices either for reasoned conclusions or for revealed truths, and the most serious prejudices of all, those that affect our thinking most, are generally below the level of consciousness. Our most earnest thoughts are sometimes shaped by our absurdest delusions. We see what we want to see, and observation conforms to hypothesis. Thus it has been suggested that Darwin's theory of sexual selection was owing not to his observations as a naturalist but to his convictions as a gentleman that certain courtesies were due to a lady, though five minutes spent in watching chickens ought to have dispelled the assumption that Nature shared his code.

Most of what is called thinking is actually a seeking for confirmation of previous convictions.

No error is harmless. It cannot do much harm to believe that hair turns white over night, or that birds live a happy family life, or that orientals have slanting eyes; but it can do a great deal of harm to be ignorant of physiology or zoology or anthropology, and the harm that may result from forming an opinion without evidence, or from distorting evidence to support an opinion, is incalculable.

A refusal to come to an unjustified conclusion is an element of an honest man's religion. To him the call to blind faith is really a call to barbarism and slavery. In being asked to believe without evidence, he is being asked to abdicate his integrity. Freedom of speech and freedom of action are meaningless without freedom to think. And there is no freedom of thought without doubt. The civilized man has a moral obligation to be skeptical, to demand the credentials of all statements that claim to be facts. An honorable man will not be bullied by a hypothesis. For in the last analysis all tyranny rests on fraud, on getting someone to accept false assumptions, and any man who for one moment abandons or suspends the questioning spirit has for that moment betrayed humanity.

THE END

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Stop Communism at Home

IT IS a grave mistake to assume Communism is not an immediate danger at home because there are only 74,000 members of the American Communist Party. Communism, despite its yammering to the contrary, is the very opposite of democratic majority rule. It needs no popular mandate to set itself up in business.

Of the Soviet Union's nearly two hundred million people, only six million are Communist Party members. Italy and China now have over two million Communist Party members. France has more than a million. Germany has a million and one half. Little Czechoslovakia has a million. These figures were supplied by communists themselves at their recent International Conference in London.

It would be naïve to suppose that these party members—skilled in revolutionary techniques—will wait for majority support before taking over. Significantly enough, the Communists' figures include parties other than those plainly designated as Communist. They include, to use their own definition, *"All parties that base themselves on the teachings of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin."*

It is prudent for the United States to adopt the same definition, and outlaw immediately all parties that fall within the definition. This is a logical follow-up to clearing them out of government jobs and, we must hope, out of positions of responsibility in industry and labor unions. There need be no other grounds than the obvious fact that these people would destroy the very government they are using to gain power.

If that is unconstitutional, the Constitution needs changing in the interests of self-preservation. The argument that outlawing the Communist Party is only driving it underground is no argument at all. It does its dirty work underground anyway.

Paul Hunter

BRANCH
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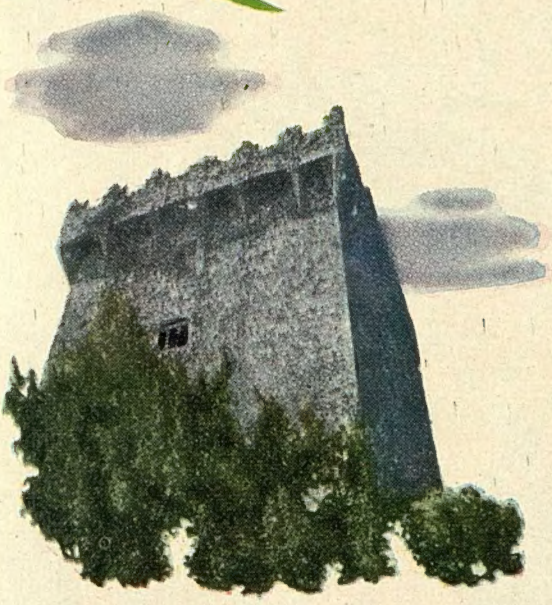
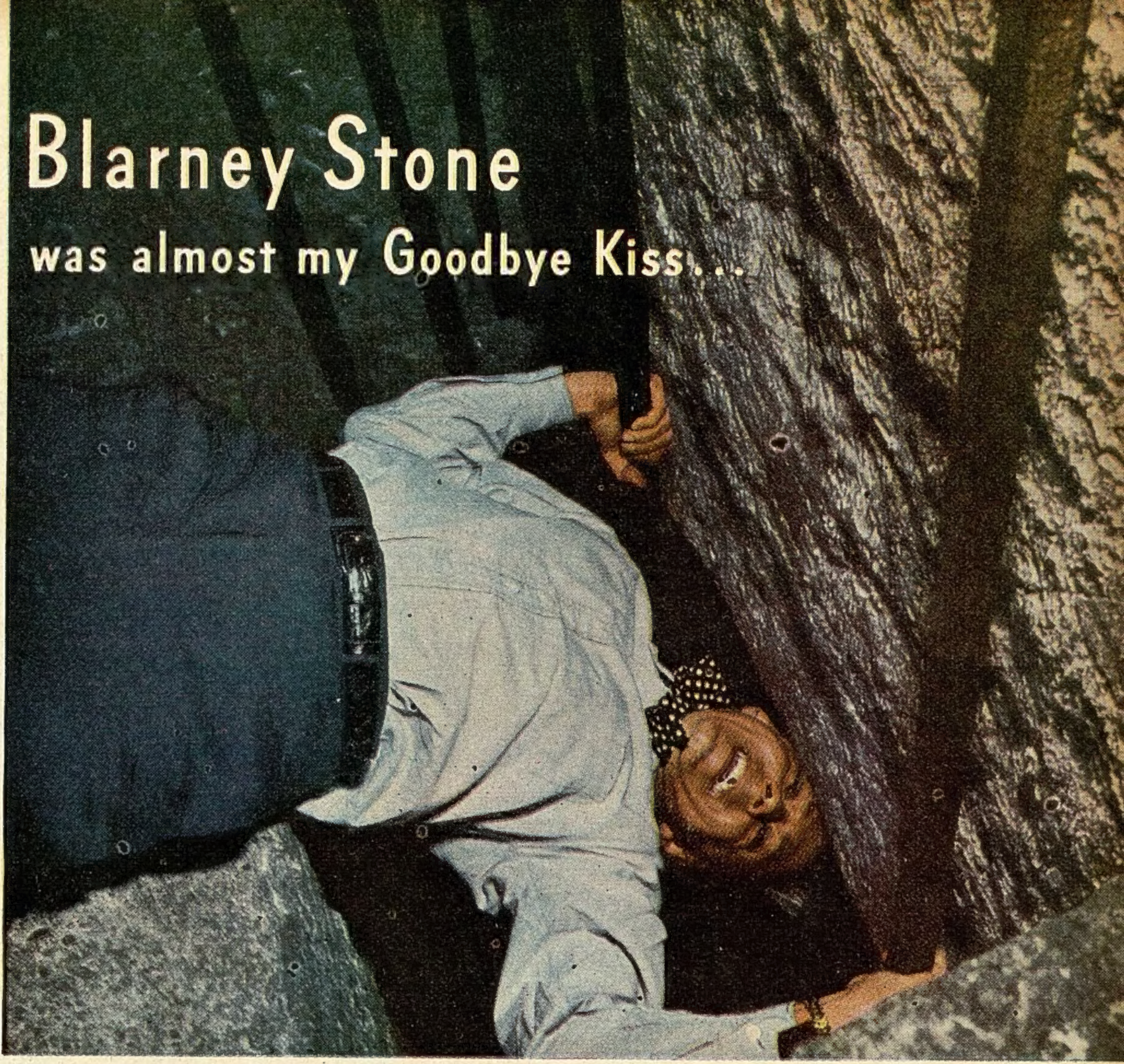
Liberty
The preservation of freedom is this magazine's purpose
PAUL HUNTER, *Publisher*
DAVID BROWN, *Editor*
MAY 10, 1947

Kissing the Blarney Stone

was almost my Goodbye Kiss…





① **"I was hanging head down** to kiss the Blarney Stone for its traditional gift of eloquence," writes Gene Patterson, a friend of Canadian Club. "Suddenly the Irish guide holding my legs relaxed his grip. Only my firm hold on the guard rails saved me from a possibly fatal fall. Shaken, I used my new found 'eloquence' to send the guide packing.

② **"Leaving Blarney,** I visited a famous Dublin crypt dug in the year 1038. There I shook hands with the Crusader's mummy—said to bring good luck forever. I'd *need* luck, judging by my close call at Blarney Castle.

③ **"More than 20 battles** have been fought in and around Dublin. But you'd never know it looking at peaceful scenes like this typical Irish farm. The whitewashed stucco walls and traditional farm methods seem to be unchanged by time.

④ **"Ireland's peat bogs are on top** of hills, not in the valleys as in most other lands. We visited one of the bogs, and watched as they spaded the peat into muddy-looking blocks, which they left in the sun to dry.

⑤ **"At a friendly pub** back in Dublin, the Crusader's 'good luck' worked for me. My neighbor at the bar insisted I have a drink with him. Shur-r-re and they had Canadian Club, my favorite whisky. We drank to 'the luck of the Irish'; then I left for Shannon airport and a TWA plane home."

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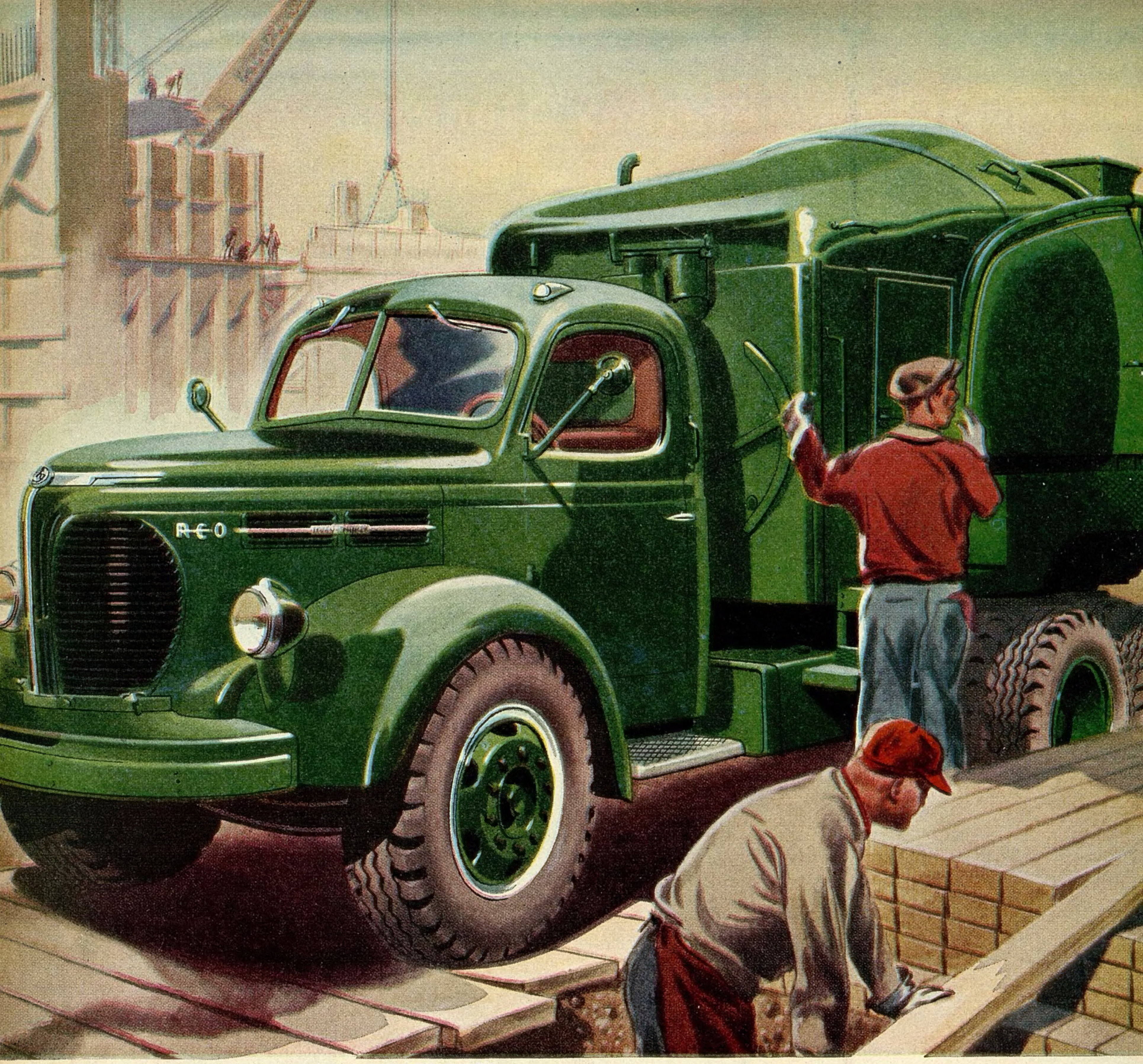

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